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A CENTURY OF BROADSIDE ELEGIES

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A CENTURY
OF
BROADSIDE ELEGIES

being ninety English and ten Scotch broadsides
illustrating the biography and manners
of the seventeenth century

Photographically reproduced and edited
with an Introduction and Notes

by
JOHN W. DRAPER

Professor of English in the University of Maine, author of
*William Mason, a Study in Eighteenth Century Culture; The
Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism, etc., etc.*



LONDON :
INGPEN AND GRANT
1928

TO GEORGE DAVIS CHASE

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

—*Martial*

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PREFACE

In collecting material for *The Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism**, the present writer came upon a considerable number of seventeenth century broadside elegies, a literary type that seems generally to have escaped the attention of historians of letters. *The Funeral Elegy* tries to explain the significance of these pieces, as illustrating the distinct cultural tendencies of the Royalist nobility and of the Puritan bourgeoisie; and the present volume reproduces a hundred of the broadsides from the period of their commencement in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the beginning of their decadence at the accession of Queen Anne, and presents them to the reader with photographic accuracy and completeness. Thus the broadsides appear as in the original copies with contemporary manuscript notes, with advertisements and addenda, and with the black margins, the portraits, and the other mortuary embellishments that allured the seventeenth century purchaser. The typography was careless, the pages unevenly inked; the type often broken, and the borders and headings ill-assorted and often set askew. Many of the pieces have been considerably reduced in size in order to bring the volume down to convenient proportions; and, indeed, one cannot be sure of the exact dimensions of the originals, for practically all the broadsides have been deeply trimmed, some to the point of mutilation, and those in the Thomason collection have been bound into volumes, so that one margin is sacrificed to the binding. To the texts themselves, the editor has added a brief introductory history of the elegiac broadside and a number of notes on biographical, political, literary, and linguistic background; but he is chiefly concerned that the broadsides themselves, such as they are, often pompous, sometimes truly pathetic, more than occasionally crude and gruesome, should tell their own story.

Almost three hundred broadside elegies, for the most part in unique copies, have survived from the seventeenth century. Only a few of these have ever been reproduced, and even fewer edited; for there has been but little reprinting of broadsides from the period after the Restoration when elegies most abound; and, even in the earlier decades, editors seem to have avoided them. In spite of the ease with which a full "century" of new broadsides might have been selected, the present volume contains a few that have already appeared; for certain of these pieces illustrate most clearly the types and variations of the elegiac form; and, furthermore, rare collections, such as Maidment's *Scottish Elegiac Verses*, are not to be met with in every library. By far the majority of the broadsides, however, including some of the most interesting like those on Davenant and Cleveland, would seem never to have been reproduced before.

The principle of representative variety has governed the selection of pieces. All degrees of Cavalier panegyric and of Puritan lament appear; there are examples of both Biblical and Classical influence; there are elegies on men, women, and children, on royalty and nobility, on the professions, on poets and actors, on tradesmen, on notorious prostitutes and criminals. Several of the persons eligised are of special American interest: the Puritan Rogers, whose grandson became President of Harvard College, Pym and Lord Brooke who were patentees of Rhode Island, and Lord Shaftesbury who was one of the proprietors of Carolina. The special types of elegy are also represented: the military eulogy, the improving lines written by the righteous just before their death, the satiric elegy, and the elegiac parody; and the relation of the elegy to the ballad, to the hymn, and to the pensive lyric are given some illustration. The pieces range from the Elizabethan to the Neo-classical: some are lyrical; some are ornate and even witty;

* *The Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism*, New York University Press, New York, 1928.

PREFACE (*continued*)

some are smoothly conventional and metaphorically restrained; but several have the quaint wistfulness of Robert Tutchin's poem on little Luke Fawne, and a few possess something of the fine dignity of George Harrison's lines on Admiral Blake:

Now unto God be everlasting praise
That thus in peace hath finished his days;
And since his fatal thread is quite spun out,
Let's draw the curtains, put the candles out,
And let us leave him to his silent tomb,
Free from all troubles, closed up in the womb
Of Mother Earth; let him in quiet rest,
Till he enjoy the choicest and the best
Of his desires, in glory for to see
His Saviour Christ to all eternity.

In the selection of pieces, moreover, some effort has been made to show the work of a variety of writers; and, lastly, though by no means least, the matter of broadside iconography is fully illustrated, at once in its ornateness and in its simple crudity, in its variety and in its repetition—realistic scenery, mortuary symbols, religious pictures and portraits, mourning margins, and seas of solid black; even the leaflet printed on both sides that is not properly a broadside, find a place in the present collection.

For assistance in his labours, the editor owes grateful thanks to the custodians of the following libraries for their many courtesies and for the permission to reproduce broadsides: in Scotland, the Library of the University of Edinburgh, the Signet Library, and the National Library of Scotland; in England, the Bodleian, Chetham's Library and the Free Library of Manchester, the London Guildhall Library, the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, and most of all the British Museum, in which the collections of George Thomason and Narcissus Luttrell have been particularly valuable. Thanks for assistance and suggestions are also due to G. D. Chase Esq., Dean of the Graduate Faculty of the University of Maine, to R. H. Simpson Esq. of the American University Union, to A. H. Nason Esq., Professor of English, New York University, to A. I. Ellis Esq., of the British Museum, to the publishers of the present volume, Messrs. Ingpen and Grant, and especially to the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for making possible the collection and editing of the materials.

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

With the growing use of print and the spreading knowledge of the mystery of letters among the townsmen, the broadside seems to have taken its rise early in the sixteenth century. A single sheet, cheap to buy and short to read for those to whom reading was still difficult, it rose to popularity as the more festive counterpart of the pious emblem, and for more than a hundred years represented the chief reading matter of the prentice and the journeyman in their hours of relaxation. The earlier broadsides, though few remain, would seem, like the *Agincourt* of the Pepysian Library, to have been traditional songs not unlike the popular balladry of the Middle Ages. Elizabethan hack-writers, however, soon made the type their own, and added to the charms of lilt and music a journalistic timeliness of subject, so that no nine days' wonder was let pass without its chronicle in song. Often the occasion of such pieces was death, the passing of a monarch, a murder, or the execution of a criminal or of a fallen favourite; and, although these lurid news-items are hardly elegies, one or two of a late date have been included in the present volume. There are also general laments, some apparently standard pieces that could be used for the convenience of a bereaved wife or father, very much as old-fashioned tombstone masons kept a selection of rhyming epitaphs for the convenience of their patrons. Some of these more general pieces are given the lively color of fiction by being attached to stock characters, as in *Jenny's Lamentation for the Death of her Jockey*, which forms part of a whole cycle upon their sad love affair. The use of the broadside, however, for the publication of serious elegies composed upon actual persons of some eminence seems to have been somewhat rare before 1640: indeed, the decade of the 1640's alone yields more examples than the preceding hundred years, even if one includes the pieces that are listed in the *Stationers Register*, and of which no copy remains. Generally persons of eminence belonged to the Court; and the broadside was generally the possession of the townsmen. Thus the black-letter broadsides of this period in the Bagford, Pepysian, and Roxburge collections contain but little that in the strict sense can be termed elegiac; and, even in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, less than a score of early examples have survived.

Elegies published in volumes, however, were by no means rare during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Among the Renaissance aristocracy the hope of a heavenly salvation had largely given way to a desire for earthly fame; and the elegy was accordingly in great request: panegyric was the literary staple of this age of Humanistic patronage; and elegiac verse was the obvious vehicle for the last rites of posthumous praise. Over two hundred elegies are said to have been written on Sir Philip Sidney; and, in the early seventeenth century, perhaps to meet a general demand for immediate and timely publication, perhaps to augment the scanty munificence of some surviving patron, or possibly to increase by due publicity the honor paid the dead, it became customary to publish these elegies in special volumes, sometimes embellished with heavy margins or even whole pages in solid black—volumes like those on Prince Henry, the son of James I, and on Milton's school-fellow, Edward King. These elegies, moreover, were used at the funeral, sometimes recited or even sung, and were regularly affixed to the hearse during the procession to the grave. Perhaps for this purpose, perhaps because of the expense and difficulty of getting up a whole bound volume, they were now and then printed on broadsides; but this was not usual before 1640.

The broadside balladist purveyed his wares to the townsman; but, unlike the average townsman, he was generally a Cavalier; for the stricter Puritans hated ballads, and were his bitterest foes. Thus, with the outbreak of the Civil War, he generally espoused the Royalist cause, lavishing elegiac praise upon its heroes living or dead, and,

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION (*continued*)

as the stress of tumult made volumes of courtly elegies more and more difficult of preparation, broadsides began to take their place. The Cavaliers were not slow to realise the power of such propaganda; and Puritanism, even in London, the very citadel of its strength, was obliged to hear itself lampooned and to listen to the extravagant praises of its adversaries. Broadside balladry as such, the Puritans could hardly countenance; but the elegy, intended to be read rather than sung, they might allow; and, indeed, their military and civil servants, still thinking in terms of the old days under royalty, doubtless expected as a due meed of praise that their funerals should be graced with some such productions. Thus the Puritans, despite their disapproval of poetry and their ban on funeral ceremony, took over the broadside elegy and used it, as did the Cavaliers, to solemnise the burial of their dead. Some of the broadsides from the Civil War period, in their elaboration of wood-cut and of typography, even suggest subsidy from political sources: ample black margins now became usual, together with a wealth of mortuary symbols; and even rubric print and engraved portraits of the deceased sometimes appeared. In 1646, the Puritans made the funeral of the Earl of Essex an occasion of the greatest pomp, and lavished elegiac verse, much of it printed on broadsides, upon his catafalque; and, in 1649, the Cavaliers, in an effort to arouse popular feeling against the regicides, solemnised with a multitude of elegies the execution of Charles I.

This effort failed of practical success; and, during the 1650's, the Royalists, yielding to the strict censorship of the Protectorate, abandoned the broadside elegy to their opponents, and made it more and more a subject merely of satire and ridicule. The Puritans, meanwhile, took the elegy as their characteristic form of verse, and developed a peculiarly ominous style, based in part upon the "metaphysical" imagery of Donne, in part on the gruesome realism of Quarles. Their prejudice against the Muse made them uneven poets at best, their metre jerky and their figures often contorted and crude. They borrowed much from the *Bible* and something from the English classics, especially Shakespeare and Spenser; and, perhaps for ease of composition, they usually wrote in pentameter couplets. The Puritan broadside elegies are seldom tolerable poetry; but they form a great spiritual record and almost the sole literary expression of a social class that in the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was to rise to cultural predominance.

At the Restoration, the Royalists, once more in power, started again to commemorate their dead, writing generally in pseudo-Pindaric odes rather than in elegies, and publishing for the most part in pamphlets rather than on broadsides; and even the use of elegies at funerals was dying out among members of the Church of England. Nevertheless, the period is perhaps the heyday of the elegiac broadside; for not only was it written upon townsmen and especially upon non-conformist ministers, who gave the type their special approbation both in England and America, but also upon persons of courtly eminence, who were celebrated for the reading masses in broadside panegyrics that won perhaps for their Grub Street authors some slight reward from patronage, as well as from public sale. Every profession and walk of life had its tribute of a tear; and, if the writers for the trade were silent, some friend of the deceased would express his proper horror at the slip, and supply it with a conventional and crude lament that made a virtue of necessity by declaring that true grief was best expressed in artless lines. Usually, these pieces are either anonymous or are signed by elusive initials. Sometimes they were used to summon the mourners to the last rites and announce its time and place; some are publishers' advertisements of the literary works of the departed; some were doubtless handed around at the funeral; but most were sold at a bookseller's stall for a half-penny or, after 1678, for a penny. Such pieces, especially those upon the dissenting clergy, presented an easy mark for the obscene parody of the courtly poets; and there was

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION (*continued*)

much Tory ridicule of the elegiac *genre*. Thus the long reign of Charles II produced the greatest variety of elegies, the eulogy, the satire and the mortuary lament.

The accession of William and Mary, after the brief reign of James II, brought with it a closer understanding between Court and Commons. Broadside elegies were still numerous, but the satiric type became less common; and there was no longer so sharp a difference between the aristocratic and the non-conformist styles: Puritans occasionally received Classical panegyrics; and the Court no longer scented treason in the use of lugubrious detail. But the revival of the middle class from the *débâcle* of the Restoration gave their religion a more genial tone, and they began to cast off their anti-artistic bias. The rising magazines and newspapers took over the journalistic functions of the broadside; and a wider range of poetry was supplied to middle class readers by such writers as Arwaker and Blackmore and by the increasing approximation of general literature to their comprehension and taste. Thus the broadside lost some of its earlier functions. Its liturgic use, moreover, already lapsing among Anglicans, began to die out among the non-conformists also; and, though funeral ceremony was still elaborate during the reign of Queen Anne, the broadside elegy shows a considerable decline in both quantity and significance.

In Scotland, the elegiac broadside is very rare down to the closing years of the reign of Charles II. Three such pieces, all by the same author, appear in the 1590's; but Scotch Calvinism looked upon funeral rites with a jealous eye, and would not follow its English co-religionists in tolerating the elegiac Muse. So strict, moreover, was the disapproval of all the arts as mere blandishments of Mammon that for a hundred years between Drummond of Hawthornden and Allan Ramsay, Scottish literature almost ceased to exist. During the latter decades of the seventeenth century, however, there was some tendency in Edinburgh to reprint London broadsides of national interest; and the Episcopalian nobility and clergy of Scotland increasingly patronised the writing of elegies at home. The authorship of some of these pieces can be attributed to Mungo Murray, a hack poet of the day; and from the 1680's there survive half a dozen that can certainly be assigned to Ninian Paterson, an Episcopalian clergyman who had been removed from his benefice for immorality and who seems to have tried by this means to induce some powerful patron to reinstate him in former favour. Not until the very last years of the century did the Presbyterians take over the form; and, in the hands of James Donaldson and others, it flourished with a certain luxuriance for a generation or more, to be displaced by the more authentic poetry of Allan Ramsay and his fellows. Thus the broadside elegy, such as it was, ushered in the return of Scotland to poetic achievement, and for about half a century was the predominant, almost the only, verse being composed beyond the Tweed.

During the Middle Ages, the literature of the bourgeoisie was the ballad and the miracle play; in the Renaissance, came the moralities and the secular drama; and, with the increasing ability to read, arose religious and controversial writing and the broadside, often used for journalistic purposes. From this last and from the aristocratic fondness for posthumous commemoration, developed the broadside elegy, still occasional, but written to be read rather than sung; and, only a few years after its full development in the 1640's, arose also the periodical pamphlet and news-sheet, the ancestors of the newspaper and the magazine of to-day. Both broadside and news-sheet were much employed in those tumultuous times for political and religious propaganda; but, as the Restoration brought some stability of government, and as the accession of William and Mary brought social compromise and comparative content, the current periodical turned more and more to pure journalism and to the essay, and the broadside elegy more to pure poetry and somewhat less to political panegyric and satire. Thus the early periodical is the

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION (*continued*)

progenitor of the characteristic prose of the nineteenth century, a prose dedicated to the pleasure and the information of the average middle class reader and commonly journalistic in type. The broadside elegy, likewise, is in a sense the progenitor of nineteenth century poetry, and is perhaps the chief expression of the spiritual evolution of the middle classes and of their æsthetic taste: it bridges the gap between balladry on the one hand and the multiform literature of Romanticism on the other, and, even throughout the Neo-classical age, displays the emotionalism and the vivid realism that are common to both. It is, moreover, the first typically bourgeois form of poetry to assimilate to any great degree Classical influences and Classical restraint; and thus it shows the artistic tendency of the Renaissance beginning to leaven the middle class mind.

NINETY ENGLISH BROADSIDE ELEGIES

A DITY UPON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DEVEREUX, LATE EARLE OF ESSEX

FREE LIBRARY, MANCHESTER

THIS broadside illustrates the occasional development of the elegiac mood in the Elizabethan black-letter ballad. The two ballads regularly appeared on the same broadside, and were issued again and again during the seventeenth century. Chappell reprints them from another edition with a different picture, and supplies the stanzas that are torn off the present broadside (*Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 563 *et seq.*). He dates the original publication shortly after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Robert Devereux (1567-1601) fell heir to an impoverished earldom; but his personal charm so improved his estate that he rivalled Sir Philip Sidney in popularity and Sir Walter Raleigh in the affections of the Queen. His turbulent life at Court was broken by periods of military service, or rather knight-errantry, in the Low Countries, in France and in the Peninsula. He belonged to the "Puritan" party of his step-father, Lord Leicester, and so was especially popular in London. He played the patron to men of letters, including Bacon, who composed under his name several weighty commentaries on affairs of state. In 1599, he was sent to Ireland to crush Tyrone's rebellion, amid great popular enthusiasm reflected in the well-known lines in Shakespeare's *Henry V*; but he was not astute enough to solve the Irish problem, and imprudently entered into a truce with Tyrone without the knowledge of the Queen. He returned home in disgrace, and resolved to better his position by force; but, failing to raise London, he surrendered. Elizabeth reluctantly signed his death-warrant; and he was beheaded on Wednesday, February 25th, 1601, insisting to the last upon his loyalty and his Protestantism.

Ashwensday : the first day of Lent.

It hath released them quite,

And given them their right,

They may pray both day and night. . . .

Shrovetuesday : The Tuesday before the beginning of Lent.

ye commons ill : the Commons ill. The rhyme is doubtful.

band : ruff.

that had him wrōg'd : that had him wronged.

Now my Lords I take my leave

Sweet Christ my soule receive . . .

his doubt did let the stroke : i.e. hindered the stroke, or made it glance aside. It took three blows to sever Essex' head.

presently : at once.

When it shall please him.

O hone : A Celtic cry of lamentation; doubtless a reference to Essex' Irish truce.

in time : indeed; but without the irony that *N.E.D.* attaches to this obsolete use.

Saint : the Puritans?

Campion : (1540-1581) gave up a promising career at Court and at Oxford to become a Jesuit, and finally suffered death for his religion.

Babington : (1561-1586) leader of a Roman Catholic conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth.

the Earle of Westmerland : Charles Neville, sixth earl, implicated in a Roman Catholic plot in 1570, died an exile in 1601.

stil : continually.

The Portingales, etc. : In the Portuguese campaign of 1589, Essex offered single combat to any of the garrison at the gates of Lisbon.

Gournay : taken by Essex, September 27th, 1591.

Roane : In the siege of Rouen, Essex challenged the governor to single combat.

Cales : Essex raided Cadiz in 1596; and, when Elizabeth complained that the booty was not more, he wrote *Omissions of the Cales Voyage*.

That none should ravish maide nor wife . . .

boore : bower, bed-room.

My young and tender son : The third earl, whose death as a Puritan commander is celebrated later in this volume.

Derrick : the executioner.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF S: EDWARD STANHOPE

LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES (NO. 118)

SIR EDWARD STANHOPE came of a good Yorkshire family, was educated at Cambridge, and became perhaps the greatest ecclesiastical lawyer of the day, rising from office to office under the influence of the great Lord Burghley. He became vicar general of Canterbury, canon and chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, member of Parliament, and member of various important commissions. The present elegy was doubtless printed on the occasion of his death in 1608. The iconography of the broadside is of interest as illustrating the arabesque ornament usual in the early broadside elegies: until the *genre* became common during the 1640's, specially appropriate mortuary cuts were rarely used.

the season : He died March 16th : the spring is here alluded to as the season of renewing life.

ambage : equivocation, quibbling.

From the Throan'de pallace : Throned palace.

The time abusde hart : He died at fifty-two, a fairly long span of life in the Renaissance.

Cato : Stanhope's close relation to the ecclesiastical courts governing morals gave some point to this comparison to Cato the Censor (234-149 B.C.).

the manage : management, government.

life of equitie : probably in three senses : his life was righteous; he had to do with law and equity; and the "sentence" of death was just.

careless : without a hearing.

What right etc. : i.e. how to right wrongs, and what punishment to give offences.

. . . who the Lawier called ?

Who the Apollo of our Age be deemed ?

Since he is dead, in whom there was enstalled . . .

Parapgraphe : saying.

Est labor in minimis sit voluisse satis etc. : There is labour even in little things; let it suffice simply to have wished to perform them. He died piously as a bachelor on the 16th day of March in the year of our Lord, 1607.



AN EPITAPH VPON

the death of the Right worthy and VVorsh: Gent. S: *Edward Stanhope* Knight deceased:
and whilst he liued, Doctor of the Ciuill Law, & one of the Maisters of his Maiesties high
 Court of Chauncery: Vicar generall of England: Chauncellor of London: & one of the Maisters of
the fine office, &c. Who continued Chauncellor of London, in the time of five Bishops, and three of Canterbury, for
the space of thirty yeares or thereabouts: Who deceased the 16. day of March. An. Dom. 1607.

THe time and destinie weare set at strife,
 Honor and Vertue vvas their mutuall claime,
 Fate at the death, the season at the life,
 Of worthy *Stanhope*, equally did aime,
 Death did the ambage of the cause decide,
 Whose censure both are willing to abide.

Strong was the plea of changles disteny,
 Quoth she, I pleade the cause of humane Fate,
 Where does he liue that is not borne to die,
 From the Throane's pallace to the beggars staire.
 And to corrupt this vmpire this d day,
 Thou shalt haue share to giue his life away.

The time abuse hath sicke for Reformation,
 Pleaded her wronges, oh plea too truly iust:
 Crauing to haue the *Cato* of our Nation,
 Not rest the manage of his worthy trust.
 Death brib'd by fate, gaue sentence he must die
 And so expirde the life of equitie,

VVhome Time with teares, thus direfully bemones,
 Oh sonne of Iustice dropt from heauen bye:
 The shape of honor throwd with thy bones,
 Concealed from the world in Earth must lye.
 And the poore wronged wretch that craues redresse,
 Must careles languish in his deepe distresse.

Reuerend and graue rich mine of perfect merit,
 As in discent so in his vertues great,
 Religious in his life, his Clemencie,
 A patterne absolute of high Estate,
Stanhope in death will teach to all that liue,
 VVhat right to wrong, what paine to liue to giue

VVhere now shall learning boast of her perfection,
 VVhere Iustice vouch her selfe sincerely right
 How shall the poore man get a safe protection?
 Gainst powerfull wrong or fell oppressions spight,
Stanhope is dead, wherein our hope did stand,
 W'by should our hopes be built vpon the sand.

VVho shall the perfect linguist be esteemed?
 Or who the states man, who the Lawrier called?
 Who the Apollo of our Age deemed?
 Since he is dead, in whom there was enstalled.
 A Linguists tongue, states policy, and wit,
 That might the Apollo of a world befit

Such was his life, and such his industry,
 As not his titles him, but them he graced:
 Encouraging the good to piety,
 VVhen they beheld the ill by him defaced.
 Ouer his tombe, Ile carue this *Paragraphe*,
 His Vertues shall out-live his Epitaphe,



Est labor in minimis sit voluisti: satis:

Pic feto Calebs funxit: 16 die Martii, a verbi Incarnati: Anno 1607.

At London printed by VVilliam Barley.



TEARS FOR THE DEATH OF LODOVICKE, DUKE OF RICHMOND

By PATRICKE MACKGUEIR

LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES (NO. 219)

THIS piece is an unusually early example of extended mortuary embellishment. It is interesting to note that the funeral *cortège* is similar to that of the Earl of Essex (No. 17) reproduced in the present volume and to that of Queen Mary II reproduced in *The Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism* by the present writer. The procession of mourners is, moreover, quite like those pictured on the broadsides celebrating King William III and the dissenting minister Matthew Mead almost a century later (Nos. 87 and 90). Ludowick Stuart (1574-1624), Duke of Richmond and Lennox, came as a mere boy into the special favor of King James VI of Scotland. At fifteen, he was president of the council during the King's absence in Denmark; and, a few years later, he was lord high admiral. In 1603, at the accession of James to the English throne, he accompanied the King to London, and became a gentleman of the bedchamber and a privy councillor. He remained in high favor; and his sudden death on February 16th, 1624, postponed the opening of Parliament, which had been planned for that day. He was buried "with all magnificence" in Westminster Abbey. In both England and Scotland, he was popular; and the panegyric of the present elegy is not without some foundation. Patrick Maguire seems to be lost in oblivion: he was probably a member of the Duke's household.

than : then. The occasional confusion of these two words makes possible a somewhat forced rhyme.

superfice : outward show.

I should make all Parnassus etc. : i.e. turn it into a volcano.

man of State : perhaps in a double sense : a statesman, and a man of stately bearing.

Absolom : son of David, 2 *Samuel*, 12.5 *et seq.*

gainstand : oppose.

wanton Queene of the third spheare : the planet Venus.

At tilting sport. . .

sweet Adonis hath escap'd the Bore : Adonis was loved by Aphrodite, and, according to Apollodorus, was killed, while hunting, by a boar.

conceit. . . *State* : a good rhyme, as in modern Irish.

Teares for the death of the most gracious Prince *Lodowicke*, Duke of *Richmond* and *Leroc*, Earle of *Newcastle* and *Darnley*, &c. Lord of *Torbolton* and *Metburn*, &c. Baron of *Seton*, &c. Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, Lord high Admiral, and great Chamberlaine of *Scotland*, Lord high Steward to the Kings most excellent Maiesties most Honourable Household, Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed Chamber, and one of his Maiesties most Honourable Priuy Councell for *England* and *Scotland*.

Feb 1624

VVhat shall the world obliuiously neglect,
And bury in the earth, without respect,
True Vertue, as a mortall thing that must
Returne by course of Nature to the dust?
O *Lodowicke*, that onely name of thine,
Aflunder reads a thousand hearts with mine;
And can thy Vertue be forgotten? than?
No, no, sweet Lord, so long as liues a man.
Although from death none could thy body saue;
Death shall not bring thy praises to the graue;
For after-ages that are yet vnborne,
Shall with their hearts thy memorie adorne;
And such as haue the wit to make a Verse,
Shall hang vp praise like Conkers on thy herse,
We see in looke, this alwayes still remains,
Some euermore to gather vp the gaine.
When Earth is robb'd, Heauen is enrich thereby:
They may reioyce, but we may howle and crye;
For eyes will haue no moysture for a teare,
Before that we our mourning can beare.
And when our eyes of moysture are run dry,
With other things we shall that want supply.
For pen and ink that lacke the sense of feeling,
Shall be employ'd in our woes reuelling,
And by the heau'ns I sweare, that for my part,
If Nature had the superflue of Art,
I should make all *Parnassus* mountaine smoke,
With the relating of that deadly stroke,
Which did cut downe the Elme, that did vphold
The tender Vines that did about thee fold.
For now the widow and the fatherlesse,
The stranger and the Pilgrime in distresse,
May stand at Court in Corners till they die,
Before that pittie helpe them with supplie.
Thy comely lookes, thy gesture, grace and gate,
Were such as well becom'd a man of State.
No curious eye a blemish could impute
To thy proportion, from the head to th' foote;
Which might haue challeng'd beauties praises from
The youthfull Iew was called *Abraham*.
On foot or horse, thy skill and strength of hand,
Wrought terror in the strongest to gaine-stand.
So that the want in Queene of the third sphere,
At rising sport when thou didst breake aspeare,
I could do vnder below, a mass, and full of wonder,
For scarce her *Mars* had here descend'd vnder.
But when thy armes were layd aside, the swore,
My sweet *Adonai* hath escap'd the Bore.
Thy graue yeeres did timely tokens bring,
A full harvest from thy youthfull Spring.
For Patience, Wit, Experience and Skill,
Were on ly Seeds thy ripened yeeres did fill

Which proued indeed to be fertile graine,
The needfull wants of many to sustaine.
So that thou didst allure the hearts of such
As fauour'd Wise dome, for to loue thee much;
Which makes the bowles of the best to bleed,
To haue thee wanting in this time of need.
The heau'n and earth no doubt hath had intent,
Vpon one day to hold a Parliament;
For why, they both did sticke in my conceit,
To honour thee with glorious Robes of State,
I must confesse, thou wisely chose'st the best
Of truest glory, and of longest rest.
Thou likewise knew'st each intricate enemie,
Which should be treated in this Parliament.
Therefore to leuell crooked things with euen,
Thou went'st to heare the iust decrees of heauen.
Our gracious King and Councell knew this cleere,
Thou onely for that purpose left'st vs here;
Which made them with consent together slay
Their Parliament vntill another day;
That so the high Assembly of the blisht,
Might first determinate what things they list
And afterwards from them, to let vs know,
What things were fitting to be done below.
Thus things considered rightly in their kinde,
Makes me to be perswaded in my minde:
None was more worthy for to vndergoe
That great Ambassage, if thou hadst said no,
Except our Soueraigne King or Prince had gon,
Who are our comforts and our hopes alone.
Therefore the most Almighty did decree,
This great Ambassage should be laid on thee.
Glad, of the charge thou didst no time delay,
At the first call his Will for to obey.

Rest then, sweet Soule, amidst those perfit ayres,
Free from the trouble of decaying toyres,
And grant me pardon if I do offend,
By these complaints, which for thy losse I spend;
And yet my losse, noe thine, makes me lament;
I know thou liu'st in fullnesse of content.
But I who builded all my hopes vpon
Thy gracious fauour, in this earth alone,
Expect some pittie, from some Noble brest,
Of some kinde friend of mine that loues thee best.
And therefore crauing pardon once againe,
Bless'd Ghost I leave thee, vowing to remaine.

Thy desolate forsant

Patrick Macguire.

FINIS

London printed for *Iohn Wright* and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible nere New gate.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE UPON KING JAMES

LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES (NO. 258)

THIS piece shows something of the pseudo-architectural embellishments that suggest a relationship with contemporary mortuary buildings. The same picture, though much trimmed down, appeared in Rhodes' *Dismall Day* (1623), an elegy on a hundred people killed at prayers by the falling of a house (Library of the Society of Antiquaries, No. 205). King James was brought up by Knox to be the royal exemplar of Scotch Calvinism; but he retained little of his master's teaching except a certain severe rigor and a bitter antipathy to the Church of Rome. He repudiated Presbyterianism, and inaugurated the Stuart policy of maintaining a Scotch Establishment modelled on the Anglican Church. In Scotland, therefore, his reign was a period of bitter ecclesiastical struggle; and in England, it suffered by contrast with the spacious days of Elizabeth. He was something of a scholar, and yet had not wit enough to make himself liked by his subjects: he has been rather aptly styled "the wisest fool in Christendom."

Lethargies : an illness characterized by symptoms of morbid drowsiness.

dead-smitten : in both objective and subjective senses.

invent and vent : discover and publish. The passage refers to the King's *Triplici nodo triplex cuneus* against Pope Paul V, and to similar anti-Roman writings.

Me thinkes : it seems to me. *Me* is an old dative governed by the Old English verb *to seem*.

Summoner : a petty officer who cites and warns persons to appear in court.

cause : to show cause why a legal action may proceed.

inferre : inflict.

ruinate : destroy.

Manasses eat up Ephraim etc. : These two Israelitish tribes originally were one, with Ephraim predominant. Their strife is mentioned in *Isaiah*, 9. 20.

The living Picture of dead Salomon : Charles I.

Castor . . . Pollux : the Dioscuri, whose exploits and military expeditions gave them a large place in Greek mythology.

Whom Moses-like etc : referring to his romantic journey incognito, to seek a wife in Spain in 1623.



A
F V N E R A L
E L E G I E
V P O N
The lamentable losse of our late Leige and
Royall King I A M E S departed.
Anno Dom. 1625.
March 27.



W^{ho} can induce his mournfull Muse to
The Exequies of our deceased King?
But he shall finde his minde with Griefe
To pen a Poeme, or to publish it,
Such quelling force, hath sad-volooke-for newes
Over the Soule, as that it doth infuse
Nothing but dolors, and doth cause the brest
To be with dismall Letbargies oppress'd,
So that awhile having receiv'd griefes Poyson,
We seeme dead-swimmed to the dampish ground,
And by much sorrow senslesse are, so that
We cry, and sometimes have forgot for what
And he that would a solid Verse compose,
Must borrow from him intellectuall soes,
Such as are sorrowes, and disallous Passions,
Sad Humors, Ramors, inward perturbations,
Distraiting Terrors, Errors bread by Fame,
When lying flying tales peruert the same,
And leave left these should intermingle Verities,
Makes the heart dumppish, and mistrusts Sinceritie.
And there is none, who is a Subject true,
That can so soppe to sorrow say adieu,
Whole verie soule is not as yet perplexed,
Disquieted, turmoyl'd, and soyl'd, and vex'd,
When he remembers (oh!! sigh to tell)
King James his bidding to this life farewell,
Then blame ye not my rugged, ragged Rymes,
Oye, the Nether-Poets of our times,
Halfe sentences, sad words, harsh Tunes and Tones,
Best testifie the passionat moanes,
The Sacred-Frenzie, and the sugred stralnes,
I now bequeath unto more happie Venues:
For if I ever had a Faculty
Of expressing, it from me did fly,
When as this wofull voice was uttered,
The mighty Monarch James was lately dead,
That now my heart can onely pant, and throbbs
Speaking imperfect sounds, cut off by sobs.
A K i n g is gone, who for his Wisdoms store,
England did never shew the like before,
In Poetrie he likewise did excell,
And Oratorie as the World can tell,
For divers volumes learnedly he writ,
Stuffe with deepe Art, and Quintessence of wit.

(sing)
All Graces in his Heart did spring and breed,
In Science, Conscience, he did exceed,
And in his praise some Poet did indite
This Disticke, which I vnderneath will write,
For Wisdoms Salomon, David for Pietie,
An heavenly Man, if not an earthly Deitie,
His Gracious Spirits did in one combine
To make iust Lawes, both Morall and Divine,
He did inuent and vent marks to descric
The colour'd shewes of Romes Idolatrie:
He pull'd the make from off that Skarlet Whore,
And made her better knowne than ere before,
That all the Kings which liue vpon this Round,
May Romish Babel studie to confound.
He fought against her with that mighty Sword,
Gods everlasting vndiscomfited Word.
And now may those, who with Romes overthrow
(He gaue the onser) strike the second blow,
It was enough for him that he des'd her,
And by his writings publicly descri'd her:
He shew'd that Enemie, which once must fall,
Happie be they which shall breake downe her wall.
Me thinks I see his bookes taking their leave
Of him, from whom they Being did receiue,
And hear his Soule speaking, as it was flying,
Being about to leave his bodie dying,
Farewell my works, but mayst thou neuer die,
Which dost detest Papall Apostasie:
Be thou the Summoner to cause Romes harmes;
Fill Realmes with these, or some such like Alarmes,
Arise ye Monarchs, looke you, this is she,
Against whom your forces should converted be:
Pull downe her Tripple Crowne, setle vpon her,
Deprive her of her glorie and her honour.
Why to your selues doe you inferre a wound?
Ioynt-forces runare her to the ground.
Why doe you liue amongst your selues at iarrs?
Weakning your powers by your Ciuill warres:
Consent, for you are brethren, agree,
Ye all of Rome must ioynt Destroyers bee.
Why should Manassei eat vp Ephraim,
And Ephraim, Manassei? Ioyne with him,
The Lord of Hosts, who saith Babel shall fall,
Be ye his Instruments to pull downe all.

I who am dying had determination,
To haue procur'd this foietold Desolation;
And therefore did endeavour to keepe peace,
That ciuill warres amongst our selues should cease:
But Heauen did not allot me so great Fame
To supplant Rome, though I had such a name;
For I must die, my time is come, glasse runne,
The Cloud of death must hide my shining Sunne,
Rome may perhaps reioyce, and triumph keepe,
When she shall heare that I am false asleepe
I th' morning of my warres; but let her know
Her Trophies doe before her troubles goe.
My hands I sacrifice free from warres staines,
Vnto that Lord who menaceth her paines.
Open ye Heauens, and doe my soule iust,
Wars are begun on earth, but let me rest.
And now, dread King, I greeue that thou art dead,
And yet reioyce that thou art gathered
Vnto thy Fathers in Celestiall Peace;
For from contending cares thy brest shall cease.
And I reioyce theret' vpon thy Throne,
The liuing Picture of dead Salomon.
Caster did set, and both his lights did close,
But Pollux, or Apollo loone arose;
Who shall protect these lands safe round about,
And guide their goings in and commings out,
Whom Moses-like the Lord from waues did free,
And made him Ruler, England, ouer thee:
He did refuse to be of Pharaohs kin,
And yielded not to their blasphemous sin,
Whose Crowne vpon his head the Lord keepe sure,
As long as shall the Sun and Moone endure.
Amen.

F I N I S .

London, Printed for Iohn Wrights.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS KING OF SWETHLAND

By I.R.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 4 (1))

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (1594-1632), King of Sweden, was brought up as the champion of Protestantism, and succeeded his father in 1611. His conquests in the early years of his reign turned the Baltic into a Swedish lake; and then by entering into the Thirty Years War, he tried to save German Protestantism and make Sweden the predominant power of northern and central Europe. The former object he achieved; but his sudden death in battle in 1632 put Sweden under the government of a regency, and withdrew her as a vital force from German affairs. The catalogues of the Thomason collection and the British Museum date the present broadside about 1640, from its position in the collection. The death of Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, however, suggests that considerations of timeliness would have prompted the elegist to publish the piece as soon as the news of the king's death was certainly authenticated. "I.R.", who initials the verses at the bottom, is perhaps to be identified with the elegist of General Deane in 1653 (British Museum, 669. f. 17 (21)); but there are several contemporary pamphleteers to whom the initials might have belonged.

still : continually.

fights . . . sights. . .

Swethlands : Sweden.

own proper lives : own personal lives.

Sulphurous dust : Gun powder.

Triple crown : the Pope.

Thetis : the ocean.

influence : regularly used in the sense of astral influence.

Stix . . . Acheron etc. : the rivers of Hades.

empale : make pale, or becloud.

Mean while (renowned Prince) etc. : This final paragraph is a sort of summarizing epitaph, and is not without elegiac dignity and point.

AN 2
ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH
 OF THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS
 AND VICTORIOUS PRINCE
GVSTAVVS ADOLPHVS
 KING OF SWETHLAND &c.

COMPOSED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE
 FIRST RUMOURS OF HIS DEATH, AND NOW
 published and dedicated to the memorill of so renowned a Prince.



That strange sad Silence, doth the world
 astound:

Why doth not *Fame's* still eccho'ing
 trumpet sound?

She's grown forgetfull, or else hoarse,
 I fear;

That we, no more victorious sounds can heare.
 'Twas but of late; when as the thundring noise,
 Of doubled triumphs, conquests, and applause
 Fill'd our *Horizon*, and the aire did ring,
 With shouts of praise, to *Swedes* victorious King.
 Was this a dream, or fancied apparition;
 And now is vanish like a fleeting vision?
 Could all the world be thus deluded? No.
 'Twas surely reall, and no feigned show!
 Those bloudie battels, and those dismall fights,
 We lately heard, were not like vap'rie fights,
 Compos'd of aerie breath, which to the eye,
 Two dreadfull *Armies*, grappling do deserue!
 These! These were reall, and thy direfull steel,
 (Victorious Prince!) shall after ages feel!
 And those deep wounds, which in thy furious ire,
 Thou did'st inflict by force of thundring fire,
 Shall leave wide scarres, upon the *German* land;
 Which shall for ever, to their terrour stand!
 This thou hast done already; and amaz'd
 Remotest kingdomes, where thy deeds are blaz'd.
 But on a suddain, loe! thou dost appeare,
 To stop, in middle of thy full careere!
 All tongues are silent, and our greedie eares,
 Heare nothing now; but terrors, doubts, and fears!
 Or *Fame* her self is dead; or he that gave
 Life unto *Fame*, is sunk into his grave!
Fame cannot die! Oh! can he die, whose look,
 So many thousands dead at once hath struck?
 What mortall durst give him a wound, whose eye,
 Hath made grimme *Death* to start, and turn awrie?
 Sure he's not dead! *Swethlands* for grief would roar;
 And make their groans heard to our *English* shore;
 If he were dead, whom they have priz'd more deare
 Then their own proper lives, and did not fear
 To runne like *Lions* at their Princes words,
 Upon the mouthes of Canons, points of Swords!
 He's dead I fear! For can he living be,
 And we no spoils, nor further conquests see?
 Can he be living, and not heard to thunder;
 To batter cities, and trample kingdomes under?
 Whose very soul, was fire Aethereall pure:
 Such as no mortall bodies can endure!
 His breath was direfull smoke, and from his hands
 Flew showers of iron-balls, that quell'd whole lands!
 Can that *Sulphurous* dust, more quick then winde,
 Once toucht with flame, in prison be combin'd?
 Not steel, nor iron, nor the hardest brasle,
 Can stay its furie for the shortest space!
 Though mighty mountains prest this living flame;
 Yet would it teare them and an entrance frame,
 His *Hellish* breath, and dismall noise to vent;
 Nor would it cease, till all his furie spent.
 Thus hath it been with *Europes* Northern Starre;
 And *Swedes* Victorious Prince, made all for warre:
 Whose *Spirit* toucht with fire from heav'n, did blaze
 Like to some *Comet*, sent for to amaze
 And scourge us mortal wights: whose direfull breath
 Doth shoot down vengeance, terrors, plagues, and
 death!

I. R.

Had *Turk*, and *Tartar*, and the *Triple crown*

That awes the *Christian* world, and treadeth down,
Monarches, as slaves, themselves in one combin'd;
 This *Heav'n-sent furie* had, like lightning winde,
 Shot through them all; and like to scatter'd corn,
 Their feeble squadrons, had been rent, and torn:

Till his *Celestiall* vigour were quite spent;

No *Warres*, no *Ruines* could his ire content!

But now his date is out, and his *Commission*

Is stop't from heav'n with a new *Prohibition*!

He's dead! Oh bitter word! enough to make

Stones for to weep, and iron hearts to ake!

So soon, alas! In so unwitht an houre,

Is all our joy quell'd, by some secret power!

Why do we not breath forth such dolefull groanes,

And powre such melting tears; as should hard stones

Dissolve into salt drops; that they, and we,

Might so expresse one mournfull *Elegie*!

What! are we spent and drie? I see no teares:

I heare no groanes: no wailings pierce my cares!

Oh pardon me! I fear my faltring tongue,

Distract with troubled sorrow doth you wrong!

'Tis slender grief that doth by weeping vent;

And 'tis not much, that can by teares be spent!

But this, this sorrow, like a mortall wound,

Strikes deep, and doth our senses quite astound:

Lies like a lump of lead, or heaveie weight,

Upon our heart, and presses it so straight,

That neither sigh nor grone can issue thence;

But lies as dead, and quite bereft of sense!

Since then 'tis so: we cannot weep; let's borrow,

From others help, for to expresse our sorrow,

Ye glistring lamps above, ye Northern starres,

That roul about the *Pole*, your frozen Carres!

In *Thesus* waves, plunge over head and eares,

That you may have your fill, of brinish teares:

And by sad influence, make the heav'ns to low'r;

And to the earth, send down a weeping show'r!

But chiefly on that place, that curst ground,

Where *Adolph* first receiv'd his mortall wound!

Let never grasse, nor verdant hearb grow there;

Nor any tree, nor ground it self appeare.

Let it be all a lake, whose face may look,

Just like the colour of the *Infernall* brook:

Like pichie *Stix*, or black-stream'd *Acheron*;

Or like *Cocytus*, or dark *Phlegethon*:

That it may seem to all, a mourning vail,

Which doth the compasse of that ground empale;

And let its murmuring waves, make such a noise,

As may expresse to us, the dolefull voice

Of some, that crie, that roar, that shriek, that groan?

Of some, that mourn, that weep, that wail, that moan!

That after ages, to their children may

Tell this sad storie, when they passe that way.

These souls do mourn, for *Swethlands* conqu'ring King:

But these, whose clamours fearfully do ring,

Are such, as in this place, died by his power;

And thus expresse, their horror to this houre!

Mean while (renowned *Prince*) sleepest thou secure,

No further pains, nor travels to endure!

The dreadfull Cannons, which so oft did roar,

And thunder in thy eares; shall now no more

Disturb thy rest; nor force thee to arise

In suddain hast, glut now with sleep thine eyes!

While that a quire of *Angels* in a ring,

Shall round about thee blessed musick sing.

F I N I S.

AN ELEGY CONSECRATED TO RICHARD WYAN

By JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET

BODLEIAN LIBRARY (WOOD, 429)

THIS piece has been reprinted without notes in Taylor's *Works* (ed. Spenser Soc.). Richard Wyan became proctor to the Admiralty about 1626, and seems, according to documents summarized in the *Calendar of State Papers*, to have acted as an advocate and a general factotum in various minor capacities. In 1637, he refers to his children, and prays for pecuniary relief in view of special services. If one may judge from the *Victoria County History of Buckinghamshire*, he and his "house at Bryl" have quite vanished from local memory. John Taylor the Water-Poet, having been "mired" in Latin grammar in his youth, forsook learning to become a London waterman, and by his keen wit not only rose to prominence in the guild but even attracted the attention of the Court and of men of letters like Ben Jonson. As the increasing use of coaches injured the waterman's trade in the reign of James I, Taylor took to rhyming. He travelled, quarrelled, wrote, and enjoyed a precarious patronage from both Court and City. Like most poets, he followed the Royalist cause, suffered somewhat for his opinions, and finally died the keeper of a London public house.

Free-holder : one who owns land for a period unlimited by lease or other restriction.

Tenant . . . at . . . will : a tenant that can be turned off without notice.

real deedes : perhaps a double meaning with reference to the preceding legal metaphor.

His zeale, obedience and regard . . .

degree : social class.

pen . . . purse . . . poore . . . Patron etc. : Euphuistic use of alliteration to emphasise parallel structure.

His heart was fix'd : Cf. *Psalms* 57. 7; 108. 1; 112. 7.

use . . . us'd : a pun, i.e. to *treat* this world as if he were not *accustomed* to it, but to a better.

ills that are to come : almost prophetic! The tense-sequence suggests that this elegy was written at the time of Wyan's death, as were most such pieces.

But here's etc. : The apotheosis is conventionally introduced and is set off from the rest by feminine rhymes, which make the last two couplets almost an epitaph such as one finds appended to later elegies.



A sad and deplorable loving Elegy con- crated to the living memory of his best af-

ſured friend, the generally beloved, M. Richard
 Wym deceased, late his Majesties Proctor for
 the high Court of the Admiralty. Who de-
 parted this life at his house at Baylin Buckin-
 hamshire, on Thursday the 16. of
 August last 1638.

IT may be good to live, but well to live
 Is such a Good, as few men can Achieve:
 The more we live, the more we do offend,
 The way to Heav'n's a good and speedy end:
 Th' Almighty Landlord (who doth all things ſway,
 Doth let mans Soule a Tenement of clay,
 And Man is no Free-holder, but is still
 A Tenant only at the Landlords will.
 They are but Leases, till our Lives expire,
 And thanks is all the Rent God doth require.
 And ſuch you was He, of whom I write,
 Who liv'd as ever in His makers light:
 Who day and night did humbly pay his rent
 Of thanks and praise for his traile Tenement.
 Not only words, but reall deedes declar'd
 His love, His zeale, obedience and regard
 He ow'd to God and Man, to ev'ry degree
 His Heart, his Hand, his pen and pottle were free.
 The poore mans Patron in distressed state,
 The rich mans patterne, how to imitate.
 Religion was His Pilot, and did steere
 His courſe of life, and all his actions here.
 With courage duly he did Death deſe,
 His heart was fix'd on immortality;
 And one good precept, never be forgot,
 To use the World, as if he us'd it not.
 Wherefore th' Almighty (in His gracious Doome,)
 Hath pluck'd him hence, from ills that are to come.
 The poore have greatest losse, they weeping know,
 He would not ſay God helpe, but hel'd their woe.
 The State hath lost a Servant of great Trust,
 His friends have lost a friend assured, juſt.
 His vertuous wife and children, great and ſmall,
 Brother and ſiſters, Kin, in generall
 Have all receiv'd a losse, ſo great that we
 Can never hope that it repair'd ſhal be.
 But I have lost a friend, beyond a brother,
 For I nere had, nor ſhall have ſuch another.
 But here's our comfort, though grim Death aſſail'd him,
 His Earth, his treſure, and confidence nere fail'd him:
 And though we all have lost him, God hath found him,
 And with eternall happineſſe hath crown'd him.

John Taylor.

VERSES: LATELY WRITTEN BY THOMAS EARLE OF STRAFFORD

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 4 (11))

THE title of this piece puts it in the class of the self-elegies; but, like most such broadsides, it was probably written by some rhyming Grub Street journalist—a suspicion that is supported by the existence of at least one other piece of like nature, *Verses Lately Written by Thomas Earle of Strafford* (British Museum, C. 20. f. 2 (6)). Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford (1593-1641) is perhaps the most eminent statesman of the reign of Charles I. He vainly endeavoured to maintain the balance between the Crown and Parliament that had led to such happy results in the spacious times of Elizabeth. He gave to Ireland its most beneficent government in many years, and finally fell a victim to the wrath of the Puritan Parliament because they feared that he would rally that country to the support of his royal master. The King was forced to assent to his execution; and, on May 12, 1641, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. The iconography of this broadside is interesting: like Taylor's verses on Wyan, it shows the arabesque ornament of the early broadside elegies; but here, as in the following piece on Wiseman, the ornament is developed into a border, and is ready to give place to the heavy black panels and the mortuary symbols later characteristic of the type. The stanza-form connects the piece with the Elizabethan lyric, and suggests that it was written to a popular tune.

*Some other easie Wight,
And cheat him with your flattering Light. . .*

The ballad printers of the seventeenth century sometimes economized by inking their type insufficiently.

dreame of something like a Crowne : a libel.

blend : perhaps in the archaic sense of *blind*.

Night, Griefes sole delight : a forerunner of the Romantic attitude towards night?

Thetis : the sea. When Zeus cast Hephæstus, the fire god, from heaven, Thetis received him kindly.

Was he too bold : a reference to the story of Phaëton who tried to drive the chariot of the sun, and losing control of the horses, fell to earth.

Sols fiery Steeds : Parliament?

Charles his Waine : the seven brightest stars in the Great Bear, named after Charlemagne, but applied to Charles I and to Charles II of England.

influence : used with something of its old astrological sense, i.e. influence of the stars on men's lives.

Will stoop : the common Elizabethan idiom of the omission of the relative pronoun introducing a restrictive clause.

Will stoop and catch a falling star : Cf. Donne's song "Go and catch a falling star" etc.



V E R S E S :

Lately vvritten by THOMAS

Earle of STRAFFORD.

(I.)

GO, Empty Joyes,
With all your noyse,
And leave me here alone,
In sweet sad Silence to benoane
Your vaine and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilest your false splendor dimmes his sight.

(II.)

Goe and insnare
With your false ware,
Some other easie Wight,
And give him with your flattering Light,
Raine on his head a shower
Of Honours, favor, wealth, and power;
Then snatch it from him in an houre.

(III.)

Fill his big minde
With gallant winde
Of Insolent applause:
Let him not feare all-curbing Lawes,
Nor King nor Peoples frowne;
But dreame of something like a Crowne,
And climbing towards it, tumble downe.

(IV.)

Let him appeare
In his bright Sphere,
Like *Scythia* in her pride,
With star-like troupes on every side;
Such for their number and their light,
As may at last orewhelme him quite,
And blend us both in one dead night.

(V.)

Welcome sad Night,
Griefes sole delight,

your mourning best agrees
With Honours funerall Obsequies.
In *Thesus* lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much Sun-shine blinds his eyes.

(VI.)

Was he too bold,
That needs would hold
With curbing raines, the day,
And make *Sels* fiery Steeds obay?
Then sure as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In *Charles* his Waine too loftily.

(VII.)

I fall, I fall;
Whom shall I call?
Alas, can he be heard,
Who now is neither lov'd nor fear'd.
You, who were wont to kisse the ground,
Where e're my honor'd steps were found,
Come catch me at my last rebound.

(VIII.)

How each admires
Heav'ns twinkling fires,
When from their glorious seat
Their influence gives life and heat.
But O! how few there ar',
(Though danger from that act be far)
Will stoop and catch a falling star.

(IX.)

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those Lights, whose pallidnesse
Argues no inward guiltinesse:
Their course one way is bent.
The reason is, there's no dissent,
In Heavens high Court of Parliament.

THE ORGANS ECCHO TO THE TUNE OF THE CATHEDRALL SERVICE

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 4 (32))

THIS piece illustrates the relation of the early broadside elegy to the journalistic broadside ballad of the previous hundred years, and is also interesting as an example of the anticipatory elegy written, like the satiric elegies of Burns, before the death of the subject. William Laud (1573-1645), Archbishop of Canterbury, was the great opponent of Puritanism in the Church of England and the chief counsellor of Charles I during his decade of personal rule. Upon the meeting of the Long Parliament, Laud was the object of bitter attack by Puritan pamphleteers. He was impeached of high treason; and his confinement in the Tower in 1641 seems to have given occasion to the present broadside. He was at last brought to trial in 1644, and condemned by the Lords only under threat of mob violence. He was beheaded January 10th, 1645. The title of the piece, and its setting "To the tune of the Cathedral Service" are a slur on Laud's approval of church-music as a contribution to "the beauty of holiness." Very similar in stanza-form and purport is *The Bishop's Last Good Night* (669. f. (61)), with a special stanza lampooning each of thirteen prelates.

Memento mori : the common mortuary motto on tombstones, elegies etc.

Bravery : referring both to his high position and to his approval of ecclesiastical vestments.

Pope-like : The Puritans nicknamed Laud the Pope of Canterbury.

Sir Edward Deering : M.P. for Kent in the Long Parliament. In December, 1640, he introduced a bill that episcopacy might be destroyed "root and branch."

Prelate : A word particularly hateful to the Puritans.

Ely : Matthew Wren, bishop successively of Norwich and Ely, was singled out by the Long Parliament for a special impeachment because of his ritualism and his severity against the Puritans.

Lordly : referring to the title of Lord Bishop.

Doctor Lamb : Sir John Lambe, LL.D., was a member of the court of high commission and a supporter of Archbishop Laud. The parishioners of Wadesdon appealed to the Long Parliament against Lambe's forcing them to maintain two organs and an organist in their church at a cost of £15 a year. Early in the Civil War, Lambe fled to Oxford.

Doctor Duck : Sir Arthur Duck (1580-1648) was chancellor of the Diocese of London, and a member of Laud's ecclesiastical commission during the 1630's.

Deanes and Chapters : i.e. of cathedrals.



THE ORGANS ECCHO.

To the Tune of the Cathedrall
SERVICE.



1.

MEMENTO MORI,
He tell you a strange Story,
Will make you all sorry,
For our old friend *William*;
Alas, poore *William*.

2.

As hee was in his Braverie,
And thought to bring us all in slaverie,
The Parliament found out his Knaverie,
And so fell *William*;
Alas, poore *William*.

3.

His Pope-like domineering,
And some other Tricks appearing,
Provok'd Sir *Edward Deering*
To blame the old Prelate;
Alas, poore Prelate.

4.

Some say, hee was in hope
To bring *England* againe to th' Pope,
But now he is in danger of an Axe or a Rope,
Farewell old *Canterbury*;
Alas, poore *Canterbury*.

5.

There's another of the same Litter,
Whose Breech cannot chuse but twitter,
Hee was against all goodnesse so bitter,
'Twas the Bishop of *Ely*;
Alas, poore *Ely*.

6.

And all the rest of that Lordly Crew,
Their great Infolencies are like to rue,
As soone as the Parliament their lives do view:
Come downe, brave Prelates;
Alas, poore Prelates.

7.

You know likewise in this two or three yeare,
Many a one for *Lamb* payd very deare,
But now he begins to stinke for feare;
Therefore take heed Doctor *Lamb*;
Alas, poore Doctor *Lamb*.

8.

Then there is also one Doctor *Duck*,
The Proverb sayes, *What's worse then ill luck*,
We hope the Parliament his feathers will pluck,
For being so busie, Doctor *Duck*;
Alas, poore Doctor *Duck*.

9.

Deanes and Chapters, with their Retinue,
Are not like long for to continue,
They have so abused their great Revenue,
That downe must Ceremonies;
Alas, Popish Ceremonies.

10.

Ecclesiasticall Courts are downe too, they say,
England may be glad of that happie day,
They have of late borne such a great sway,
That farewell those poore Doctors;
Alas, poore Proctors.

11.

And now the Papiſts are at their wits end,
To see the downefall of so many Friends;
But they shall all rue it ere the Parliament end,
Beleeve it, Roman Catholikes;
Alas, poore Catholikes.

12.

There is another that hardly thrives,
Which many men of life deprives,
Hee's now in *Newgate* for having two Wives:
It is the young Hangman;
Alas, poore Hangman.
FINIS.

Printed in the yeere 1643.

THE APPRENTICES LAMENTATION UPON SR. RICHARD WISEMAN

By P.W.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 4 (45))

THIS piece is a good illustration of the conventional iconography of the early broadside elegies, with designs taken from the four royal emblems of the English sovereign, the rose, the thistle, the harp, and the fleur-de-lys. Richard Wiseman of Thundersley Hall in Essex was knighted in 1619 according to Nicol's *Progresses of James I*, was created baronet in 1628 by Charles I, and in the same year seems to have married Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas Griffin. The Thomason collection in the British Museum contains another elegy on Wiseman in which it appears that he was M.P. for London in the Long Parliament, and that his death on January 19th, 1642, was occasioned in some way by his political assiduity. The reference to the "Rascals in Westminster-hall" suggests that he was a Royalist. Thomason dates the present elegy 1641, according to the old style of calendar, which began the year in March. The elegy, therefore, must have been written within about two months of his death, and may well have been composed at once, and pinned on his hearse at the funeral. P.W., who signs the piece, was probably a relative; but perhaps the similarity of the last initial is mere coincidence.

Nor dare we wish etc. : a very proper submission to the acts of Providence.

'Tis lawful to lament : something of a moot question at the time, among Puritans at least.

admire : wonder at.

Laments. : erratic punctuation! See also the first lines of the *Elegies*.

imitation : five syllables, as in Elizabethan. Cf. *Perfection* in the next column.

fatall stone : This passage suggests the immediate cause of Wiseman's death.

His Valour : i.e. Wiseman's.

Wiseman : clearly a play on words.

The Apprentices Lamentation,

TOGETHER,

With a dolefull *Elegie* upon the manner of the *Death* of that *Worthy*, and *Valorous Knight* Sr. *RICHARD WISEMAN*.

The *Apprentices Lamentation* for the
death of Sir *RICHARD WISEMAN*.

Hus died the *Mirror* of the times;
whose *Fate*
We dare not murmur at, to expostulate,
and reason with the *Deity*, & were sinne,
or dare we with the act undone againe,
with browes contracted and with moistned
is lawfull to lament his *Obseques*. (eyes)
and not to praise his Worth were to detract
ere an omission would be thought an *Act*
of bate Ingratitude; and yet who knowes
expresse his real worth in Verse or Prose,
rhetorique's too barren, and all words to few
to shadow forth those *Prayses* that are due
to his blest memory; since we cannot praise
enough his matchlesse *Virtue*; we will raise
our meditations, let our thoughts aspire,
and what we cannot praise enough, admire:
and least wee seeme to envie thy blessed State,
blest to eternity by our too late
tributes. We'le stop the floodgates of our eyes,
and cease to weep for thy sad *Obsequies*.
stop our teares current, and forbear to moane,
and turne our griefe to imitation.

ELEGIES on the Death of Sr.
RICHARD WISEMAN.

AND shall the *Fates* thus uncontrould
Rob us of that which we doe hold
Most sacred, must pure *Virtue* bee
The Subject of their crueltye.
Will not their too impious hand
Be swa'd by *Wisdomes* counter man'd?
Curst be the worthlesse man that threw
The fatall stone, sure he well knew
His *Valour*, that he durst not trie
A *Combat* for the Victory,
But had he knowne his *Wisdome* too
He would not then have dar'd to doe,
An *Act* so horrid unto one,
Who came so neere *Perfection*.
But 'twas thy *Fate* (deceased Friend) to bee
Th'untimely Subject of his cruelty;
What direfull *Fate* soever stops his breath,
Yet see the *Wise man* triumphs in his Death.

FINIS.

P. IV.

Printed for WILLIAM LARNAR.

1641

A MOURNEFULL EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF JOHN ROGERS

By J.L.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 125)

THIS piece was probably composed at the time of Rogers' death, but was not printed until later because of the strict censorship of the press under Laud. The Rev. John Rogers (1569?-1636) attracted widespread attention to his Essex parish by his preaching, and was rebuked by the authorities for his revivalistic Puritanism. His son Nathaniel, also a Puritan divine, emigrated to New England; and his grandson, John, succeeded Urian Oakes as President of Harvard College. I.L., or J.L., may stand for John Long, who did a broadside *Epitaph* on Cromwell's mother, or for John Leicester, who wrote an elegy on Hampden. The use of the ballad stanza suggests a kinship with popular poetry; and indeed many of the broadside elegies were written by friends or relatives of the deceased who were certainly not professional poets and who seem, in many cases, to have published nothing else.

good Shepherds . . . Christ's flock : an odd mingling of the Greek pastoral tradition with the Biblical tradition of Christ as the Good Shepherd. Such a synthesis occasionally appears in the bucolic poetry of the Renaissance.

sonne of thunder : Cf. *Mark*, 3. 17.

faithful Moses : referring to his leadership of the Israelites.

Christ his : i.e. Christ's. This use of *his* was based on the erroneous assumption that the apostrophe of the possessive case stands for the omission of the first two letters of the pronoun.

Lector : an ecclesiastic in minor orders, a public reader of the *Bible*.

twelve days : Cf. nine days wonder.

his booke of faith and love : referring to his two popular books of devotion, *The Doctrine of Faith* (1629) and a *Treatise of Love*.

foes . . . that sought his deprivation : doubtless a reference to the opposition of the bishops to Puritanism. Cf. stanza 29.

still : continually.

conversation : bearing.

From weeks to week etc. : Stanza 27 is a strange but truthful picture of the Puritan clerical ideal.

threescore yeres and seven : *D.N.B.* gives the year of his birth as ? 1572; according to this statement, it must have been 1568 or 1569.

state of grace . . . election etc. : The writer, like Rogers himself, is clearly a Calvinist.

to his flock most neere : Puritanism regularly exalted religious above personal and family ties.

Bethel : House of God in Hebrew, an ancient city in Palestine.

sad and heavy stroake : a death or other calamity was commonly reckoned a judgment of divine wrath.

Our King and Counsell : In 1642, a strangely ironic blessing, especially when coupled in the next stanza with the complimentary comparison of Charles I to Rogers!

spirit : pronounced in one syllable as often in Elizabethan.

A mournfull Epitaph upon the death of that reverend vvorthy Pastor Mr. I O H N
R O G E R S, late preacher of Gods vvord at Dedham in Essex, vvho
departed this life the 18 of October in the yeere 1636.



1.
Ome helpe us mourn good Shep-
herds all,
who love Christs flock in deed
Help us to beg, pleade, cry & call,
in this our time of need.

2.
Come weep and mourne both yong and old,
your hart to sorrow move
Both Sheepe and Lambs all of his fould
shew forth your deereft love.

3.
Our joy is gone, our soules delight,
our blessed sonne of thunder,
Our valiant champion in Gods fight,
to breake sinnes boulds in supder.

4.
Our famous light which lately stood
on hill within our towne:
Whose beames were spread so farre abroad,
is now by death rooke downe.

5.
Those lively christall streames so pure,
with pastures fresh and greene;
From us alas are lock't full sure,
and can no more becene.

6.
Oh mournfull flocke who art deprived
of such a faithfull guide;
Whose drooping soules he hath reviv'd
full many a time and tide.

7.
Our faithfull Moses now is gone,
which stood up in the breach;
To say Gods wrath with many a groane,
his hands to heaven did stretch.

8.
His life Gods glory did advance,
his doctrine good and plaine:
And by Gods holy ordinance,
he many a soule did gaine.

9.
No paine nor labour he did spare,
the hungry soules to feed,
Dividing out each one his share,
according to their need.

10.
A person grave, a patron rare,
most humble, godly wife,
Whose presence made the wicked feare,
when they beheld his eyes.

11.
His eares were open and attent,
to heare the poore mans cry:
And speedily his heart was bent,
to find a remedy.

12.
To rich and poore, to old and yong,
most courteous mild and meeke,
The mourning soules he brought along,
and comforted the weake.

13.
Much comfort heere his soule posselt,
his life fame, and renowne,
And now with Saints and Angels blest,
he weares a glorious crowne.

14.
Where many a soule is gone before,
which he through Christ hath gain'd,
His glory shines as Sunne therefore,
and never shall be staine'd.

15.
You pastors all of Christ his fould,
of soules who have the charge,
See heere a patterne to behold,
your duties to your charge.

16.
His faith, his love, his godly care,
his zeale sinne to suppress:
His pittie shewes to such as were,
in griefe and heavinesse,

17.
His humble heart did soone make peace,
by arbitration wise,
All jars and strifes he made to cease,
twixt neighbours that did rise.

18.
But now those ioyfull dayes are gone,
which made our hearts so glad,
And comfort brought to many one,
when sorrow made them sad.

19.
Our Zion temple songs doe cease,
our burning shining light
Is gone to everlasting peace,
and bids us all good night.

20.
Our constant Lectur twelve dayes fame,
and ioy of Saints all round,
To which Gods armies flocking came,
to heare his doctrine found,

21.
Gods holy Law and Gospell pure,
he preach't with courage bould,
Whereby he many did allure,
and brought to Christ his fould.

22.
The poore and hungry soules alway,
with good things he did fill,
The rich, nor any went away,
without Gods mind and will.

23.
Most faithfully he preach't Gods will,
with wisdom from above,
And left for to direct us still,
his booke of faith and love.

24.
Gods counsell and the narrow way,
he clearly did untold
Without excuse to leave all they,
that would not be controld.

25.
His proudest foes on every side,
who fought his deprivation,
He still did overcome their pride,
by humble conversation,

26.
Against hels force and Satans rage,
God kept him in his station,
And still prelerved him in his old age,
in Dedhams congregation.

27.
From weeke to weeke, from day to day,
he cryed in our eares:
And thus he did without delay,
the space of thirty yeeres.

28.
In zeale he was a flaming fire,
yet humble and discrete,
Which made his chiefeft foes admire,
and swadged their malice great.

29.
They often sought for to prevaile
to take away our ioy,
To quench our light they did assaile
our glory to destroy.

30.
But God did guard his choice elect,
who worthy was through Christ
From dangers all did him protect,
and tooke him home at last.

31.
The time of life that God him lent,
was threecore yeeres and seven,
The greatest part of which he spent,
to bring soules unto heaven.

32.
Oh happy change and blessed gaine,
good time for him to die:
Vnhappy we that still remaine
more sinfull dayes to see.

33.
Yet happy now likewise are they,
which are in state of grace,
And were so wise that in their dayes,
with God they made their peace.

34.
Now magnifie the providence,
of Gods election strong,
That he such dayes by sure defence,
in mercy did prolong.

35.
And now hold fast with diligence,
the truths which you have leam'd
And bring forth fruit with patience,
that grace may be discern'd.

36.
Those graces learne to imitate,
in him which shines so bright,
So shalt thou live in happy state,
and pleasing in Gods sight.

37.
A wife hath lost a heavenly head,
children a father deare,
A losse to all on every side,
and to his flocke most neere.

38.
His house a blessed *Babel* was,
as plainly did appeare:
He lived to see his fruits in grace,
on all his children deare.

39.
But now alas what shall we doe
Gods anger to revoke,
Our sinfulnessse have brought us to
this sad and heavy stroke.

40.
Our sleepey formall carelesnesse,
in hearing of Gods word:
Vnfruitfull barren heartednesse,
though we with meanes were stored.

41.
All those that have worne out this light,
and yet remaine all daie,
How shall it now their soules affright,
to weare this cursed marke,

42.
Now let us all repent and pray,
with zeale and fervency,
That of the Lord obtaine we may,
some comfort and supply.

43.
Our King and Counsell Lord preserve,
and all of each degree,
That from his trueth we may not swerve,
but therein live and die.

44.
That with him that's gone before,
a kingdome may obtaine,
And then with Saints for evermore,
in glory may remaine.

A N E P I G R A M.

In morning wake with God, and beg his grace,
Offend not his good spirit in any case,
Hang fast on Christ, cleave close unto his word,
No time forget to weare the christian sword,
Run cheerefully your generall is before,
Our blessed captain Christ hath opened the doors
Got victory against sin, death, and hell,
Ere small life for aye with him shall dwell,
Returne my soule, got forth unto thy rest,
Strange joyes are gone which cannot be express'd.

I. L.

F. J. N. I. S.

Printed for the yeere, 1643.

AN ELEGIACALL EPITAPH UPON COLONELL JOHN HAMPDEN

By JOHN LEICESTER

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 8 (17))

THIS piece shows the mortuary border—largely trimmed off on the left-hand side—that the Puritans especially affected in broadside typography. John Hampden (1594-1643) came of an old and wealthy family, and, like his relative Sir Edmund Hampden, resisted the illegal taxation under the personal rule of Charles I. His refusal to pay ship-money has given him lasting fame as a supporter of British liberties. In the Long Parliament, he showed himself a potent influence, and anxiously wished to reconcile the king to constitutional government. He was the Mirabeau of the English Civil War, and, like Mirabeau, died when he was most needed. He was killed in a skirmish near Oxford, June 18, 1643. There is also another elegy on him by John Styles of his own regiment. John Leicester, author also of *England's Miraculous Preservation* (669. f. 10 (107)), a broadside in verse, seems to have been one of the numberless obscure poetasters who flourished during the period of unlicensed printing in the earlier 1640's. The date of the piece shows it to have been written a month or more after the subject's death. The date 1641 at the foot of the broadside is a mistake, due perhaps to the printer's taking the legend at the bottom, together with the arabesque border, from some earlier publication, without troubling to change the date after his name.

composed : When the -ed is spelled out, it should regularly be pronounced -èd.

Arts . . . deserts : probably a good rhyme in the seventeenth century.

May : can, as in Elizabethan.

Come Albion Muses etc. : These lines seem to be a belated example of Spenser's pastoral influence.

Isis : The Thames in the vicinity of Oxford. Hampden was killed nearby.

striken deer at gaze : i.e. deer struck with wonder. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* : "The whole heard of Deare stand at the gaze if they smell a sweete apple."

retrograde to Grace : in opposition to.

Thetis . . . Achilles : According to the *Iliad*, Achilles was the son of Peleus and the sea-goddess Thetis, whose maternal affection is particularly noticed in Homer.

Triumphing : The accent is on the second syllable, as in Elizabethan.

Romish Yoake : The chief objection of the Puritans to Laud and the Cavaliers was their belief, apparently quite unfounded, that the bishops planned to bring England back to Papal allegiance, as Poland and Hungary had been brought back in the Counter Reformation.

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AN ELEGIACALL EPITAPH UPON

The deplored Death of that Religious and Valiant Gentleman, Colonell *John Hampden Esquire*,
A worthy Member of the Honourable House of *Commons* in *PARLIAMENT*; who
received his Deaths wound in a Battell neere *Chinnor* in *Oxfordshire*, and deceased
At *Thame*. JUNE, the 27. MDCXLIII.

Since God himselfe did stoop so low, to lay
His Picture on a piece of that same Clay
Whereof we are composed, 'tis but just,
To wayle his losse, and to adorne his Dust:
In doing which, both head and hand may misse,
For who can pourtray Vertue as it is?
Or make a true description of that fire,
That so inflam'd him with a brave desire?
But if a 7th which God both made and bought,
Of manly shape, yet of more manly thought,
If Piety, and to the truth true Zeale,
If love and care of Church and common weale,
If Chastity (rare in a Souldiers brest)
And Temperance, (which Cavaliers detest,)
If wisdom, courage, and an humble minde,
Iust dealing unto which he was inclin'd,
If love of Peace, of Armes, and heavenly Arts,
And bounty unto men of good deserts,
May make a man unto his Country deare,
Brave *Hampden* justly may exact a teare
From present and succeeding Ages; then
Come *Albion* Muses all, come Maids and Men,
Come silver Swannes leave singing on the banks,
Of *Jsis* floods, and in you painted Rankes
Yee merry Birds goe solitary sitt,
Silence and sorrow, does us best besitt:

For though we live, yet are we deadly shot;
(Like Stricken Deere at gaze) and feele it not.
Then let our Teares upon our selves descend,
For our Heav'n-daring Crimes, which do portend
More heavy Judgements comming on apace,
To Court and Country, retrograde to Grace.
In vaine (deare *Hampden*) we sollicit Thee,
Whose passive part hath made thee now shot-free
From *Syrens* violence, Sin, Feare and Death,
Wherewith we Mortalls struggle heere beneath.
Then let us strew thy Herse with bud and bloome,
As *Thetis* did her lov'd *Achilles* Tombe,
Or rather hang (with *Athens*) Lawrell by,
In token of Thy happy *VICTORY*,
Triumphing over all fore-named Foes,
And whatsoever did Thee heere oppose.
Farewell then honour'd *Hampden* (heav'nly *Jem*)
Adorning now the new *I E R V S A L E M*.
Farewell belov'd in *Parliament* and *Field*,
Farewell thy Soldiers faithfull broken Shield:
Farewell thy freinds and native Counties stay,
To them it is an over-clouded Day;
And dismall unto all it may be spoke,
Save such as love to beare the *Romish* Yoake.

JULY, 27.

1643.

Per JO: LITCHFIELD.

L O N D O N,

Printed by BERNARD ALSOP. 1641.

A FUNERALL ELLEGIE, UPON THE DEATH OF MR.
JOHN PIM

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 8 (40))

JOHN PYM (1584-1643) was educated at Oxford and at the Middle Temple, and was a member of several Parliaments during the reigns of James I and Charles I. He early distinguished himself by demanding stricter laws against Roman Catholics. In the Parliamentary struggle with Charles I, he tried, like Strafford, to restore the Elizabethan compromise, but, unlike Strafford, turned more and more against royal prerogative. He thought of emigrating to America, and was one of the patentees of both Connecticut and Rhode Island. In the Short Parliament of 1640, Pym was the virtual leader of the Commons. He is one of the first English statesmen to propound the theory that the king's ministers are directly responsible to Parliament for their acts, and that the essence of treason is not an attack on the king but on the Constitution of England. This point of view bore its immediate fruit in the execution of Strafford. Pym joined with Hampden and others in arranging for the military defence of Parliament. He died of an internal abscess December 8, 1643, and on December 15 was buried with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, from which his body, with those of Cromwell and other Puritans, was ejected at the Restoration. Thomason dates this broadside December 10th, 1643. The same heading was later used for the Earl of Essex (British Museum 669. f. 10 (83)). The lame metre and contorted grammar of the piece, especially the *Acrostick*, suggest that it could not have been written by even the professional broadside balladist.

life guard : possibly a reference to Pym's activities in organizing military protection for the Commons at the outbreak of the Civil War.

lawrell : the symbol of victory. Cf. a similar use in the elegy on Hampden and elsewhere.

more riper : the double comparative, as commonly used for emphasis in Elizabethan.

still : continually.

Antichrist : the Papacy; the word-order is inverted.

Church refined : i.e. purified of ritual. Thus arose the term Puritan.

the knowing Laws : knowing of laws.

Counsell fit to be allowed. . .

Rabby : in Hebrew, a doctor of the law, literally, master.

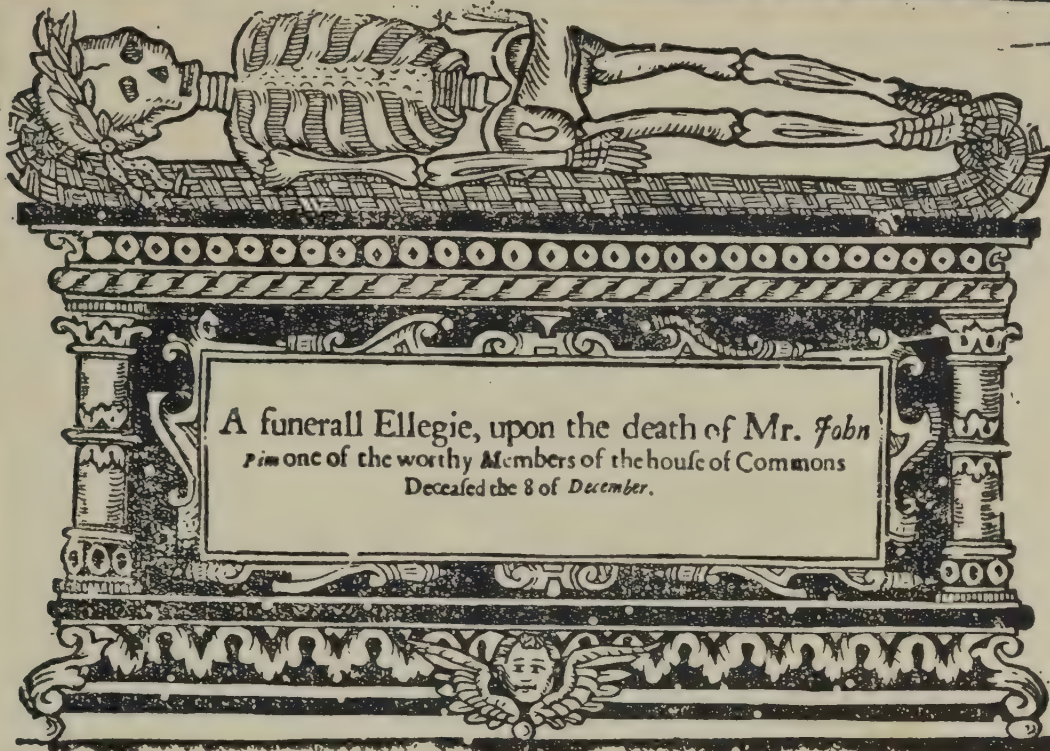
Harsh roughnesse mixture had not etc.

Etnian : referring to Etna as a dormant volcano.

Fenix : the Phoenix that was supposed to rise in new life from its ashes every hundred years.

engag'd : pledged, i.e. still alive.

Worms touch it not 'tis such a sacred clay You cannot rape etc. : characteristically Puritan imagery.



Hath Fate, and Time, conspir'd, to send thee Death,
 In spite of all the life guard of his breath:
 Health, Wit, and Courage, strength for to withstand,
 Natures declining age, by temperance hand:
 Grew not his fences like the lawrell greene,
 By yeeres experience still more ripen'd seene,
 Grew not his care still for his countries good;
 A Bulwarke that false *Antichrist* withstood:
 Was not his care his study, and his mind,
 To beate downe Vice, and have the Church refin'd:
 Did not his Iudgement in the knowing Lawes,
 Both Temporall and Divine deserve applause:
 Did not his care spread like a saving shroud,
 With wholsome Counsell fit to be allow'd,
 Like to a reverend Rabby of the Land.
 Iudgement posselt his Braine, Iustice his Hand;
 Patience and temperance both liv'd in his mind,
 Pity his heart, his eyes alwayes inclin'd,
 To looke upon distressed of the poore, and apply helpe,
 What can a man doe more.

His well pend Speeches, grave, discreet, and good,
 Hath been approv'd, by those that understood,
 To favour nothing, but of care, and weale,
 To publie health, who their defects would heale.
 Harsh roughneesse mixture had not in his blood,
 Meeknesse, and patience in his actions flood,
 Perition given him from humble hands,
 As humbly he takes, and for them stands;
 So far that if they righteous things require,
 'Tis hard if he cannot finish their desire:
 And whiggin'd he for all his well inclin'd,
 But censure evill from the base of mind,

Hate of Malignant *Papists*, Cavaliers,
 With their abusive libells, still appears,
 To sling at him reproch, and scandalls base,
 Which backwards still return'd unto each face:
 And still in spite of their weak Etnian ire,
 His perfect gold outliv'd their hatefull fire,
 And I could wish that that from his ashe urne,
 What his new Fenix might to us returne.

A N
 A C R O S T I C K
 on his name.

I doe not grieve but thousands more,
O ver thy marb'le drops a second showre.
H earts fill'd with sorrow, eyes still overflowes
N othing but teares can ever drown sad woes.

P eace quiet rest give thee, yet thy name shall be
I n every heart worn for thy memory:
M eane time we stand engag'd thou hast discharged thine.

E P I T A P H.

Heres Earth in Earth involv'd Oh such a mold!
 Whose ore is purer then refined gold.
 Worms touch it not tis such a sacred clay
 You cannot rap, remain then till the day
 Your separations meet, when both may bee
 Happy reviv'd in blest eternity.

Finis.

Printed by John Hammond according to order.

Permisio: 10. 1643

A FUNERALL ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR EDWARD GREY

By J.A.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 52)

THIS piece, like a number of others selected for inclusion in the present volume, illustrates the elegiac commemoration of the ordinary gentleman of minor distinction. According to the present elegy, the Major seems to have been of Northumberland family, and was doubtless a relation of the Greys of Milfield and Howick and of Sir William Grey of Werke, who was created a baronet in 1624. A certain Captain Gray, who in 1640 was recruiting soldiers for the King's army, can perhaps be identified with the subject of the present elegy; and such an identity can clearly be established with Major Grey whose death is recorded in the *Calendar of State Papers*: "while on the march near Gloucester, suddenly a mischance befell between Major Hammond of my horse and Sergeant-Major Grey of the Earl of Stamford's regiment, who, falling out about some words passed before at a council of war, drew their swords, and Major Grey received his death wound by a thrust in the neck. This evil had like to have begotten far greater, for our soldiers being then upon the march and under arms, understanding the news, turned back in full stream and prepared for a sudden revenge of Grey's blood upon the other . . ." One judges that discipline in the Parliamentary army was not of the best, and that Grey was a popular officer. The J., or I.A., who twice signs the piece, may refer to any of several contemporary pamphleteers, or perhaps to a brother officer.

foyle the Cavalry : i.e. the Cavaliers.

May deck the Pomp, and mournings of his Herse : a reference to the custom of affixing elegies to the hearse for the procession to the grave.

ill aspected Planet . . . transcendent : According to the old astrology, the relative position of the planets in the skies governed for good or ill human affairs. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, 92, "the ill aspects of Planets evil."

Mars . . . influence : i.e. the astrological power of the planet of war over men's destiny.

still : always.

Curtaine : at once in the theatrical sense, and in the sense of a funeral pall.

Hecatombe : A great public sacrifice, in Homer, a hundred oxen.

Mynne : The same despatch that detailed Grey's death told also of the fall of the Royalist Major General (not Colonel) Mynne in a skirmish a few days later.

Besieged erst by Brittain Charlemaigne : A reference to the siege of Gloucester in 1643 by the Royalists.

Coate : i.e. coat armour bearing his heraldic device.

Armes : in the double sense of deeds of arms and coat of arms.

Bayes : laurel, appropriate here as the emblem both of victory and of poetic inspiration.

Argent-Lyon . . . Rampant : heraldic terms, a silver lion rearing; armorial bearings still carried by the Greys of Milfield.

Couchant . . . in Field of Gules : i.e. lying down in a shield or background of red.

Crescent Or : Gold crescent, the device of Sir William Grey of Werke, who seems also to have been an officer in the Parliamentary army.

House : family.

decreascent : an heraldic term, waning, i.e., as the following lines say, the moon reduced from a round orb of gold to a thin leaden-colored crescent.

meethinkes : It seems to me.

Anagrams : None of them seems to be perfect.

Mi rewarder ay : i.e. My rewarder always.

Respice finem : Have regard for the end.

strenuus & expertus etc. : Vigorous and experienced, Major Grey falls and has died. The capital letters taken as Roman numerals, when added together, amount to 1644.

A FUNERALL ELEGIE

On the unfortunate death of that worthy Major

EDWARD GREY,

July 26. 1644.

Anagram.

Regard I die.

*No longer I shall see the Cavalry:
But be ye watchfull, stout, regard, I die.*

S Ad Proudly! Can famous valiant Grey
Thus silently slide to his bed of Clay?
Returne our sorrows, sigh we forth a Verse,
May deck the Pomp, and mournings of his Herse.
But 'twere detraction to suppose a Teare,
A Sigh, or Blacke, which the sad Mourners weare,
Our losse could value: He that names but thee,
Must bring an Eye, that can weepe Elegie:
Who in his face must weare a Funerall,
Clouded with griefe for thy untimely fall.
What ill affected Planet then did lowre?
Which then transcendent in that fatall houre?
The splendent Sunne could not looke on and shine,
But's clouded, whilest thy glory did decline.
Hath irefull Mars his spightfull influence bent
'Gainst his owne sonne? He's still malevolent.
Thy part thou hast acted well; but Tragedie
Ill prov'd, leaving a sad Catastrophe.
Thy sable Curtaine was too soon o'respread,
Even at thy noone to bring thee to thy bed.
Unlucky hand, and lie: with fury fir'd,
Which passage made whereby thy soule expir'd.
Yet we applaud the wisdom of thy fate,
Which knew to value thee at such a rate,
That for thy fall an Heecatombe it cost,
And Myne was offered to appease thy ghost.
Thou needst no gilded Tombe, whereon t'engrave,
The name of worthy Grey, which then shalt have,
So long as Clouster shall that name retaine,
Besieged eist by Brittaines *Charlemagne*.
Thy conquering Arme made thy stout foe to yeeld,
Thy Sword had wonne the Trophies in the field.
Thy Coate speaks thy high birth, but thine own praise

Shall crowne thine Armes with never-fading Bayes.
See the Argent-Lyon which hath Rampant stood,
Now Couchant lie in Field of Gules and Blood.
The Crescent Or, Greys second House doth marke,
Of famous ancestry the House of Werke:
But now decreescent is, it's Or's o'respread
With Colour Sable, Or is turn'd to Lead.
Farewell heroicke spirit, who art to be
Of publique sorrow the epitome;
All sigh forth grones, meethinkes the Coats of Blew
Are strangely changed into a Sable hew.
But sorrow stops me, and my griefe's undrest,
And rude in language I'll sigh out the rest.

J. A.

EDWARD GREY, Major.

Anagrams III

- I. Though just reward 'mongst men I never may
Attaine, yet sure God's Mi rewarder ay.
- II. For of Eternity I'me not discarded,
Though hence from men I may goe unrewarded.
- III. Though great I was, now in the dust I lie.
Great ones your selves, regard, a Worme I die.
Respicie finem. Psal. 22.6. Job 25.6.

Chronog. { strenVV's, & cXpertVs }
 { Malor Grey } 1644. *J. A.*
 { CaDit & cXpIraVIt. }
 22 9:19

Printed at London for I. W. in the old Baylie. 1644.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF LORD BROOKE

BRITISH MUSEUM (669 F. 6 (115))

THE British Museum has also a mutilated copy in the Luttrell collection (Lut. I. 14). The broadside combines the older arabesque borders with the mortuary pictures and the solid black margins of the more strictly elegiac iconography. Pictorial embellishments were usually taken from the printer's stock and fitted together rather at haphazard to form a border: in the present broadside, the scenes depicted and some of the symbols, such as the Tudor portcullis, seem to bear little relation to the text. Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, (1608-1643) was a noted Parliamentary general, and one of the planters of the colony of Providence. He once thought of emigrating to New England; and Saybrook, Connecticut, was named jointly after him and Lord Saye. Clarendon describes him as one of the most extreme Puritans in the House of Lords in 1640. After the commencement of hostilities, he was important in securing for Parliament the control of the Midland shires. He was killed in an assault on Lichfield Cathedral on March 2, 1643. Besides the present broadside, there is a eulogy of him by Henry Harrington, entitled *An Elegy upon the Death of the Mirror of Magnanimity* (1643). A tract in the British Museum called *A Continuation of certain Special and Remarkable Passages* (E. 92 (20)) says that he was shot treacherously during a parley.

Crosse : i.e. misfortune, a common Puritan metaphor.

Commonwealth : in the general sense of commonweal, a word later to be adopted by the Puritans to describe their government.

death's Car'ners : apparently a fling at the less extreme Presbyterian Puritans.

Engineers : plotters, layers of snares.

Gospels late eclipsed lights : referring to the period of Laud's power.

Romes base abomin : the Anglican hierarchy.

Pure Profession . . . scisme : Of course from the High Church point of view, the Puritans, by renouncing episcopacy, made a schism, i.e., a separation in the Church.

new found Brownist : A sect founded by Robert Browne (1550-1633), an early effort at Congregationalism, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

parricide : in the transferred sense of one guilty of treason.

Mittimus : a warrant to imprison a person.

Or . . . or : either . . . or.

AN ELEGIE

253

U P O N

The much lamented Death of the Right Honourable,



T H E

L O R D B R O O K E.

W^eep not unthrifty Mourners : Why so fast
These weak deuotions due unto his last ?
Hoard up such poor expressions of the eye,
Till either Wife, or Child do chance to die,
Or till thy aged Mothers knell thee call,
To solemnize her petty Funerall.
Tears are wrongs here, for where such sorrows come,
The Land it self should groan, the men be dumb :
The heart should summon down the spirits all,
Till sense benum'd, and apprehension fall,
Congeal'd into a Trance, and each man be
A mournfull Statue unto Memorie :
Or if you needs will weep, as fits the losse
Of such a Friend, so serious a Crosse,
Breathe all the ayre to sighs, the drops o'th year,
At once be all contracted to a Tear.
Then let each Mourner, that hath a desire,
Weep out a part, and weeping so expire.
Pardon's great Lord, and thy diuiner Ghost,
If by remembring what in thee we lost,
Out of that honour and love we owe to thee,
We lose our selves in an Hyperbole.
Thus much is just and fit, that all may know
What they unto the name of B R O O K E doe owe :
The Commonwealth's a debtor to thy fate,
Which destin'd thee a sacrifice to th' State :
But this is the least part, that thou didst die
For us, we wrong thy sacred Memorie

If we confesse no more ; thy high-born Soul
Sought by death death's Cov'nants to controul,
And to disarm those Engineers of hell,
Whose villanies must write their Chronicle.
It was the Gospels late eclipsed light
For which thou l'ist thus low in death and night,
And strov'st to shame and quell each hinderer
In peace by example, by thy sword in war :
For this thy resolution stirr'd thee up
To give truths enemies and thine the cup
Of G o d s great wrath, and with th'avenging sword
To fright all superstition from the Word.
This made Romes base abettors toile and quake
When ere they heard what thou didst undertake ;
This fill'd their mouths with slanders, and their hearts
Sworn to revenge with payson'd envious darts
To wound thy pure Profession with the name
Of schisme, and a new-found Brownistick frame :
This made that base inhumane parricide
With unexampled treacherie divide
Thy soule from body (and them both from us)
To heav'n with a strange desperate *Misnomer*.
Thus thou didst fall, thus diedst thou, but to live
In heav'n, and here with us, whilst we can give
Or teares, or marble, the portraiture of fame
Upon two pillars reared to thy Name
Shall stand, where shall be read and understood
Thy deaths cause, Gods glory, & the Kingdoms good.

Printed by Robert Austin, and Andrew Coe. 1643. March. 7.

MAJOR LINDESY'S LEGACIE

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 10 (30))

THIS piece survives also in the Luttrell collection in the British Museum (Lutt. II. 120). It is a good illustration of the elegy that was, or was supposed to be, written by the subject in a sort of epistolary form just before his death, and is presented to the public as an improving example of the last thoughts of a dying Christian. The borders unfortunately have been very much cut away. The design at the bottom has evidently been pieced out at random in the usual way. Of Major Lindsey's life, but scant record remains. He seems to have been a strangely Puritanical soldier of fortune. The *Calendar of State Papers* records that on May 2nd, 1642, it was voted to advance £5 for his burial—possibly an answer to the last lines in the present elegy. Indeed, the Parliamentary army was most irregularly paid, until the wholesale seizure of the estates of the Irish gentry more or less solved the problem.

curious : in the etymological sense, laborious.

still : continually.

To save our Sovereigne : This of course was the more or less legal fiction of the Parliamentarians down to the time of the King's execution.

persever : with the accent on the second syllable as in the time of Elizabeth.

starve : in the old sense of *die*.

Knock, and Seeke, and Aske : Cf. *Matthew*, 7. 7; *Luke*, 11. 9 etc.

Debenters : debentures, in the archaic sense of a voucher given a person for supplying goods or services to the government and so entitling him to payment.

prevented : anticipated.

Covenant : The Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, to establish Presbyterianism in England and Scotland.

MAIOR LINDESY'S LEGACIE.

April 25. 1645.

87

Bequeathed to his Country-men, the *Scottish-Commanders*, and his Fellow. Soul-
diers and Sufferers in this *Terrestriall Warfare*.

It being found in his *Tronke* after his Death, in the forme of a *Letter*; VVith this
SUPERSCRIPTION following:

For his noble worthy *Friends and Country-men, the Scottish-Commanders in the Par-
liament service.*

Deliver not this *Letter* till I be in my *Grave*, and then I pray You conueene these *Gentle-men* together, and
deliver it unto them as my last *WILL*: And here-with present my *LOVE* unto them *ALL*.



As I never met upon *Pernassus* hill
At *Randevoute*; nor did hee dip his quill
In *Helicon*, thence to extract that Art
Which *Poets* need, his *Offspring* to impart.
Expect not then, expressions from my pen
To please the *Criticke*, nor those curious

Who love to *Carpe*; I only leave to thee (men

That all I have by way of *Legacie*,
Is not *Gold*, nor treasure evill got.
My just designs, such *Shadows* followed not,
But 'tis experience fetched from a *fast*,
Bought with my life and blood in *fortune* *Warr*.
I spent the prime time of my age abroad
In *erving* *Kings*, but still observing *God*
I paid no paines, but spent my dearest blood
To weane knowledge, for my *Countries* good,
Nor did I loose the labour I bestow'd,
Such as *imploid* mee paid me what they ow'd.
Rewarding mee with what I could desire,
The *Workman* being worthy of his hire,
Thus being taught with knowledge and reward;
Returned here in confidence and regard
Into this *Kingdome* joyning heart and hand
To doe them service by my best command:
Which I perform'd; unchalleng'd for offence,
Nor wronging any on the least pretence.
Remembering still, the duty of that *Oath*,
Wherein the *Kingdomes* are united both;
To save our *Soveraigne*, and maintaine the *Laws*,
The *Subjects* freedome, and the publique cause,
For this I fought, inducing to the death.
Am hated therefore with a world of wrath,
Would fast a *Week*, have neither meat nor drinke,
But all was for the cause then you must thinke.
Deare *Courtney* Men in this, let me advise you,
Let neither wrongs, nor want of *Pay* incite you
But suffer still though ye be scourg'd and scant
Your neighbours have enough, though ye may want;
Yet you must not envie, that were a sinne
We suffer for the cause we did begin:
Goe on, endure, have patience, *Fast* and *Pray*,
And be not wearied doing well I say.
The cause is *Gods*, good brethren be not fory,
Ye know this life's but vaine and transietory,
What then, although you have not meat, nor drinke,
Nor *Money*, What? you must not alwayes thinke
To have those things, ye know the *Poore* and *Lame*
Shall have reward. *God* only thinkes on them.
For sake your *countries*, *Houhold*, *Wives*, and *friends*
And be not alwayes for your *Private* ends,

And though they chide you; they are not angrie ever
Tis but to try if you will still persevere,
They correct them whom they love and chasten too
In their dearest child. Indulgent friends to doe;
Yet dare I not condemne you for your feare
To see me lie and starve for hunger here
For I protest, I thought my sufferings good,
Till I had paunde my very Clothes for food
But being Naked, Hungrie, sicke, and Poore,
I could not then for shame goe to the doore,
Doe not therefore as I did, lie not still
Until ye starve, but labour to fulfill
The *Scripture*, saying pray; they bid you too
To use the meanes, as well as prayer allow
The *Scripture* bids you *Knock*, and *Secke*, and *Aske*,
And you shall have, this is an easie taske,
I know ye aske but then you aske amisse.
Ye aske not all in faith you faile in this
Are not your *Judges* just? why doe yee then
Not speake in time; they're *Gods* as well as men,
Then *God* forbid that men should be debar'd,
The just will ever give the just reward,
But tell them this, the will of him that's dead,
That what they mind to give, they give with speed;
And that they send you not to seeke *Debenters*.
The *Auditors*, are tedious *Male-Contenters*.
My fatall houre prevented my desire
If I had liv'd, I had had all my hire;
But as I doe assigne you to those things,
Which wofull time, and my experience brings.
Even so I bid you be not slack to send
And seeke your due; they swore for to defend
Each one the other suffering for the cause,
They will not breake their *Covenants*, and their *Laws*,
But if you wait, and wait as I did doe,
Yee cannot tell what may befall you too,
Thus have I turne my race, and writ my will
I pray you then be carefull to fulfill,
Those things you came for *Brethren*; So I end.
And humbly doe my Spirit recommend
Unto it's *Maker*, and pray's you if you can
To bury mee, Even like an honest man.

And so farewell, remember what I said,
Ye'll live and dye the better, that ye'er paid

Lindesys last
farewell.

AN ELEGIE IN MEMORIE OF SIR HENRIE MERVYN

By W. MERCER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 81)

SIR HENRY MERVYN of Petersfield, Hampshire, was commander of the fleet in the English Channel under Charles I; and, according to Clowes' *Royal Navy*, distinguished himself by his efforts to reform the service, make the pay more regular, improve living conditions of the sailors, and mitigate the severities of the maritime criminal code. His efforts had scant success; and both he and much of his command declared against the King in the Civil War. William Mercer (1605?-1675?) was born in Aberdeenshire, and ran away from his father's rectory to go soldiering in Scandinavia. Later he led a roving life in Scotland and Ireland, and early in the 1640's obtained, through the influence of Essex, a captaincy in the Parliamentary army. He rose to be lieutenant-colonel in 1645. Like Lindesay, he suffered from chronic arrears in pay, living in dire straits during the Protectorate; and his submission at the Restoration hardly improved his position. He wrote a considerable amount of occasional verse, including broadside elegies on Colonel Luttrell and on his military patron, the Earl of Essex. The left-hand border of this broadside illustrates the erratic fashion in which such pieces were set up.

at the Interring of the Body : This elegy was doubtless affixed to the hearse.

Planets ; who by power deprive etc. : referring to the astrological power of the stars over men's lives. Cf. *fatal Planet* below.

inspir'd : inbreathed, animated.

triumph : The accent is on the second syllable as in Shakespeare.

Durst dare : curious redundancy, doubtless for alliteration and metre.

Spirit . . . inherit : a good rhyme in the seventeenth century. Cf. Irish dialect in which a number of Elizabethan pronunciations linger.

quintessence : in the old alchemical sense of a fifth substance, purely spiritual and present in all matter.

Parts . . . deserts : a good rhyme in the seventeenth century.

Emphasis : appearance, a rare etymological use. Renaissance panegyric stopped at nothing!

subleams : N.E.D. knows no such word; perhaps a dialectical form of sublime.

ingage : engage, risk.

favour . . . Mould : perhaps referring to those who angled for peerages at court.

Quiristers : choristers.

Curious Poets : in the etymological sense of careful, laborious; probably a reference to the poets of the School of Donne.

Chest : coffin.

de-merits : deserts, good or bad. Cf. the Latin *demereri*, to deserve.

Apelles . . . Zeuxes : the famous Greek painters.

Stage : Apparently some who fought in the Parliamentary army did not share the Puritan objection to stage-plays.

Yet all these could not, add one houres increase Unto his time : the usual elegiac moral.

My hir's etc. : My hire, i.e. reward.

Minerva : but for the last letter, an anagram of Mervyn.

Trophees : memorials of victory.

Odd : unique.

kind : in the old sense, nature.

Emblems : flags, especially with heraldic devices.

Dystichon : couplet.

Sphere . . . spotlesse Ayre : a reference to the old astronomy which conceived of the earth as the centre of concentric astral spheres.

perfit : the form of *perfect* derived through Old French, and not directly from Latin.

AN ELEGIE

In Memorie, and at the Interring of the Body of the most famous and truly
Noble Knight, Sir HENRIE MERVYN.

Paterne of all true Valour; Worth, and Arts, who departed this life the 30. of May, and
lyes Interred at Westminster, Anno Do: 1646.

With wondring raptures, darting at the ayre
Much griefe and anguish, sadnesse and dispaire,
With *mourninges, weepings, madnesse, and a mind*
Cast downe so low, *disconsolate, combin'd,*

With cruell thoughts, to teare the Stars, and strive
To plucke the Planets; who by power deprive
Those admir'd Spirits, so inspir'd with worth.
And rob those rare Excellencies of earth;
What *fatal planet*; placed in the Skye
Durst thus triumph? What cruell *desirie*
Durst dare to meddle, or molest thy Spirit,
Which did all Vertues to the full inherit?

The rarest Modell of admired Parts,
Pure quintessence, of exquisite deserts,
So Singular, no Second could admit,
The very essence of all acute wit.
The Emphasis of ev'ry praise we read,
And Source from whence all knowledge did proceed,
The life of learning, and a light to all
That liv'd, or had their being on this Ball.

Nature is nothing, if it hath not Art;
But it in thee, perfection did impart
In such abundance, that I doe believe
Art, here, by nature, was superlative.

Thy thoughts were such: they soar'd on sacred wings
Unlimited, to Sublunary things,
Were all *sublime*, or at the least too high,
For usuall Spirits, Mens Capacity;
Throughout all Nations, Notable for Fame;
Whose worth, all after ages shall preclame,
Who scorn'd the honors of this present age,
Nor found it fit, thy vertues to ingage

With such as strove, in State to be extol'd,
Or wrapt by favours, in a new fram'd Mould,
Let all the Muses, mourne in *fable Coast*,
Heav'ns Quiristers, sing *Melaucholy* notes;
Let all the Arts, both Morall, and Divine,
All Curious Poets, add one mournfull line
To show their love, our lesse, and let them pen
The highest praise, appropriate to men.

And yeeld them all; as attributes most due,
To doe him honour, and againe renew
Their Verse once more; and write upon his Chest,
The quickest Wit, the rarest mind, the best.

Dame Nature's darling, singular in skill,
Of all the arts, and sciences, no quill
Can Comprehend, Contrive, or Calculate,
His true de-merits; nor can Elevate

His Worth; nor yet *Apelles* Coloured art,
Nor *Zenxes* pencill, if alive, impart
His prudence, and his pregnant Eloquence,
His practice, rare performance, Eminence,

Nor yet his outwards, objects of our Eye,
None could at all, draw to the life; but lye
And let them be, but as they are the same,
To figure forth, things signify'd by them;
Nor hath he left, behind, one so expert.
Upon the Stage; equall to play his part,
Yet all these could not, add one houres increase
Vnto his time; you see all flesh is grasse.
No usuall quill could draw so rare a shape,
The best Experience, could not well escape,
But it must erre, nor none can draw his mind
No more then they, Can fathom up the wind.

Wherefore in silence, I must cease, and wonder,
So thou may'st stay, swift passenger, and ponder:

What Peace of Earth, lyes here *Intomb'd*, and then
Goe tell that Mervyn, was the praise of Men.

SIR HENRIE MERVYN;

Anagram.

My hir's e'er in he'ven,
HENRIE MERVYN.

Anagram.

Here in my Urne:

My hir's ever in he'ven, then doe not mourne.
There rests my soule; my earth; Here in my Urne.

Anagram.

Here in my Urne, in secret where I lye,
Confin'd by fate, or humane desinie.
Fame passing hence; strooke in a Maze, stood dumbe,
And writ these words, vpon my painted Tomb
With sighes, and teares, and Sacrificed Groanes,
And left them all, as witnesses at once
For to be view'd who having tribute pay'd,
Straight vanish quite; these were the words were said.

Epiaph.

Mervyn the Modell, morall and divine,
Of all that Nature's knowledge could combine,
Lyes here, but yet for all of this Conceive
His boundlesse worth, could not come to the Grave
But lives; and still, so long as time doth last,
His fame (shall far, exceed the Worthiest).
Who in a word, proves truly such a Theme
That you may read Minerva in his Name.

To the Island of England, and the Univerfall Ocean.

O English Island, hence forbear to boast:
You boundlesse Oceans, which surround its Coast,
Disclose your secrets: neither swell with pride,
Since Mervyn now, the Mariners best guide,
Is gone; for if, thy stormy Waves arise,
No Art, nor Skill, can Christendome devise
To compass safely; he, was onely hee,
Who could triumph, and in thy deepe did see
Those hidden dangers, which devour'd a world,
For want of knowledge, and were headlong hurld,
Beyond their bounds; but O! What Trophies can
Be then Created: for so rare a Man?
No; none at all; but such as may seeme Odd,
And must be made: by Neptune who's a God.
And that is this; the sky's shall change their kind
Into a Curtaine; and constrain the Wind
To stay; and henceforth never more shall blow,
But be a substance, and no ayrie show
Shall thence proceed; but shall as Emblem's flye
Gaiz'd on, and wondred at, with mortals eye:
As signes of honour; and shall so remaine,
Till Mervyn be, rais'd from the dust againe.

HENRIE MERVYN. Anag. Renue my hire.

HENRIE MERVYN. Anag. Merry in he'ven.
Dyftichon Renue my hire; and make me one of them
That's Merry in he'ven, 'tis all wherere I ayne.

Eccrostick

Here, learnings Compend, Miraculous in Arts
E strang'd doth lye; (Endow'd with divyne Parts)
No more to moove, R emoved from our Spheare,
R emaines above, U nstain'd, in spotlesse Ayre,
Fast and ingenuous, Y et he must Submit,
E ven unto death, N othing can Conquer it

But his perfection, who made him perfit,
Where Mervyn liv's, with Angels, in Delight.

22: 9: 19 By W: MACKER.

London, Printed by Jane Cox, 1646.

A FUNERALL MONUMENT: OR THE MANNER OF THE HERSE OF THE EARL OF ESSEX

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 10 (89))

ROBERT DEVEREUX, third Earl of Essex (1591-1646), and son of Elizabeth's rebellious favourite, was successively a courtier of James I, a moderate opponent of the personal rule of Charles I, and, in the Civil War, the commander of the Parliamentary army, not so much because of military knowledge as because he was already commander of the forces south of the Tweed and because his prominence and high character made him a popular choice. He died on September 14th, 1646, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. George Thomason, from whose collection this broadside is taken, dates the piece October 9th; and the date, the title, and the contents, suggest that it was written to celebrate Essex's funeral rather than his death. Although burial services were, strictly speaking, illegal among both Presbyterians and Independents, yet Essex was given a most magnificent funeral with a military procession, a small part of which, with all its heraldic trappings, is depicted at the top of the present broadside. The heralds bearing his arms lead the way, then gentlemen with banners, and horses with plumes and shields, then his sword, gauntlet and helmet, borne on a carriage on the canopy of which is a somewhat portly angel, holding a laurel wreath and blowing the trumpet of fame. Contemporary descriptions of the funeral are to be found in Daniel Evance's *Iusta Honoraria* and in *A Perfect Relation of the memorable Funerall of the Right Honorable Earle of Essex*.

Worcester's faithful sons : referring to Essex's entry into Worcester on September 27th, 1642. The city changed hands several times during the war.

Edge-Hill : a battle fought October 23rd, 1642, which kept the King's army from entering London.

great . . . defeat : a good rhyme in the seventeenth century. Cf. the pronunciation in modern Irish, which is probably a survival.

Reading : fell before the army of Essex on April 27th, 1643, after twelve days' siege.

Cirencester : captured with a great store of provisions by Essex in September, 1643.

Gloucester's tydings etc. : Essex raised the siege of Gloucester on September 8th, 1643.

Newbery : A somewhat inconclusive battle took place here, in which Essex's army fought its way back to London after relieving Gloucester. There was a second battle in October, 1644.

Croyland . . . Barnstable . . . Mount Stamford etc. : The elegist is apparently trying to rival the semi-official lists of Parliamentary "victories" that came out from time to time as broadsides.

prayers : a word of two syllables in the seventeenth century.

that did afterwards offend : The Puritans looked upon grief for the dead as an unlawful questioning of God's Providence.

dispensation : five syllables, as in Elizabethan.

Whenas : when.

really : three syllables.

still : always.

Wilfully bent to ruine him and us.

combustious : perhaps an adjective made from combustion, tumultuous, stormy.

catcht his breath : i.e. killed him.

prevent : anticipate.

Hash led the way that we must follow all.

A Funerall Monument: or the manner of the Herse of the
 most Renowned *Robert Devereux*, Earl of *Essex* and *Espe*, Viscount *Hereford*, *L. Ferrers of Chartley*,
Bewdler and *Lovaine*, *Englands* late Lord Generall, who deceased Septemb. 14. 1646. With a
 briefe Recirement of his valour and fidelity in the Kingdome just Cause, against the Enemies of
 Religion, Parliament and Kingdome, whose Fnnerrall is to be solemnized on
 Tuesday the 13. of October, 1646.



London, thou know'st with what a willing mind,
 This Peere adventur'd, when thy men did find
 Such rare encouragements from their Generall,
 With resolutions, being inflam'd all,
 To live and die with Him, they all were bent,
 In maint'nance of just Lawes, and Parliament.
 What hardships He endured for thy good;
 Nothing too deare, he thought, for *England* stood:
 Opposing those unnatural home-bred Foes,
 That unto ruine did themselves expose.
 Let *Warresters* faithfull sons now him bewaile,
 That did relieve them when their help did faile.
 Let adverse Enemies, found Fidelity,
 At Edge-Hill Bartell, where undauntedly
 This Generall did appeare, in dangers great,
 Adventuring to give the Foes defeat;
Reading, Cirencester, thy Acts let sound,
 And *Glocesters* sydings, when reliefe was found,
 By means of this thy Friend, whom now lament,
 In thy most sad distress, thus did attempt.
 And you that know the gain at *Newberry*,
 Seeing this Generall, how undauntedly
 He then encourag'd you, for *Englands* right,
 When Royall Forces fled, he stood the Fight;
Croyland and *Durastaple* shall sound his praise,
 That gain'd them luerty, in intrall'd dayes.
Maur St. Iamfons, Plympton, Salisbury, Laurenceston,
 And *Greenwicke-houfe*, proclaime his praise, each one;
 With many other, whose laborious paine,
 Most noble *Essex* valiantly did regaine:
 Whom though by times untimely stroake decaist,
 His fame still lives, that enemies decreast.
 And now to you, unthankfull hearts, a while
 I shall address me; you that durst revile,
 And murder out, whilst basely you neglect
 Your duties you do owe with great respect.
 At first, how many prayers did attend
 From thousands, that did afterwards offend
 In murmuring at all Gods dispensation;
 I forgetfull of this ill's abomination:
 To say this, O *England*, hath prolong'd the warre,
 With great unthankfulness, of which beware.
 And now Malignants, by your base expedition
 Full often utter'd 'gainst this worthy Champion,

When your stout friends have fled, to their disgrace:
 Go search the Records of the Warres progress,
 And then constrain'd, you all can say no lesse.
 By might or Majesty who prosper shall,
 When as injustice is the cause of all?
 That opposition which thus long hath dur'd,
 And at the last perpetuall shame procur'd,
 This sin cries loud, and vengeance is not farre
 From you, that thus procur'd *Englands* Warre,
 Which hath been maining'd by your contribution,
 This you'l lament, before your dissolution.
 Take timely warning, therefore, and repent,
 For this reviling of the Excellent:
 Though he be gone to his appointed place,
 Your sinnes remaine that have fought his disgrace:
 And therefore now, to mourn for *Englands* losse,
 Add something towards it, by that sin remors'd.
 But now to that, which is my chief intent,
 To you, I meane, that really lament
 This trusty friend to *England*, in distresse,
 Do you bewaile, for I can do no lesse.
 What great advantage did he stand upon,
 When freely for this bleeding Nation
 He offer'd up himselfe, to lead on those
 That did the proudest enemy oppole.
 Should you forget those great Returnes of prayer,
 Which by this Instrument accomplish'd were,
 The stones would utter out your base neglect,
 And this great sin would sadly back reflect.
 With what joycing, in your saddest dayes,
 Did you erect loud songs of thankfull praise
 To God, that in so many great attempts
 Preserved and regarded Innocents;
 Expos'd in battell thrill, wherein there fell
 Full often many; that did first rebell:
 Yet God the Lord of Hosts did still appeare,
 To guard his servantes, that did truly feare.
 Your trust committed to this Generall,
 Whole losse we now lament, and let tears fall,
 Let them dissolve themselves into a flood,
 For losse of him, that hazzarded his blood,
 Full oft in Field, against the trecherous,
 Wastfully bent to ruine him and us.
 Since tall Oakes, deeply rooted, do begin
 To fall, he warne, let not murmuring

In great combustious stormes, for all our good.
 This noble Champion, like an unmov'd rock,
 In battell that adventur'd many a shock,
 Amidst the Forces, fearless, where grim death
 Gave way to him, yet now, hath catcht his breath;
 Since tears are small expressions for this losse,
 That calls for floods, fit to expresse remors;
 The master-peece of friendship now discover,
 Rais'd up with sence of losse, bedew'd all over,
 With dolefull Dirities, now let freely fall
 Those fit expressions for this Funerall;
 Whose fame now stands, Acts Chronologicall
 Perpetuall, his fame to after-ages shall
 Sound out in praise, his trust that faithfully
 Discharg'd, whom now thus most solemnly
 We celebrate, most worthy great desert,
 And justly as becomes, with laded heart;
 Love to his Country, and Religions Cause,
 Now He's dissolv'd, speaks loud against all those
 That were not mov'd with such consideration,
 But in distresse were helplese to this Nation:
Essex was constant, free from that great sin,
 And thus unmov'd, liv'd and did therein;
 With King & Country both, and Commonweale,
 Our noble *Essex* faithfully did deale.
 Noble *Devenex* sadly's bid Adieu,
 And much lamented for, as 'tis our due.
 The Parliament hath now receiv'd a losse,
 This noble Peere is gone, their number's lesse;
London hath also lost a precious friend,
 Whom none but death could put unto an end.
 He's worth lamenting for, that at her need
 Unto poore *England* was a friend indeed.
 Then shall a Kingdome, and a Parliament,
 Shall great and good men for this losse lament;
 Shall rich and poore bemoane this Salee Herse,
 And shall not thou and I bedew the Vesse,
 That speaks out cause sufficient to bemoane
 This losse of him (before us) that is gone:
 Death being arm'd hath cut down such an Oake,
 Prepare to meet, and so prevent his stroke,
 I rom earth, great *Essex, Englands* Generall,
 Hath led the way, that we must follow all.

Printed for J. Hawcock in Popes-head Alley 1646.
 84. 94

A FUNERALL ELEGY UPON THE MOST HONORED
UPON EARTH, THE EARL OF ESSEX

By JOSIAH RICRAFT

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. P. 10 (81))

MANY elegies were attached to the Earl of Essex's hearse; and their ornate format suggests a subsidy from the Parliamentary government, which was doubtless anxious that their general should lose no honours by supporting their cause. The engraved portrait on the present broadside was doubtless supplied the printer by the authorities, or perhaps by the author. Josiah Ricraft was a Presbyterian merchant of London. He wrote on a variety of subjects from Oriental languages to lists of Parliamentary victories and an attack on the Anabaptists. At the Restoration, he renounced Presbyterianism, and later became a Middlesex magistrate.

made a star : Cf. Orion, who according to the *Iliad* was placed among the stars when he died.

idle Sect : doubtless a slur on the Anabaptists and other Separatists.

limen : threshold.

center : inverted order. The sense is : spring and centre of all our woes.

Sphears : astronomical allusion, used here in the general sense of the sky.

dilated : widespread, amplified.

destiny gives place To none : Death the inevitable is perhaps the commonest elegiac theme.

black obsequies With greater glory : Doubtless a reference to the magnificence of his funeral.

Edg-hill and Newbrey-marsh : recent victories of the Parliamentary forces.

A Funerall Elegy upon the most Honored upon Earth, and now glorious in Heaven, His Excellency Robert Devereux Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount Hereford, Lord Ferrers of Chartly Bouchier and Lorraine, late Generall of England.

51



Robert Earle of Essex his Excellency
Lord Generall of the Paritie Army etc
interit ac. cal. 1601



IS valiant Essex dead? 'tis sure a story!
Since none do die who gain eternal glory.
No, he is only vanisht from our sight,
And made a star, to give these liles more light
To see the way to peace, and to direct
Their erring judgements from each idle sect,
Which trouble both Religion, and the State,
And are indeed the limes of that gate
At which our miseries and mischiefs enter,
The very spring of all our woes and center.
But whither run! oh! see! observe the Spheres,
How they bewail our Essex losse in tears:
For with this light and airy shadow we
Of fame and honor must contented be;
Since from the vain grasp of our Wishes fled
Their glorious substance is, now, he is dead;
And speaks again louder, and louder yet;
Else while we hear the sound, we should forget
What is deliver'd; let hoarse rumors cry
Till it so many ecchoes multiply,
To waken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our fears,
That we might feel the blow and feeling grieve
At which pain we would not, but must beleve,
And in this horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd;
Strooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower center now, then Essex grave.
Oh! could not all thy purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame, thy flesh immortalize!
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward Death, who off grew pale

To look thee and thy battels in the face?
Alas they could not! destiny gives place
To none: nor is it seen that Princes Lives
Can live abe by their Prerogatives.
Yet since it is decreed thy life's bright sun
Must be eclips'd; thy race it being run:
Be proud; thou dye'st in thy black obsequies
With greater glory yet, then others rise.
For in thy death and life thou held'st one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how a circle drawn by compass meet
Invisibly is joyned head to feet:
So doth thy fate and honor now contend
To match thy brave beginning with thy end.
And for thy name, it stands in crimson gown!
Edge-hill and Newbury mark thy fame to sound:
For in those fields thou did'st triumphantly
Conquer the enemy, got'st the victory.
Therefore thou wilt have for thy passing bells
The drums and canons thunder forth thy knells.
Then famous London shut your shops a space,
And mourn for him who was your Island's grace.
I should proceed: but sorrow wets my eye;
And while some Muse writes, mine only cries.

Written by him who doth with my Pen
Speak of brave Essex, Englands Phoenix Poet.

Josiah Ricraft of London Merchant.

FINIS

LONDON Printed in the year one thousand six hundred forty and six
In which, SEPTEMBERS fourteenth day deccased brave ESSEX.
Are to be sold by JOHN HANCOCK, in Popes head Alley neer the Royall Exchange.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF ESSEX

By WILLIAM ROWLAND

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 10 (97))

THE collector Thomason dates this broadside October 23rd. The number and elaboration of the elegies on Essex attest to his popularity in London. The present piece gives, in more or less idealised form, the "hearse" on which he was laid out, and in the background a map of southern England with the two great commercial centres of London and Bristol. Most of the elegies in the present collection have been pasted in large volumes for preservation; and consequently the left-hand margins are sometimes incompletely shown; in some cases, as in the upper corner of the present broadside, part of the margin has been trimmed off; and sometimes, because of tight binding, the lines on the left-hand side of the page do not appear quite even in the reproduction. Neither Rowland nor Thorne seem to be known to fame except as authors of the present verses; and Rowland at least was clearly no poet.

refluxes : a flowing back, here a decline.

" See then that Prowesse " etc. : the common elegiac theme of death the universal.

backt : Probably Thomason's correction. Thomason must have known the authors of many of these broadsides, and seems to have taken pains to correct errors.

pickl'd up in tears : a sort of Puritan intoxication of grief.

For that : because.

In parts : apparently quite a meaningless addition for the sake of rhyme.

whose father Queene Eliza had in great esteeme : a bit ironic in view of the execution of the elder Essex for treason in her reign!

Hic jacet etc. : Here lies in the tomb, born to noble blood, Robert Devereux, a soldier most valiant in arms.

Epitaphium in obitum etc. : Epitaph on the passing of the Most Noble and Most Illustrious Earl of Essex : Essex, the fortress of his native land, most potent Hector, making war valiantly, born of a noble stock, both a wall for the towns and a protector to the tillers of the soil, the spouse of Bellona, led the soldiers in the field, both firmly established in his native land and faithful in arms in whose reign all honourable pursuits have flourished with the great, invincible, staunch, and than whom no other was more just in the discharge of duty nor greater in war and arms. Now cease your vows, prayers and tears, honest reader, with unwilling crime (it is wrong to do so, but you must against your will); and fortune has set him apart for the high ones. Spare your tears; divine assent has granted him heaven, a man to be wept for in the tomb, many classes have grieved for him.

Epilogus etc. : Heaven holds his soul, earth his body; and the brave feel grief for him : and the world possesses his name and famous deeds.

An Elegie upon the death of the right Honourable & most renowned,
 ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earle of ESSEX and Hereford, Viscount Hereford, Lord Ferrers of Chartley,
 Bourchier and Lovaine, late GENERAL of the Forces of the PARLIAMENT of England,
 who deceased the 14. of September, 1646.

C An Englands noble Champion [ESSEX] die:
 That kept us safe from hostile Tyrannie)
 Can he (I say) from us to's dust depart,
 (Nere to returne) and we not lay't to heart?
 Can we (whose *Shield* he was) not sensibly
 Bewaile our losse of him with weeping eye?
 O Heavens forbid! unworthy Nation we,
 Should we of his great worth unmindfull be.
 Though he's extinct, yet let Posterity
 Keep up his name, that did (our Liberty
 Safely for us and them to keep) expose
 Himselfe, unafely, to the rage of Foes.
 He prick'd the timpany of their great pride,
 Teaching reflexes to the flowing-tide
 Of those that fought so for Prerogative,
 Therefore, (though He be dead) His Name will live.
 He first did lay our present *Strengths* foundation,
 (Which prospers well) t' unslave our British Nation,
 And oft did hazard's life in bloody fight,
 Yet knew no quarrell but the publike right:
 For which he forc't Foes fortitude to flight:
 Therefore we grieve his Obscure to write.

He that the Victor was, is now the Prize:
 For he which gat us many Victories,
 Is vanquished himselfe, and forc't to lye
 At feet of death, who hath the victory.
 " See then that Prowesse, though it purchase praise,
 " Purchase it cannot health, or length of daies.
 " Both great, and good, yea valiant men must die,
 " When death (impartiall) strikes them, they must lie
 " In dust: the passing bell will tole for them,
 " That rang, erewhile, the Beggars *Requiem*.
 " The way he's gone, is not a way untrod,
 " But is decreed by the eternall God,
 " To be the way, that ev'ry man must go:
 " Aswell a Friend, as he that is a Foe.
 " Death takes excize of all, and his is paid,
 " His soul's at's place, his bodie's to be laid
 " Where they in their best judgments do think fit,
 " Who with what else he left, have right to it.
 But is there not more in good ESSEX'S death
 Than yet I've said? let's feare he's gone from th'earth
 As one we were unworthy to: because
 Our sinnes against Gods sin-forbidding Lawes

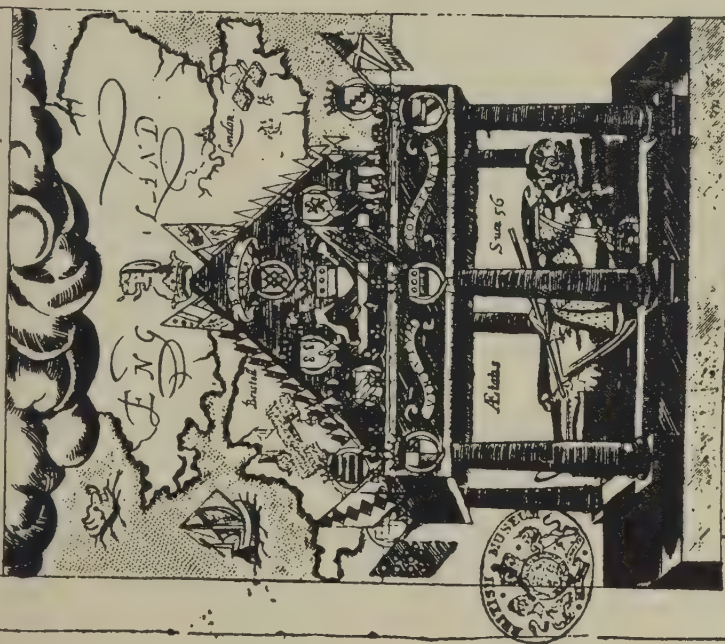
Have th' Almighty incens'd and made him frown,
 And in his wrath against us, to cast down
 This so great Pillar, that he might be set
 In better place, and there more glory get,
 For sins (we know) bring sorrowes back with fears,
 And we may now lye pick'd up in tears,
 For that our Patriots so fast do dye
 Before our peace be made up perfectly.
 " Great God! let thy offended wrath surcease,
 " Behold thy people, send thy people peace:
 " Turn not so fast our Nobles into dust:
 " Be mercifull (dear God) as well as just.
 " If thou proceed to do as thou'st begun,
 " We shall be drosse when all the gold is gone.
 " 'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, didst send this Griefe,
 " 'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone must send reliefe.
 " O then recruit our losse, increafe our friends;
 " And so for what thou't done make us amends.
 " To thee alone our Sorrowes do appeale,
 " Earth hath no wound too hard for Heaven to heale.

William Rowland.

ALL you who passe here by draw neere;
 And with your tears bedew what's here.
 For they've as marble eyes as hearts,
 That cannot weep a tear in parts,
 But, like dull Stoicks, quite-forbeare,
 When they do see, and read, or heare,
 Who lies herein: that *ESSEX* is
 The man, an Earle renown'd by his
 Most noble birth: whose father *Queene*
Elizabeth had in great esteeme.
 And he himselfe, by *Parliament*,
 To b' England's *Generall* had consent,
 And fought our Battells. Now he's dead,
 Do not you ridely o're Him tread,
 Who hath So stout a Champion prov'd,
 And was therefore So greatly lov'd,
 That *Fame* hath his victorious browes
 Oft dully crown'd with Lawrell boughs.
 Who then to grieve will spare the cost,
 That *England* such a *Peere* hath lost?
 And that no more of that same Blood
 Is left, to do England more good.

William Rowland.

Henry and Lord Petre of Chertsey Boucher and Lorraine Lord Gmard
 of all the Parlements forces: &c. and dyed y^e 14th of September 1646



Hic jacet in tumulo, precario sanguine natus,
 ROBERTUS DAVAREUX, Miles fortissimus Armis.
 W. R.

Nobilissimi & Illustrissimi
 ESSEXIAE COMITIS.

ESSEX Castellum Patriæ, fortissimus *HECTOR*,
 Belligeras valide, generosus *Stemmate* natus,
CIVITBUS & munit, necnon tuicla *COLONIS*,
 Bellona *Comitæ* armatos duxit aperit.
 Et Patriæ fixus, Regis fidei in *ARMIS*,
 Candida *Magnificæ* floruerunt cuncta potenti,
INVICTUS, stabilis, necnon quo jussior *ALTER*
 Haud Pietate fuit, nec *Bello* Major & *Armis*.
 Vita, preces, lachrymæ, jam desine (*Candide* *Lector*),
 Invito scelere, ac fortuna repositis *Alis*:
 Pace tuis lachrymæ, donarunt *Numina* *CÆLOS*:
 Fidei in tumulo, multis dolere *Colores*.

Epilogus.
Celi animam, terræ Corpus, fortisq; dolorem,
Et Mundus Nomen, clarag, fœlia ferunt.
 XIV. Calend. Novemb.
 M. DC. IVL
 Tho. Thorne Londinensis.

Published according to Order.

London, Printed by R. Austin.
 1646.

AN ELOGIE OR EULOGIE ON LORD FAIREFAX

By H. WALKER

BRITISH MUSEUM (668. P. II (157))

THE mortuary heraldry of this piece is notable and also the portrait of Lord Fairfax, whose long hair and rich clothing suggest the Cavalier rather than the Roundhead. Ferdinando Fairfax (1584-1648) succeeded to the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron in 1640. In the Civil War, he took the Puritan side, and commanded the Parliamentary troops in Yorkshire. He was killed by an accident March 14, 1648, the year given upon the present broadside being based upon the old style calendar, which began the New Year in the latter part of March. Henry Walker, "the Ironmonger," Puritan divine and pamphleteer, was notable chiefly for his verbal fisticuffs with the Royalist John Taylor the Water-Poet. In 1647, he was appointed Parliamentary inquisitor general to enforce the new censorship of books; and, perhaps for this reason, the bookseller Thomason, from whose collection the present piece is taken, dubs him "a Coxcome." Thomason dates his copy March 20th; and the elegy must, therefore, have been written immediately upon the death of Fairfax.

FAR more DivINE etc. : The capitalized letters in the first line spell the subject's name and title.

(high) : a forcing of both rhyme and metre.

Dect in a wreath of Tryumph : There is an implied comparison to a Roman general holding an official triumphal procession.

meeke Son : Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, who, as early as 1643 had risen to second in command in Yorkshire under his father, is described by one of his enemies as "the man most beloved and relied upon by the rebels in the north." In 1645, he succeeded Essex as commander-in-chief of the army, became a lukewarm Cromwellian in the Protectorate, and coöperated with Monck in restoring Charles II.

For England's peace he stood : On several occasions, he seems to have urged conciliation.
sparkled : filled with sparkles, a rare use.

Xenius : Jupiter, especially as the god of hospitality, also with the idea of mild.

Xanthius : The fair-haired, the common Homeric epithet for gods and heroes. Perhaps it was intended here as a sort of translation for the name Fairfax.

Generall of love : i.e. beloved general, the common Elizabethan idiom of substituting for an adjective the corresponding noun in the genitive.

godly Party : the Puritans.

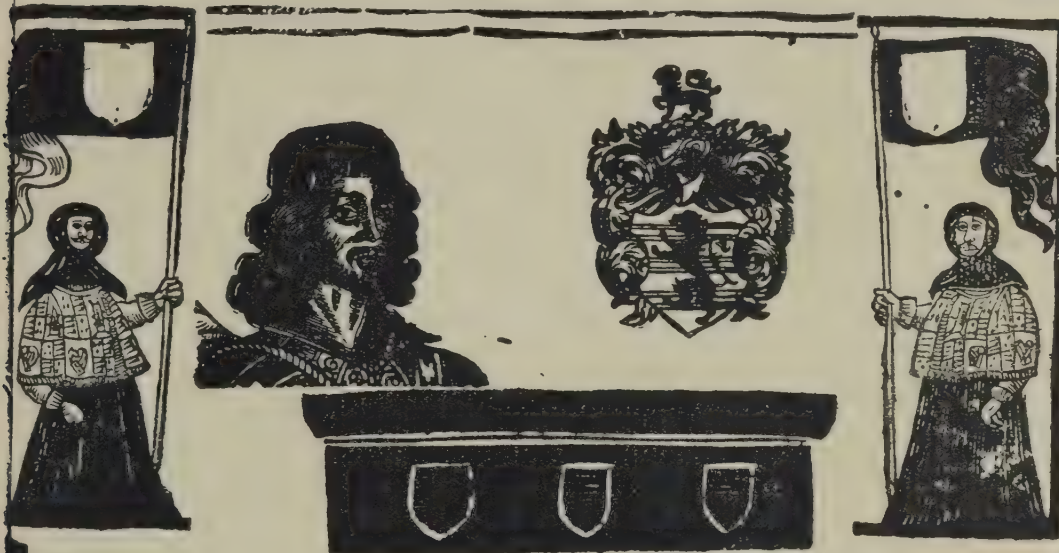
of their holes : out of their holes.

AN ELOGIE OR EULOGIE

129

ON THE
OBITS of the Right Honourable
FERDINANDO Lord FAIREFAX:

Who dyed upon Munday, the 13th of March, Anno Dom. 1647.



A CROSTICKE.

FAR more DivINE, AND cleer, is NOW, LORD FAIREFAX gone,
A bove; to praise JEHOVAH, at his Royall Throne;
R emote from Earth: He swift to Heaven ascended (high)
D est in a wreath of Tryumph, (peircing through the skie.)
I nto Celestiall glory (upon Angels wings)
N ow Hallelujahs to the Lord of Hosts he sings.
A dieu, brave Honour, England with brinish teares may say,
N ight clad in sable blacke, mournes for the losse of day.
D eath hath befriended Heaven with the Fathers soul,
O n whose meeke Son; let Angells miriads of blessings roule,

L ight (shining downe from Heaven) the darkeſt cloud expells,
O n Earth; when Sun with glittering moſt bright excells:
R iſeth in ſplendor, aſcends with ſmiles: But ſets in diſmall turning,
D eath thus hath vail'd our light, and left us all in mourning.

F airefax, valliant, and true: For Englands peace he ſtood,
A nd to his wife, kindred, neighbours, was wiſe and good,
I uſt unto all; And mercifull; As orbs of Stars.
R eliefe ſhin'd comfort, from his ſparkled hands. And bars
E ſteuall, for truths defence he did ereſt:
F alſe hypocrites unmaſke, and wickedneſſe deſect.
A nd now his ſoul's in glory (though Xenius mount above)
X ambian his Son is here; The Generall of love.

mar. 20 / 1647

Printed at London by Robert Ibbiſon, dwelling in Smithfield neere the Queens head Tavern, 1648.

The Etymologie of his name from the Hebr. w.



פרד הי נק רמ פרא מקד

Faradb-dbi-nin da
Fere-Fakabb.

The Hebrew of the Lord Fairfaxes name,
translated into English.
He hath separated a sufficient Sonne,
that wounded the wild Aſſe.

An ELOGIE.
Renowned Fairfax, whom the State did love
Is now ASSENDED to His GOD above;
Hee liv'd and dy'd in Honour, full of years:
His death ſets ſlucers ope, to powre out teares.
When wicked men began to riſe,
The godly Party to ſurpriſe,
And make them ſlaves
To many knaves,
To ſpoyle our Goods
And ſpill OUR Bloods;
He parted with his Son moſt dear
Who of their holes did them all clear,
The Father's dead, and gone to reſt above,
The Son hath wrought our peace, if wee had Love.
By God Almightyes power, then let us all
Give him the Glory, and Love, reciprocal.

By H. Walker, S.S. Theol. a Coptome

A NEW ELEGIE IN MEMORY OF COL. RAINSBOROUGH

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 123)

THIS piece has survived in both the Luttrell and the Thomason collections in the British Museum. Thomason dates it in MS. November 20th, and Luttrell notes the price as ½d. Thomas Rainborow came of old sea-faring stock, and was brother-in-law to Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts. He was eminent as both a naval and a military commander in the days before the separation of the two services, and has achieved posthumous fame largely through the manner of his death. During the siege of Pontefract Castle in 1648, a party of Cavaliers slipped through the Puritan lines, and tried to kidnap Rainborow from his headquarters at Doncaster. The Colonel, however, resisted, and was killed in the encounter. His death occasioned many elegies, and a demonstration of public sorrow by the Levellers, the most extreme wing of the Puritan party. The title of admiral in the heading of the present broadside is hardly appropriate; for he held that command for only five months in 1648, was considered unsuccessful, and so was superseded by Lord Warwick. The author of the present elegy was doubtless an ignorant Leveller: he is clearly uneducated, though some of the errors and verbal curiosities may be due to the printer's mis-reading his copy.

bright Coronas heavenly Constellation: referring to the constellation, corona borealis, which is shaped like a crown: therefore, *Orifice* below.

Horse-leeches: probably a reference to the common leech, meaning, of course, rapacious, insatiable persons.

envy: enmity, as in Elizabethan.

Antichrist: the Papacy.

dying, gain: the comma should follow gain; i.e. the death of saints injures the survivors.

Ambiguous: ambiguous.

death of Thousands: most of the broadsides on Rainborow are bitterly retaliatory.

Where thou art: the would-be kidnappers were barely able to make good their escape.

fact: deed, especially in the legal sense, crime.

feelingly to stretch: Omit the period.

Catine: probably the printer's mis-reading of catif for caitiff.

three headed Dog: Cerberus.

atermiz'd: ? eternized.

Axrinittie: ? a trinity.

in's shirt: Rainborow was roused out of bed at night.

As erst bin furnish't hee'd a made to stand: Omit the period after *stand*. The use of *a* for *have* is regularly a sign of illiteracy in Shakespeare.

Had you dealt fairely, it had . . .

But maintenance of Parliament . . . Which you pretend to: The seeming unevenness of the lines is due to the necessity of photographing the broadside from the volume in which it is pasted.

the day, on which his bloud was spilt: October 29, 1648.

lost a member: Rainborow was M.P. for Droitwich.

yare groan: already grown. It should probably go with the next sentence.

spell: trap in Yorkshire dialect.

towest: Perhaps the printer mis-read his copy. Was the original *tomest* for topmast?

envy of the presses: enmity of the printing presses. Parliament began to pass laws against free printing as early as 1643, and made them even more stringent in '47 and '49.

Epidemicall: a reference to the plague.

Here lyes etc.: Rainborow's epitaph follows. In later elegies, the epitaph is usually given a separate caption.

Bristoll: John Digby (1580-1654), first Earl of Bristol, a Cavalier particularly hated by Parliament.

Ragland: The elegist seems to confuse the name of a Royalist stronghold with that of a Royalist noble. Ragland Castle surrendered to the Parliamentary forces September 5th, 1648.

Berkley: Sir Robert Berkeley (1584-1656) justice of the King's Bench, arrested and fined by Parliament for assisting in the personal rule of Charles I.

A NEW ELEGIE

in Memory of the Right Valiant, and most Renowned Souldier, Col. RAINSBOROUGH, late Ad-
mirall of the narrow Seas.



SEest thou that Starre, which newly has its Station,
In bright Coronates heavenly Constellation.
Is that *Kalusboroughs* passage way to bliss,
Who as he pass't, guilded the Orifice,
Leaving thy sight, another glimpse of Glory
If the ancients may, be credited in story.
Sure had those Horse-leeches that drew his blood,
Fore-seene how much, their malice did him good.
The self-same envy, that did cause his death,
Would have enforced them to prolong his breath.
But as *Cain* dealt with *Abell*, the Jewes with *Christ*,
And with the Saints, as dealeth *Antichrist*.
So these to him, intending greatest evil,
Do him most good, are cheated by the Devill.
But though Saints dying, gain the living loole,
And so are left Ambiguous for to chole.
Self-love affects thy presence, though it prove
A greater wrong to thee then heart can move.
Due love to thee, doth willingly consent
To have thy absence, then seems to relent.
However in this, we have had so great a Crosse,
That death of Thousands will not quit the losse.
Who ere thou art, that did'st this horrid Act,
'Antelle most bitter teares redeeme the fact.
As to thy soul thou art th' accus'd's wretch
That e're did merit feelingly to stretch.
The strongest halter ever *Caine* wore,
Who had a Thousand Murders on his score.
But if thou glory in thy sin and feare,
Thy Conscience more, then thou may'st justly feare;
That the enraged, dismall, curish kind
Of the three headed Dog, will tear thy mind.
With damned furies, and this soul surpriz'd,
May never feel joyes that bee attemiz'd.
But 'tis a friend, it was more then one, that three,
Were Partners in this sin, *Axinitive*.
Of seinds in carate, great odds three to one,
And he in's shirt, un weaponed, all alone.
They arm'd complearely, had his valiant hand
As e're bin furnish'd he'd a made to stand.
Whole Troops of such base villains, and have sent
Some of their Gh'st to Plutoes Regiment.
Had you dealt wisely, it had your honour bin,
And had your case bin right, you'd had no sin.
But to destroy him basely for no cause,
By a sentence of Parliament and Lawes,
Which you pretend to, and for no other thing,
But just as e're of the same Crowned King.
Which seemingly you stand for, this oh this
Would wrong the patience of a Job, even his.
And to show their pedigree and Syre,

Whom truth hath stil'd, a murderer and lyer.
From the begining, you murder by a lyer,
And so fill up your grosse iniquity.
Moreover still to aggravate their guilt,
Marke but the day, on which his blood they spile.
The Lords own day, none else would serve the turn,
For which I fear the furnace where you'll burn,
Must have a seven-fold heate because you durst,
Prophain that seaventh, not fearing to be curst.
And so I leave you, and my self addresse,
To those who lov'd and wish'd his happinesse.
Yea worthies high grave Senators of State
Who for your Countries good, early and late,
Sit and consult on, with your sable hue,
In sad laments, they much concerneth you.
Yet stand upright, let not be said for shame,
That now you have lost a Member, 'yare groan lame;
Beware the Foxe, who have hurt you more,
Then Lyons, Tygers, or the Bear, or Bore,
If Heavens successe deny, they'll down to Hell,
By Treacheries or Treaties, any spell.
To work their ends, as many samples shew,
But more conspicuously this fatall blow.
Ye honest Seamen, ye may weepe and wayle,
When such sherte Anchors do begin to faile.
And sadly look, when Heavens so do lowre,
That violent stormes have broke in your best Bowre.
Well may you labour wisely to prevent,
Easuing mischiefs, when such Masts are spent.
Your glorious towrest of the tallest Trees,
That ever *England* bred, whole Victories,
Can scarce be numbred, who have bravely born
The envy of prestes, turn-coats, Pulpits scorn,
Whereby was stop't the current of his praise,
Who wrought by you such wonders in our dayes;
Your merits high, Heaven's your noble choice,
Therefore your soules most truly may rejoice.
Yet when you see cut down so great an Oake,
By hellish rage I need not to provoke.
Your tender hearts to sighs, or eyes to teares,
Your gravest heads to Counsell, oh the teares.
Saints look about you when such Cedars fall,
It sometimes provoketh *Epedemicall*.
But be you as you may, both just and wise,
His fall may prove a glorious sacrifice.
I wish his Epilogue of earthly glory,
Prove not the Prologue of a sadder story.
And so conclude, placing his Tombe about,
These lines of truth, ne're to be razed out.
Here lyes brave *Rainsborough* great in Warres Command,
Envyed of Traytors, both by Sea and Land.
Scourge of Malignants his Countries Champion stout,
As *Bristol*, *Ragland*, *Barkley*, and the Rout,
Of Rebels well can witness, beloved of all,
From meanest Souldier to the brave Generall.
Here lyes the Cabinet, the Jewells, Sword on high,
Till both shall meete to all eternity.

AN ELEGIE, AND EPITAPH FOR MISTRIS ABIGAIL SHERARD

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. P. 12 (92))

THIS piece illustrates the conventional elegiac compliment paid to members of noble families. According to Archdall's *Peerage of Ireland*, William Sherard of Stapleford, County Leicester, was knighted in 1622, and in 1627 was made Baron Sherard of Leitrim in the peerage of Ireland. These honours, doubtless acquired by purchase, are probably to be accounted for by his marriage to a rich widow, Abigail Tesham (*née* Cave). There were five sons and two daughters, of whom Abigail, the subject of this elegy, died June 7th, 1648, and was buried at Greenwich. The agreement of this date with Thomason's dating of the broadside leaves no doubt as to her identity. The name Philip, mentioned in the broadside heading as her father's, belongs to one of her brothers. The author of the elegy was evidently not well acquainted with the family, and was probably the merest denizen of Grub Street in search of patronage. The use of iambic and trochaic tetrameter, as in the *Epitaph*, lingers in the elegiac tradition, and serves as a warning to the scholar not to ascribe the use of such metre necessarily to the influence of Milton. The manuscript corrections and the lines at the foot of the page in the mixed Italian and Gothic script of the first half of the seventeenth century, are probably the writing of the publisher and broadside collector, George Thomason.

wilder Irish : i.e. the native Celts, especially those outside the Pale.

screeke : screech, a common dialect form in Scotland, northern England and Ireland.

their dead abuse : a reference to the Irish wakes.

My soule is happiest when I hug the grief : This sounds suspiciously like Sentimentalism.

its proper : its own. The following lines seem to mean that the certainty of her heavenly bliss makes him resigned to her death.

creatures : i.e. things created, in the etymological sense.

then : than, a common seventeenth century spelling.

calcining . . . Calx : The alchemists and early chemists supposed that burning (i.e. calcination), by driving off volatile parts, reduced a chemical substance to its essence or calx.

which : The MS. correction to *what* is obviously appropriate.

Stephens : St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr. See *Acts*, 7. 55.

Viator : traveller, not uncommon in the seventeenth century.

all debts she pay'd : doubtless in the metaphorical sense of fulfilling all duties.

Joynture : dowry.

he Who conquers him shall marry thee : The pronominal reference to Christ was usually capitalised. Before the Reformation, nuns were called brides of Christ; here the reference is doubtless to the fact that she died unmarried.

He unto whom we know : The printer carelessly repeated *unto* from the line above. In the seventeenth century, authors seldom corrected the proofs.

paine : corrected to *pawne* in contemporary script.

The verses at the bottom read :

*In her lyes heere the world may see
how happy those dead fathers are
whoe leave their dead posterity
To so discreete a Mother's care :
whose high discretion soe improves
The joynt stock of their mutuall loves.*

An Elegie, and Epitaph for Mistris Abigail Sberard, Daughter to
the Right Honourable Philip Baron of Lentrinn, written
By one who honoured her Noble Family
and Person.

T Is ten dayes since she dy'd, and though I slept,
Her solemne obsequies even then I kept:
Although I wore no blacks, colours for sorrow,
Which gracelesse sons and widows too oft borrow,
Who think their fathers liv'd too long and mourn
For that, or perhaps fear they should return,
I cannot (as the wilder Irish use)
Or screeke or howle, and so their dead abuse;
I can scarce weep, but I can sigh my part,
And keepe a solemne Funerall in my heart:
Sighs do but ease the spleen, and teares the brain,
As clouds are eas'd by thunder and by raine.
I beg no ease, nor do I crave reliefe,
My soule is happyest when I hug the griefe:
My soul looks upward then to her above,
And to its proper center seems to move,
Admit her fair, chaste, noble, young,
And fit for marriage, should I therefore wrong
My faith and hope? nay, for these love her lesse,
Or seem to doubt or feare her happinesse?
When I such sweet angelick creatures see,
I think how happy such fair souls must be,
When they refin'd and purifi'd shall rise,
How glorious then will shee be in our eyes?
As when the corne into the earth we throw,
Such do our bodies by corruption grow;
But when they rise, our bodies shall appear
More glorious then the corn in its full eare:
Admit us changed, yet we must betry'd,
By flames of fire as gold is purifi'd,
For my faith teaches me all in this world
Shall into Gods calcining pot be hurl'd,
And turn'd into a Calx, from which shall rise
Another world, too glorious for our eyes,
As now they are, for were they not refin'd,
Its glory (like the Sun) would strike us blinde.
Till that time, say, ~~which~~ ^{when} is it thou can'st see
Which truly can deserve a smile from thee?
Save onely this, that death thou need'st not feare
If thou could'st either live or dye like her.
Nay, thou so far from feare of death should'st be
Thy eyes (like Stephens) would thy Redeemer see
Sitting upon his Throne of glory, and
The sacred Legions round about him stand;
Nay, thou shalt heare them Hallelujahs sing,
Praise, Honour, Glory, to th' eternall King.



Her Epitaph.

O Stay Visitor passe not by!
But see who here entomb'd doth lye;
A fair, a noble vertuous Maid,
Belov'd of all, all debts she pay'd.
Court'd by many all deny'd
Save death who chose her for his Bride;
Who unto her for Joynture gave
A Kingdom which shee's sure to have.
When ere he dyes, I dare say he
Who conquers him shall marry thee,
The Heire of all this earth, nay heaven,
He unto whom all power is given:
He ~~man~~ ^{man} whom we know was thy first love
In ~~from~~ ^{from} he keeps thy soul above
Untill the glorious day which he
Designes his wedding day shall be.
'Tis true till then in Death's cold arms
Thou sleep'st, nor can'st be wak'd by charms;
Untill the shrill trump of thy Lord
Shall waken thee, as once his word
Made Lazarus, and Tabitha arise.
Then thou shalt see him with those eyes
But so refin'd, that thou shalt see
~~With~~ ^{with} faith, or hope could promise thee,
And really shalt enjoy more
Then they could promise thee before.

FINIS.

In her God knowes y^e world may see
how happy they that dead persons are,
who have their dead posterity
in so desirable mansions rest:
which his disposition has impudens
of joyful spirits their wretched souls

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF JOHN WARNER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

By JEREMIAH RICH

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 13 (38))

THOMASON dates this piece November 13, 1648. It expresses the Puritan ideal of life with "no ridiculous smiles" and with "No recreation, nor no holy-day." One is reminded that, even a century later, Wesley in the schools he founded left no time for childish relaxation, because "he who plays when he is a boy will play when he becomes a man." John Warner seems to have been sheriff of London in 1639, and was probably the Alderman Warner who led the petition in support of Wollarton's speech against the bishops in 1640. He was Lord Mayor in 1647, and signalised his administration by strict enforcement of the Puritan blue laws. Jeremiah Rich combined the careers of teacher of shorthand, searcher out of unlicensed printing presses, and colonel in the Parliamentary army; and, according to A. T. Wright, his most recent biographer, he was equally versatile as an author. Among other things, he published several broadside elegies, including one on Lord Tiveot (1664), which is reproduced in the present volume.

bravery : trappings.

Orient : either bright (Cf. Orient pearl), or in the etymological sense of rising, comparing the subject, as in the following lines, to a heavenly body.

the flourishing Crown . . . death trampleth down : Perhaps intended as an oblique reference to the king's fate a few months later.

Thus is our wealth but want etc. : Euphuistic. This elegy is decidedly Elizabethan in tone and style, for the middle classes seem to have clung to the old literary traditions.

Theam : a mere abstract subject of discourse.

Elyzium . . . Paradise : the characteristic Renaissance confusion of Christian and Classical religious images.

expire : the causative use, as in Elizabethan.

curious gardens : referring doubtless to the mazes and topiary curiosities of contemporary gardening.

AN ELEGIE⁴⁰

On the death of the Right Honourable
JOHN WARNER,
Late Lord Mayor of LONDON.

He sweetest, fairest, and the best of flowers,
Lose their choise rarity in a few run hours:
The wandering, glorious stars, when night is done
Go down, and vail their bodies to the Sun :

And when great *Phæbus* riseth in a flame
To view the throne of darknesse, and proclaim
Joy to all drowzy Mortals, and doth say,
Rise slumbering Man, arise, and welcome day.
The Moon ashamed of her pale face, doth shrowd
Her, in the bosom of some darkened cloud :
And thus among earths Lamplets, there is one
This day gone down, and left our darkened throne,
A glorious Star indeed, whose shining name
Was blown by Honour, and the breath of Fame :
His heart was faithfull, vertuous, and his face
Was drest with greatnesse, goodnesse, truth, and grace :
Vertue and wisdom taught him what to do,
To unite all by love, and Justice too.
His lips, the lips of knowledge, in his eye
Sate both humility, and Majesty ;
There was high Honour, yet fidelity,
There brightnesse sate in vertues bravery.
He sate in Honours Chair untill the last,
In spite of Envy, or her nine dayes blast :
His house was here on earth, his heart above,
He lived in loyalty, and died in love.
Oh, had he shined still, his Orient light
Might make us blush to see our oversight !
But he is gone : Times hour-glass being run,
This Star went down to meet the morning Sun.
Thus vain is earthly pomp, the flourishing Crown
Of earthly royalty, death trampleth down.
Thus is our wealth but want, our flower fades,
Our light is darknesse, and our sun-shine shades.
Thus is our Honour lost ; thus like a Theam
Is earth, and Dignity is but a dream.
Thus is our glory grass, our bravery breath,
Our light is darknesse, and our life is death :
And if they promise more, they do but lie,
Tis but a dream, go earth, lie down and die :
Go earth, lie down and die, go see
The gallant confines of eternity :

Go to Elyzium, go to Paradise,
Where all the ancient Heroes live in blifs.
Go dwell in endless glory, till thou tire
Times swift foot-race, for time cannot expire
Thy lasting joy : go live above thy name,
That rides on lofty wings of flying fame.
Earth is too base to dwell on, go and pass
Those streets of Gold, like to transparent glass,
And shining glittering pearl, whereon each Gate
Is built : go kiss the Lamb emaculate,
Go put on robes of glory, go and be
Swallowed with endless immortality.
There is no Sun, nor Moon, no clouds, nor rain,
No frowns, nor fortunes, nor corrupted gain ;
No curious gardens, nor no costly fare,
No stately buildings, nor no worldly care ;
Nor no ridiculous smiles, no jests, nor play,
No recreation, nor no holy-day ;
No drinking, cursing, swearing, nor abuse,
No sin, no shame, no sorrow, nor excuse ;
No slavery, guile, nor slander, nor sedition,
No cozening fraud, nor goggle-ey'd suspicion ;
No rape, no theft, no murder, nor no fear,
Dwels in high glory, though they wander here :
But high unmeasured joy, and amity,
And love, and peace, and vertues rarity,
And Pearls, and Onix, and the Jasper stones,
And Palms, and Crowns, and Kingly royall thrones,
And ravisht Allelujahs, which the brest
Of Angels warble in eternall rest.
Go earth, lie down and die ; and to thy trust,
Oh earth, we recommend his Honoured dust
To lie and slumber, till his aged eyes
Shall wake from deaths dark lullabies :
Untill the trumpet sounds, and heaven shall say,
Rise from the dead all Mortals, come away :
And if thy Monument shall leave his trust,
And turn to ashes like thy mouldring dust,
Thy fame that cannot die, shall be
A Monument in the worlds memory.
Alas, and is this all that earth can do ?
Away vain glory, go, be intombed too.

Nowm: 13

Jeremiah Rich. Fecit. 1648

AN ELEGY, ON THE TIMELY DEATH OF JOHN WARNER, LATE LORD MAYOR

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 13 (43))

THOMASON'S dating of this piece November 17 seems to show that the satirist followed close upon the heels of the eulogist. Warner's strict Puritan, not to say Puritanical, principles brought him into ill repute with the balladists: John Taylor, the Water-Poet, composed an *Ironicall Expostulation* on his death; and the present broadside gives the spirited reactions of a plain-spoken, not to say libellous, Cavalier.

Hornes: the stock jest at the expense of the townsman on his wife's preference for a courtly lover. Horns were the armorial bearings of the cuckold.

Cozens: cousins, relatives, but perhaps also with a glance at the old verb, to cozen, i.e. to cheat.

Bell-weather: leader of the heard, because he was lord mayor.

Fore-Men: lovers.

may: can, as in Elizabethan.

What doe you lack: The street cry of the London 'prentice drumming up trade for his master.

Warrener: The keeper of a rabbit-warren, the origin of the family name. Among the Elizabethans, *rabbit*, or *cony*, meant simpleton.

Christmas day: The Puritans made stringent laws against the keeping of the feasts and fasts of the Church calendar.

Hobby-horse: One of the figures in the old morris dance, an object of special Puritan disapproval.

Pamper'd Jade of Asia: Cf. Marlowe's *Tamerlane*, *Part Two*, IV, iii, 1. The passage had often suffered parody, e.g. *Henry IV*, *Part Two*, IV, 178.

Common Pray'r: *The Book of Common Prayer*, the use of which was forbidden by the Puritans.

Sergeant Trypes: probably an actual person. Cf. *Bide* below.

Adkiniz'd: A malodorous reference to the Rev. Robert Adkins (1626-1685), one of Cromwell's chaplains.

Kirk: Apparently Warner was a Presbyterian.

Knave . . . King: a reference at once to politics and to playing cards.

Bells of Bow: The church of St. Mary le Bow in the heart of London.

Purge: cathartic.

Doctor King: John King, Bishop of London, who was popularly supposed to have been converted to Roman Catholicism on his death-bed.

Roode-Church: St. Margaret Pattens, built in the reign of Henry VIII and situated in Rood Lane.

Sheriff Bydes Ale: John Bide, sheriff of London in 1647.

Counter: the Borough Counter, a general prison for the use of the city authorities.

Gentle-Craft: the Guild of Shoemakers.

naught: worthless. Does the rhyme with *Craft* represent an actual dialectical pronunciation?

they they: Careless printing!

By St. Hughes-Bones: St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln from 1186 to 1200, was a Churchman of austere life and rare administrative tact. His tomb in Lincoln Cathedral was the chief shrine of pilgrimage in northern England down to the Reformation.

Varinus: a kind of tobacco named for the town in Venezuela from which it came.

Black-Thom: Thomas, third Lord Fairfax.

King Noll: Oliver Cromwell.

Drake: a small cannon.

Saints: Puritans.

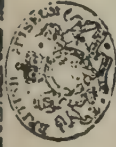
Round: One who wore no curls, i.e. a Roundhead.

Guild-Hall place: a position in the city government.

Acts adde Lustre: The omission of the relative pronoun in a restrictive clause, as in Elizabethan.

Punyes: recently admitted law-students at the Inns of Court.

Bartholomew-faire: a fair held yearly on the outskirts of London on St. Bartholomew's Day, originally for the sale of Flanders cloth, but later a place of pleasure and licence. It was opened in state by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.



An Elegy;

ON THE TIMELY DEATH of *John Warner*, Late LORD MAIOR of the Citie of LONDON.

The Imitation.

TAlke in your Houses, and make no more ado,
Shut up your shops, and ro's burying goe
Kinde Cozens, pray, since your *Bury-ber*'s dead,
Advance your heads, and see him Buryed;
Your Wives may come; or with their *For-Men* flay;
When th' Cart's abroad, the Mice may better play.
Here is no want of Sugar-plumbees, nor Sack:
Nor need you here to cry, *What die you lack?*
Gentlemen, pray sit downe; Listen to mee,
And whilst y are serv'd, Ie read his Elegy.

His Elegy.

Most cruel Death! Art thou past shame, or feare,
That durst Arrest the Citie's doughty Mayre?
Whole very Horse did carry in his face
A preience able to controul thy Mace.
Hee's dead; hee's dead, that could appeale all flir;
Hee's dead! the Citie trusty **WARRENER**;
He that last Christ-mas day, with might and force,
And Zeal, was hurried on a Hobby-horse
To pull downe Holly and Ivie: tis hee
That caus'd a man there basely kill'd to be,
Now kill'd himself; and bloody here doth lie,
The fassall Object of each Teare-les eye.
Dead now he is, whole *Wisdome* could not save,
The Citie better then hee did his *Mole*,
Who like a Pamper'd Jade of *Asia*,
Turn'd head and ran with Mr. *Mayre* away.

Step, stop I pray good People, cryes the *Mayre*;
Run horse, queth the Boyes, he hates th' *Common-Pray*;
So back hee forceth home his zealous Master,
Who by the way had a most fowl disaster—
But when he lighted (stop your nole I pray)
Foh, quoth the *Variets*, what a smell's to day?
Not of Roast meat, not bak'd; for at a word,
Their Christ-masfe-dinner was not worth a T—
Each Seagant flaring in his fellows face,
Was faine to Rest his Nole with his owne Mace,
To know from whence the scent came, all did with,
At last they found hee'd *Adkins*'d his Breest;
They all agreed, drew *Loth*, and t' fell to *Types*,
Who has him in, and the old *Shit-breech* wipes.

Not long after, for to shew his Zeal
For the *CAUSE*, the *State*, *Kirk*, and *Common-weale*,
Into *Moore-fields* hee goes on the *Lords*-Day
To keep the Children from their harmles play;
When he came there, his Chain hee did off pull,
And look'd more fierce then a *Colchester-Bull*;
The Boyes began to run, my Lord runs after,
(I ready was to crack for very laughter;)
At last they compell'd him within a ring,
Hollow'd, and cry'd, This *Knave* will have no King;
Lay hold on them, quoth he, away they run,
My Lord returns, and's *Sun-dayes* work is done.

But when the profane Bells of *Row* did ring,
Last Coronation day, for the *KING*,
His Honor lent in all the haste to know
What made those jangling Tingle-tangles goe?
They (say him word, that he might come and see,
For better men were rising there then hee;
He bids them cease; they bid him cease his hopes,
Or else they'd hang his Lord in the Bell-roopes:
My Lord went home, full loath to make a stay,
And took a Purge in honor of the Day.

But when hee met with *Docker King*'s black Gowne,
Brethren, cryes hee, now *Humane Learning*'s downe:
For this faine Popish Vestment that you see,
Was lately taken from a boy by mee,
It was to *Rowle* Church going with intent
To break the *Parliaments* Commandment:
Come hither one of you, and put it on,
That we may set the Whore of *Babylon*;
Fetch the foul Shit I took the last *Lord* Day,
(Carrying to washing) from a Penitence Boy,
And put it on, that so we may delate
That profane Smock of their *Idolatry*.

Whilst this was a doing, in was brought one Drunk
With Sheriff *Bydes* Ale; His HONOR said hee stunk
Of base Tobacco: Sirrah, quoth he, pay
Five Shillings; toth *Cousen* with him else, away.
My Lord, (saith he) I'me of the Gentle-Craft,
And come to take Tobacco that is naught.
Away with him, quoth he, lie heare no more,
So bids a Sergeant take him out of doore.

But pray, my LORD, quoth he, heare me but (speake,
I am so poore, I cannot chide but breake,
Take but two payre of Shoes of me for it,
(I make no doubt they they will your Honor sir)
And here is Six Pence more lies in my hand,
By St. *Haghe*'s Bones I sweare, shall buy no land:
Two pen'oth of your Honors best *VARNISH*,
And two full port of Sheriff *Bides* shall line us.
All Parties were content; away went hee,
Each'd him his shoes, and so they did agree.
By this Black-TOM is coming from th' Tower
To visit him, and tells him, that all Power
Is plac'd in Him; commands him careful be
In the discharging of his Mayoralty:

The simple Mayor pretently falls down,
(3 *Cora*.
Worship, and sayes, Hee well deserves a Crown:
TOM bids him rise, then stroakes him on the head,
And instantly hee's to a Banquet led:
King *Noll* came too, and did him so much grace,
As for to teach him what belong'd to's Place:
Sain't he, The more to make thy toes to quake;
On either side thy Gate lie place a Drake;
Bids him be careful to suppress all chole
That should'd for Peace, such were the States worst foes.

Feasted they were with all Luxurions Fare,
And all good things that the Saints Portiens are:
Now all departed, and the Banquet done,
The lusty Lord Mayor strives to get a Sonne:
Then up he strides on Rub his Chamber-maide,
The Spirit mov'd her to be underlaide,
Where they did fructifie, and got a Barne,
So turns her off her Living for to earne,
The Wench thus blisse of a young Citie Meire,
Went to her Friends; that to him soon repaire,
Tells him how 'tis; Who could not it denie,
But said, in Truth Ie make amends, yea, really:
So the Old Fox sent her a hundred Pound,
To match her to a Brother that was Round,
Which he provided of the Holy Race,
And put him also in a Guild-Hall place.

But now, alas, the Citie-Boyes so fright him, him;
That he was forc'd againe for to be—him;
Unto the Tower then hee runs in haste,
Besitten up unto his very waste;
But all appeas'd, and quiet; On comes hee,
And vows hee'll make the Citie bratts to flee.

The Fast-Day being next, away hee goes
Into *Chapel-side*, not caring what hee does:
An Apple-Woman there hee seiz'd upon,
And a Cake-Woman did his Zeal much wrong;
He in a fury takes them all away;
Apples and Cakes, quoth he, must Fast and Pray,
Unto the Counter then his HONOR sent 'em,
Where they did lie a fortnight to repent 'em.

These are the AGs adde Lustre to his Name,
Fit to be written in the Rowle of Fame:

Or else preler'd to all Posterity,
And each yeer mention'd in the Pagenry
Of succeeding Mayors, to make sport
For the young Punyes of the Inns of Court.

His Yeer concluded, to a very day,
He left this life, and could no longer stay;
Some say he had a Lease on't, and th' Devil
Could suffer him no longer live in evil.

Others doe say, 'cause hee was never good,
Or else because hee had shed Innocent Blood,
He spit blood, pit blood, fit blood, to dide hee,
And made an end. So shall his Elegiee.

His EPIAPH.

Here lies my Lord Mayor under this Stone,
That last Bartholomew-fair, no Pappes would owne;
But next Bartholomew-faire, who liveth to see,
Shall view my Lord Mayor, a Puppet to bee,
Which Sight shall for ever continue his FAME,
That he may dye never, but here have a NAME.

FINIS.

Printed in the Yeer. 1648. Nov: 17.

THE MONUMENT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 14 (36))

THIS piece is dated by Thomason June 5, 1649. The execution of Charles I by the Independents occasioned the writing of an unprecedented number of elegies, not only in English, but in French, Dutch, German, and Latin, some printed at once, some after the Restoration. There are almost a dozen English broadsides. The event was shocking to the Renaissance consciousness of all Europe; Puritan apologists, such as Milton, could hardly justify such an act; its legality was more than dubious; and the Parliamentary government found itself hated abroad and shaken in its popularity at home. The Cavaliers made the most of the occasion, and used every journalistic means to work upon the sentiment of the populace. After the King's death, his body was exposed to public view for some days to convince the people that he was really dead and so forestall impostors; but one can hardly imagine that he was laid out in such state as represented in the present broadside: his "hearse" is doubtless idealised for purposes of propaganda. Compare the hearse of the Earl of Essex previously given, and that of General Deane, reproduced in *The Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism*, by the present author.

1648 : according to the present calendar, 1649.

Mors mihi Lucrum : To me death was a gain.

Virtus post Funero vivit : Virtue lives after the obsequies.

vildnesse : a seventeenth century form of *vileness*.

Worthies . . . Job . . . Moses . . . Salomons . . . David . . . Josiah . . .

The writer, like a clever journalist, imputes to the King those virtues, some of which he really had, that would be most appealing to the Puritan ideals of the London cits.

zeale possest his heart : It is probably true that Charles really cared for the episcopal system of the Church of England, and could have saved his head by renouncing it in favour of a presbyterian or congregational form of church government.

Effigies : The accent on the second syllable, as in Latin, occasionally appears in the seventeenth century.

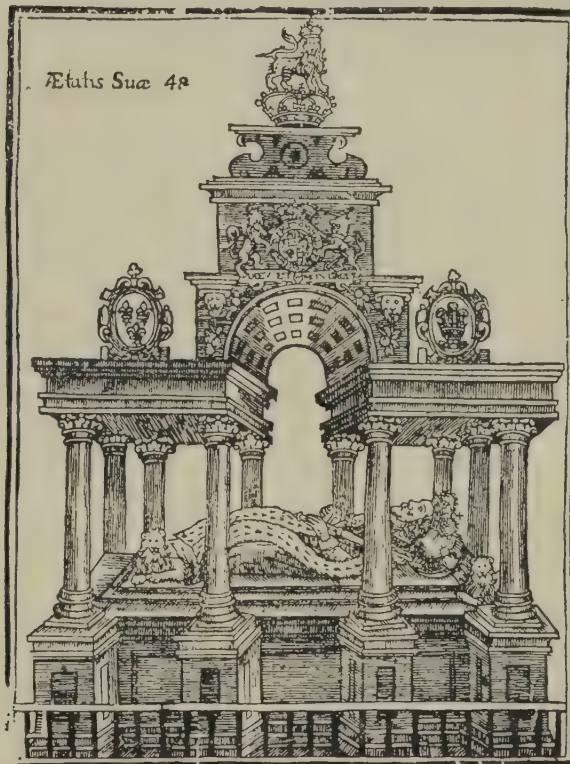
Living he dy'd, and dying life he gain'd etc. : The lines have a certain dignity and a Neo-classical pithiness that contrasts sharply with most Puritan elegies, which draw their inspiration rather from the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.



THE MONVMENT QF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND.

VVho was beheaded before *Whit-Hall* January 30th 1648.
In the 24th yeare of his Reigne.

Mors mihi Lucrum.



Virtus post Funera vivit.

Here lyes great CHARLES, first King of that same name,
Englands great glory, Englands lasting fame;
A Dutcher'd Martyr King, whose patient mildnesse,
Crowneth himselfe with Fame, his foes with vildnesse:
A persecuted Saint, for seven yeares' space
Prest downe with sorrowes, yet held up by Grace;
In whom those Vertues constantly did live,
Which to the Worthies lasting fame did give:
Patient as *Job*, and like to *Moses*, milde,
Salomons wisedome makes him Wisedomes childe;

Valiant as *David*, and the chieftest part
Like to *Josiah*, zeale posselt his heart:
Faithfull in Vowes, yet there began the strife,
That reav'd him of his *Queene*, his *Crowne*, his *Life*:
Whose true Effigies drawne by iust desert,
Causeth him live in each true Subjects heart:
Living he dy'd, and dying life he gain'd,
Death conquer'd him, his foes with shame he stain'd.

FINIS.

June 5. 1649

A DIALOGUE OR, A DISPUTE BETWEENE THE LATE HANGMAN AND DEATH

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 14 (51))

THIS piece is interesting as one of the several veiled elegies on Charles I, disguised because of the increasingly strict Puritan censorship. Like most current Royalist propaganda, it has neither an author's nor a printer's name, nor a place nor a date of publication; and the title was clearly intended to look the thing it is not. Thomason dates the piece July 3rd, 1649, evidence that, even six months after the event, the Royalists were still keeping the execution of the King fresh in the popular mind. The wood-cut at the top, which would seem to refer to the King, rather than to the hangman, cannot be taken as an accurate representation of his death; for it had appeared the year before as the heading of *The Fatal Fall of Five Gentlemen*, reproduced in Rollins' *Cavalier and Puritan*. The amœbean form of the piece is rare in strictly elegiac poetry, but appears in such broadsides as the *Dialogue between two Lovers* (Rox II. 560) and especially in broadside moralities, such as *Death and the Lady*, attributed to Flatman. Richard Brandon, who inherited from his father the office of public executioner, was a notorious character at the time. He had beheaded Strafford, and Laud, but declared that he would not execute the King. Finally, however, he was "fetched out of bed by a troop of horse" to do his office, and received as a reward thirty pounds in half-crown pieces. The reality of the Divine Right of Kings in the eyes of the common man is shown by his dying of remorse on the following twentieth of June. His death was celebrated in several tracts.

sterne Land-lord.

out of doore : the use of the singular in this idiom was not uncommon in the seventeenth century.

still : always. The crowding of the letters to the left of the page is due to the necessity of photographing the broadside from the volume in which it is pasted.

Crave : in the old sense, to demand as a legal right.

Me thinkes : it seems to me.

Tiburnes : Near the point where Watling Street crossed The Eye Brook (Tyburn); a place of execution of ordinary criminals down to 1759; now the Marble Arch.

of late etc. : a veiled reference to the King's execution.

Blow caused : The relative pronoun omitted in a restrictive clause, as often in Elizabethan.

some Shrubs : Lord Capel and other nobles whom Brandon executed shortly after.

Lay down my tooles . . .

Caron : Charon, the ferryman of the Styx.

Catcht'um : caught them, popular and dialectic.

Records : accented on the second syllable as in Elizabethan.

A DIALOGUE

O R,

A Dispute betweene the late Hangman and Death.

Hangman. What, at my Glasse run?



Death. Yes, Richard Brandon.

Hangman.

HOW now, sterne Land-lord, must I out of doore?
I pray you, Sir, what am I on your score?
I cannot at this present call to mind,
That I with you am any thing behind.

Death.

Yes, Richard Brandon, you shall shortly know,
There's nothing paid for you, but you still owe
The totall summe, and I am come to crave it;
Provide your selfe, for I intend to have it.

Hangman.

Say, Death, thou'lt force me stand upon my guard;
Me thinks this is a very slight reward,
Let's talke a while, I value not thy Darr,
For, next thy selfe, I can best act thy part.

Death.

Lay downe thy Ax, and cast thy Ropes away,
'Tis I command, 'tis thou that must obay;
Thy Part is play'd and thou go'st off the Stage
The bloudest Actor in this present Age.

Hangman.

But, Death, thou know'st, that I for many yeares,
As by old *Tiburnes* Records it appears,
Have monthly payd my Taxes unto thee,
Ty'd up in twisted Hemp, for more securitie;
And now of late I thinke thou put'st me to't,
When none but *Brandon* could be found to do't:
I gave the Blow caus'd thousand hearts to ake,
Nay more then that, it made three Kingdomes quake:
Yet in obedience to thy pow'rfull call,
Downe went that Cedar, with some Shrubs, and all
To satisfy thy ne'r-contented Lust.
Now, for reward, thou wilt me that I must
Lay down my robes, and with thee pick from hence;
Grim Sir, you give a fearful recompence.

Death.

Brandon no more, make haste, I cannot stay,
Thou know'st thy selfe how ill I brooke delay:
Though thou hadst sent ten thousand to the grave,
What's that to me, 'tis thee I now must have:
'Tis not the King, nor any of his Peeres
Cut off by thee, can adde unto thy yeares;
Come, perfect thy Accomps, make right thy Score;
Old *Caron* stays, perhaps hee'l set thee ore.

Hangman.

Then I must goe, which many going sent;
Death, thou didst make me but thy instrument,
To secure, and run the hazard to;
Of all thou didst ingage me for to doe,
In blood to thee, how oft did I carouse,
Being chiefe Master of thy Slaughter-house?
For those the Plague did spare, if once I catch't um,
With Ax or Rope I quickly had dispatch'um.
Yet now, at last, of life thou wilt bereave me,
And as thou find'st me, so thou mean'st to leave me:
But those black stains I in thy Service got,
Will still remaine, though I consume and rot.
Strike home, all-conquering Death, I *Brandon* yield,
Thou wilt, I see, be Master of the Field.



EPI TAPH.

WHO, doe you thinke, lyes buried here?
One that did help to make *Hemp* deare,
The poorest Subject did abhorre him,
And yet his King did kneele before him;
He would his Master not betray,
Yet he his Master did destroy,
And yet as *Judas*; in *Recoras* 'tis found,
Judas had thirty pence he thirty pound.

FINIS.

July 3rd

DIVINE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH

By ANTHONY WILDGOOS

GUILDHALL LIBRARY, LONDON (BROADSIDES 16. 54)

THIS piece is notable as showing the influence of the broadside elegy on the meditative lyric, an influence that was to bear fruit a century later in the Graveyard School of Parnell, Blair, Young, and Gray. The cut is similar to, if not actually the same as, that illustrating Mercer's elegy on Colonel Luttrell reproduced by the present writer in *The Funeral Elegy and the Rise of English Romanticism*. The piece itself has no apparent occasion, though it may have been inspired by the death of some eminent Puritan such as the Earl of Essex or Cromwell. Its date is undetermined; but its style and the similarity of the cut to that of Mercer's elegy suggest the latter 1640's. Anthony Wildgoos, printer, has quite passed into oblivion, except that the *Stationers Register* notes that he took up his freedom in the Company on November 7th, 1636. There is no reason, therefore, to suppose that Wildgoos was a mere pseudonym, or in any way associated with Dr. Wilde or with the broadside on him called *The Wildgoose Chas'd* (Lutt. II. 242), to which the *British Museum Catalogue* ascribes the date 1672.

Herod in his Pride : Herod had managed to retain the slippery friendship of Antony and later of Octavius, and had even obtained from the latter permission to kill his own son who had revolted against him. Five days later, he himself died.

Long spar'd Adam : He is said to have lived to the age of nine hundred and thirty years (*Genesis*, 5. 3-4).

All the Beauties that on Earth do live etc. : Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, "And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave. . ."

Degree : social class.

Earth . . . Air . . . Sea : Three of the four alchemical elements, fire being the fourth.

Babel : See *Genesis*, 11. 4 *et seq.*

To the Right Honourable, The Lord Mayor of the famous City of LONDON, the Honourable the Sheriffs, Aldermen, Common Council, and all Worthy Citizens of the same; the Humble Address of *Anthony Wildgoos*, Workman-Printer :

I N D I V I N E M E D I T A T I O N S O N D E A T H,

Made upon these Nine WORDS,

Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.



Nothing { **M**ore with'd than Wealth, yet that must leave us;
More sweet than Love, that lasts not ever;
More dear than Friends, yet they'll deceive us;
More fast than Wedlock, yet they sever.
The World must end, all things away must fly:
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.

More { Strength may be obtain'd, but 'twill decay;
Beauty may be had, but 'twill not last:
Honour may be got, but 'twill away;
Joys may follow, but these soon are past.
For long continuance, it's in vain to try.
Tou, and you, and you, and all must Dye.

Sure { Love must Die, though rooted in the Heart;
'Tis, that all things earthly are unstable:
Friends are pure friends, yet such friends must part;
'Tis, that all things (here) are variable.
Not two nor one may scape; nor thou, nor I;
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.

Then { Let the Rich no longer covet Wealth;
Let the Proud vail his ambitious Thought;
Let the Sound not glory in his Health:
Let all yield, since all must come to nought.
For long Continuance, it's vain to try:
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.

Death { Took away King Herod in his Pride,
Spar'd not Hercules for all his strength;
Struck Great Alexander that he dy'd;
Long spar'd Adam, yet he dy'd at length.
The Beggar and the King, the Low, the High;
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Dye.

For { Scepters; Crowns, Imperial Diadems;
All the Beauties that on Earth do live:
Pleasures, Treasures, Jewels, costly Gems;
All the Glory that the World can give.
Death will not spare his Dart, but still reply,
Tou, and you, and you, and all must Dye.

All { From the highest, to the lowest Degree;
Nations, People, Kingdoms, Countries, Lands,
In the Earth, or Air, or Sea, that be,
Must yield up to his all-conquering Hands:
He wounds them all with an Impartial Eye:
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.

Must { All then Die; then all must think on Death:
All things vanish? Sun, and Moon, and Stars?
Every single Creature yield his Breath?
All things cease, our-Joys, Delights, our Cares?
Yes, All with an united voice do cry,
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.

Die { Let us then, but let us Die in peace;
To our Sins, that dying we may live:
To the World, that Grace may more increase;
Here, to live with him that life doth give,
Die, die we must; let Wealth and Pleasures lie,
Nothing more sure then Death, for all must Die.

*Man the first Garden-Flower in Eden faded;
Man the first Building, the first Babel prov'd;
Man the first rais'd, was Man the first degraded;
Man was first slook, that might have liv'd unmov'd.
Death's breath o'r Flowers and Towers bath like Commanding;
His Hand pull'd down, Man rais'd, slook Man firm-standing.*

F I N I S.

OBSEQUIES OFFER'D UP TO SR PAUL PINDAR KT.

By P.F.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 15 (58))

THE cuts at the foot of this sheet would seem to be the same as those on the broadside on Lord Brooke, though somewhat the worse for seven years' wear. Sir Paul Pindar, choosing despite his father a mercantile rather than a scholarly career, became the Venetian agent for a London firm at the age of eighteen, and in the course of years amassed great wealth in the Levant trade. About 1620, he returned to England, a financial magnate. In the Civil Wars, he took the Royalist side, and died on August 22, 1650, leaving to charitable benefactions an estate heavily encumbered with loans to Charles I. The author of the present elegy may be the "Major P.F." who in 1661 published a broadside elegy on Charles I called *Chronosticon in decollationem Caroli Regis*.

Hence all unhallowed Orgies : Can this be the influence of Milton's *L' Allegro* ?

tongue . . . Epicedium; becom . . . tomb : doubtful rhymes.

'less : unless.

Sock or Buskin : the footwear respective of actors of Greek comedy and tragedy, and thus the symbols of the two dramatic types. The reference to the *sock* for *Tragic Rites* is of course inappropriate.

Personate : properly express.

Quire : referring to the Pindaric chorus, or to that part of a church occupied by the choristers.

Niobe : Her children were killed because of her presumption, and her grief is a common subject of Classical sculpture.

Thespian spring : the spring of the Muses on the slopes of Mount Helicon.

Cypress : the emblem of sorrow.

Baies : laurel, the emblem of fame.

neederh : a misprint for *needeth*.

Princely Embassies : Pindar was the English ambassador to the Porte during the reign of James I.

Honor to his King : He loaned great sums to both James and Charles, and "sold" them valuable diamonds without being paid.

Sodom : See *Genesis*, 13. 10-13, a reference to the Puritan government?

degree : social class.

Corinthian Mine : The bronze of Corinth was esteemed the finest in the ancient world.

Parian Quarries : The best marble was supposed to come from the Island of Paros.

thy Structure : Pindar gave at least £10,000 for the repairing of St. Paul's.

Perpetuate His Name : Ironical, in view of the fire of 1666!

Memphis : famous for the number of its temples.

Mausolean Obelisks : Perhaps referring to the obelisks at the mausoleum of Augustus. In Egypt, they were used at the gates of temples, rather than near tombs. I find no record of any made of brass.

O B S E Q U I E S



OFFER'D UP

To the Dear and never-dying Memorie of the Honorable
S^R PAUL PINDAR K^T.

Hence all unhallowed Orgies; let no tongue
Presume to chant the *Epicidium*
Of our renowned PINDAR, lest hee bee
The Grecian PINDAR, or as great as *Hee*
Nought but the *Sock* or *Buskin* can becom
Such *Tragick Rites*, 'or *Perfurnate* thy Tomb
Admired PINDAR! whose Heroick *Hers*

Admit's no *Paralel* with a slow-pac'd vers.
The *Quire* is too too narrow, and th' whole *Nine*
Too *few*, to warble *Anthems* at this Shrine,
Though they could out-weep *NIOBE*, and sing
Sortows as fluent as their *Thespian* Spring.

But why do I thus, to inhance Thy praise,
Mingle my *Cypress* with thy spreading *Baies*?
Since Thy *Encomium* needeth here no more
Then Gold in *Peru*, or a Map on *Shore*.
Let those that track the Mysteries, and the Truth
Of *PRINCELY Embassies*, define His Youth,
Spurr'd on with heat of Honor through the whole
Circle, from th' *Artick* to th' *Antartick* Pole;
Whose Travel this advantage had to bring
Riches to's *Countrie*, Honor to his *KING*.
Nor could the *Heretic* of that *CLIME* impair
His Pious Soul; the influence of that *Air*,
Whose venom hath kill'd thousands, hurt him not,
I'th midst of *Solom* who remain'd a *LOR*.
Let those who 're grounded in the Grand debates
Of *Kingdom's* Rights, and Interests of *States*
Revolv his *Counsels*; so maturely wise,
They alwaies *Conquer'd* where They did *Advise*.
Solid, but not *Severe*; who could unite
Candor with *Prudence*, *Prudence* with *delight*.
Most *Rich*, yet *Humble* in the richest sent;
His *Minde* was *moderate*, though his *Means* *Immense*.
Liberal, but not *Profligate*; Hee could expels
The difference 'twixt true *Bountie* and *Excess*.
Courteous, without exception, or self-ends;
Kind to the *Stranger*, *Ample* to his *Friends*;
Pious to admiration, and *Free*
Beyond all *President*, to each degree

That Crav'd his *Alms*; who was the Poor's *Supplie*,
Crutch to the *Cripple*, and the *Blinde-man's* *Eie*.

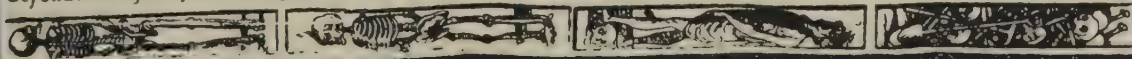
But who can write his *Storie*? 'twas so *Ample*,
It might serv both our *mirror* and *example*,
So *Heavenly* was each *Action*, and so *Just*
Poiz'd in the Scale of *TRUTH*, that scarce one *dust*
Or *atome* did fall scantie, or surmount
In the *Examen* of his life's account.

No worldly cares could *discompose*, or cross
His thoughts with sense of *lucre* or of *loss*.
No shocks of *Fate* or *Foreune* could controul
Or storm the *Bulwark* of his safe-built *Soul*.
No threats could fright his *Loial Temper*; Hee
When half the Land *Apostatiz'd*, stood free
In his *Resolvs*; abhorring to divide
Himself, or shift his *Tenets* with the *Tide*.
Hee sought not in those troubled *streams* to swim
Nor courted *Honor*, which so courted Him.
PEACE was his *Aim*, and *End*; who liv'd, and di'd
Lull'd in a *Calm*, when all the Earth beside
Reel'd with those *storms* of *WAR*, whose *Shocks* have hurl'd
Realms from their *Center*, and unbing'd the world.

But why do I *Epitomize* a Theme
In this small *Schedule*, which deserv's a *Ream*?
Way then with *Elegies*; which can't add more
Lite to His Honor, then they had before.
Nor need wee ransack the *Corinthian* Mine,
Or rob the *Parian* Quarries, to enshrine
His *Memorie*, since thy *Structure* great S^R PAUL
(indebted to great PINDAR'S Bountie) shall
Perpetuate His Name, and in her Womb
And sacred *Eutrails* Rear Him such a Tomb
As shall out vie proud *Memphis*, and surpass
Those *Mausolean* Obelisks of *Brass*.

Great *TIME* shall tell the rest; and quote His glorie
From her own *Register*; the wel-pen'd *Storie*
And *Legend* of whole *Actions* shall strike *Dumb*
The *Present*, and amuse the Age to *Con*.

P. F.



AN ELOGY UPON THE DEATH OF MR. LUKE FAWNE JUNIOR

By ROBERT TUTCHEIN

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 15 (72))

THE elder Luke Fawne was vicar of St. Stephens', London, during the Commonwealth and the author of several pamphlets against the publication of "Popish" books. Robert Tutchin, the writer of the elegy, was ejected from his living at Newport in the Isle of Wight in 1662 by the Act of Uniformity, but, according to Calamy, was "so well beloved by the inhabitants of this town, that when he was turned out, they allowed him the same stipend as when he was their minister: so that they paid two ministers till his death." His three sons were all noted Non-conformist clergymen. The present elegy, therefore, is a quaint tribute from one Congregational divine to the son of a colleague.

Elogy : eulogy, under the influence of the French *éloge*.

Astonishment : consternation, amazement.

rude : unmannerly, harsh.

Could there be so great Guilt etc. : If he were in heaven, it would be hardly appropriate or pious to weep.

engage : entangle, surround.

Thy Loss is fatal to the World : The Puritans were apparently quite willing to borrow Renaissance hyperbole of panegyric!

braverie : display, show.

extasie : ecstasize, a common seventeenth century form.

T'its : To its.

Dissolution : in the double sense of death and chemical separation of elements.

Extasie : perhaps in its medical sense, referring to a morbid mental state.

since He hath shown : i.e. Luke Fawne.

Fate sure past o're his years etc. : Fate killed him not because of his age but because of his excellence of character.

thou life didst scorn : the crowning encomium of the Puritan elegist.

Pietatis ergo etc. : Because of devotion, thus sang Robert Tutchein.

AN ELOGY

UPON THE

Much lamented Death of M^r *Luke Fawne*, junior,
who dyed the sixth of January, 1650. being Ten Years,
six Moneths, and four days old.

I'M big with Grief, That I can onely vent
My Passion in a sad Astonishment :
My Sorrows are turn'd rude, and do dispence
A Fury greater, then thy Innocence.
Could there be so great Guilt on such young Years,
That justly could deserve these pious Tears ?
Did the too partial Heavens but lend Thy Sight,
Thus to engage us in Eternal Night ?
Did they Thy Life on us at first bestow,
Onely to make thee but a Ten Years Show ?
But I have done ; Thou wert too good to be
Continued in a Land of Miseric.
We grieve *Our* Loss, not *Thine* ; for we're left here
To the sad Comfort of a *sadder Tear*.
See how each Forehead's furrow'd to a Frown,
And every Eye its willing Tears drops down ;
Mourning Thy Loss, as if the World and all
Its Creatures suffer'd in Thy *untimely Fall*.
Thy Loss is fatal to the World ; in Thee
Nature has lost her *highest braverie*.
Thy Parts in so young Years did strongly prove
Thou wert her onely Darling, and her Love.
How did Thy *Sweetness* extasie our Sense
Into a wonder of Thy *Excellence* !
Thy *Vertues* were too great for to have grown
In any *clay* besides what was *Thine own*.
Thou wert the purest *Dust*, that e're was made
T'enclose so bright a *Soul* within a *Shade*.

But Oh ! it's gone
T'its last and greatest Dissolution.
And our full Tears, at best, will prove to be
But faint Drops of a Pious Extasie.



*L*ook back to th' *Spring*, and if you e're have seen
*U*ntimely winds blast Trees scarce fully green,
*K*now that our Loss is such, since He hath shown,
E're a ripe *Spring*, such blossoms of his *own*.

*F*ate sure past o're his years, and view'd his parts
*A*rraign'd to th' Bar, not for his *age*, but *arts*.
*W*hoever saw a *loaded* ear of Corn
*N*ot Earth-wards tend ? the empty upwards born :
E're life they dye ; e're death thou life didst scorn.

Pistatus Ergo, sic cecinit.

Robertus Tutchein.

THE TRAGEDY OF MR. CHRISTOPHER LOVE, ACTED UPON TOWER HILL

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (20))

THIS elegy illustrates how the rule of Cromwell and the Independents made even the Presbyterians, their erstwhile allies, wish for a return of the House of Stuart. Christopher Love (1618-1651) turned Puritan at fourteen, and against his father's wishes was educated by his mother at Oxford. He preached and "lectured" independently for some years, was particularly bitter against the *Book of Common Prayer*, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister about 1644. He opposed the ascendancy of the Independents under the leadership of Cromwell; and, when Charles II accepted the Covenant and was crowned king in Scotland, Love joined with other Presbyterians in a plot to restore the Stuarts in England also. He was arrested, and condemned to death on July 16th, 1651, and beheaded on Tower Hill August 22nd. Among the executors of his will were such eminent divines as Calamy, Ashe, and Whitaker. Robert Wilde (1609-1679), the author of the present elegy, combined the writing of plays and broadsides with his vocation as Presbyterian minister, and these furthermore with intensely Royalist political activities. He wrote a number of elegies, and is the subject of several satires. The present piece seems to be unique in its quasi-dramatic division, which is doubtless due to Wilde's early interest in play-writing.

The tenth Tear : referring to the tithe, a tax of one-tenth of the year's produce for the support of the clergy.

Dog : The dog-star, Sirius, in the constellation of *canis major*. The rise of this constellation was supposed in ancient times to cause excessive heat.

Fife : Probably a reference to the recent defeat of the Royalist-Presbyterian army at Inverkeithing in Fife.

in a bloody sweat : In the seventeenth century, a good rhyme with *heat*. The next rhyme-word seems to be *train*.

Charl's wain Into the English Orb : The seven brightest stars in the constellation of *canis major* were originally called Charles' wagon after Charlemagne; but the Royalists associated them with Charles I and Charles II. *Into the English Orb* refers to the King's recent advance into England to regain his crown. The campaign, however, ended disastrously at Worcester.

stake . . . baited : referring to bear-baiting.

Paul at Ephesus : See *Acts*, 18. 19.

Adams : There were several contemporary Puritans of this name.

Far : Probably Colonel Farr, mentioned in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

Huntington : Probably Major Huntington, according to Clarendon, Cromwell's most trusted officer.

Prideaux : Sir Edmond, attorney general for the last ten years of his life, 1649-59, and reformer of the postal service.

Keeble : Judge Richard, who presided at Love's trial. One of his enemies describes him as "an insolent, mercenary pettifogger" who sent Royalist suspects to the gallows without jury or evidence. Love's confession, however, leaves little doubt of his conspiracy.

foysting : cheating.

She-sectary : i.e. Salome. Cf. the earlier reference to Herod. The language of this broadside must have been especially distasteful to the Independents.

forty days : A reference to the Temptation in the Wilderness (*Matthew*, 4. 1 etc.) Love received two reprieves amounting to forty days.

in colours were : i.e. had been bright.

Boanarges : Sons of thunder, the surname bestowed by Christ on James and John, the sons of Zebedee. See *Mark*, 3. 17.

The Tragedy of M^r Christopher Love, late Minister of the Gospel; Acted upon Tower-Hill, August 22. 1651.

THE PROLOGUE.

New from a slaughter'd Monarchs Herse I come,
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tombe:
Pardon great *Charls* his Ghost, my Muse had stood
Yet three years longer, till sh^t had wept a flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.
But she must go, Heaven does by Thunder call
For her attendance at *LOVE's* Funeral.
Forgive Great Sir, this Sacrilege in me,
The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

The ARGUMENT.

'Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his Scorching face did tyrannize,
When cruel *Cromwel*, whelp of that mad Star,
But fure more fiery then his Syre by far,
Had dryed the Northern Fife, and with his heat
Had ~~the North-Sea~~ *conquered* in a bloody heat,
When he had Conquered, and his
Had chas'd the North-Sea, and purlo'd *Charls's* wain
Into the *Engliss* Orb; then 'twas thy Fate
(Sweet *LOVE*) to be a present from our State.
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Then a *Divine* to bleed his welcom home.
For He, and *Herod*, think no dish too good,
As a *John Baptists* Head serv'd up in blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philistins* are set in their High Court,
And *LOVE*, like *Samson's*, fetch'd to make them sport:
Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought,
Not to be Try'd, but baited, most men thought;
Monsters, like men, must worry him: and thus
He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.
Adam, *Far*, *Huntington*, with all the pack
Of toyfing Hounds, were set upon his back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* stand and crie Ha loo;
'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
Oh how he foyl'd them! Standers by did swear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traytors were:
For there he prov'd, (although he seem'd a Lamb)
Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

ACT. II.

It is Decreed, nor shall thy Worth, dear *LOVE*,
Resist thy Vows, nor their revenge remove.
Though prayers were joyn'd to prayers, and tears to tears,
No softness in their Rocky hearts appears;
Nor Heaven nor Earth abate their fury can,
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good man.
Sure some She-sectary longed, and in haste
Must try how Presbyterian Blood did taste.
'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,
'Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint! 'tis drink Divine.
No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read,
The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head:
And by that humble posture told them all,
It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT. III.

And now I with the fatal stroke were given;
I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And Heaven to have him there; one moments blow
Makes him triumphant; but here comes his woe,
His Enemies will grant a Months suspence,
(If 't be but for the nonce to keep him thence:)
And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
He shall be tempted too, his forty days;
And with such baits too, cast thy self but down,
Fall, and but worship, and your life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies, oh 'twas their pride
To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
One plot th^t have more, when all their own do fail,
If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.

Let's tempt him by his friends, make *Peter* cry,
Good Master spare thy self, and do not dye.
One friend intreats, a second weeps, a third
Cries *Your Petition wants the other word*:
I'll write it for you, saith a fourth; your life,
Your life Sir, cries a fifth; pity your Wife,
And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamond's cut,
By Diamonds onely, and to terror put.
Methinks I hear him still, You wound my heart;
Good friends forbear, for every word's a dart:
'Tis cruel pity, this I do profess,
You'd love me more, if you did love me less.
Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear I know,
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.
Thus like a Rock that routs the waves he stands,
And snaps afunder, *Samson*-like, these bands.

ACT. IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
And chides the lingring Sun for tarrying so.
Which blushing seems to answer from the sky,
That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for *LOVE*.
Who, when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his glory, and his Enemies rage.)
His blood ne're run to's Heart, Christs Blood was there
Reviving it, his own was all to spare:
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,
Is this the blood you thirst for? Tak' it I pray.
Spectators in his looks such life did see,
That they appear'd more like to dye then he.
But Oh his Speech! methinks I hear it still;
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill:
His keener words did their sharp Ax exceed,
That made his Head, but he their Hearts to bleed:
Which he concluded with soft prayer, and so
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow:
His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,
And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christopher*.

ACT. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the world shall see
Heav'n Act a part in this black Tragedie.
The Sun no sooner spy'd the Head o'th floor,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more:
The Clouds which scattered, and in colours were,
Met all together, and in black appear:
Light'nings, which fill'd the Ayre with Blazing light,
Did serve for Torches at that dismal night:
In which, and all next day for many hours,
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in showres.
Nor do I wonder that God Thund' red so
When's *Managers* murder'd lay below:
The high Court trembled, *Prideaux*, *Bradshaw*, *Keeble*,
And all the guilty Row look'd pale and feeble.
Timorous *Fenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*
Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:
Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to go out.
But if you will Recant, now Thund'ring Heaven
Such approbation to *LOVE's* Cause hath given,
I'll add but this, Your Consciences perhaps,
Ere long, shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The EPILOGUE.

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must
Beg that these Lines be buried with thy dust,
Shelter, blest Love, this Verse within thy shroud,
For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.
The Author begs this, lest if it be known,
Whil'st he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

FINIS

VIRO VERÈ PIETATIS, INTEGRITATIS, & PRUDENTIÆ

By G.D.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 19 (46))

THIS piece illustrates the Latin broadside elegy affected by the learned. John Selden (1584-1654) came of Sussex yeoman stock. He was educated at Oxford and the Temple, and rose to be a bencher in 1633. He practised law but little, and gave his time to study, to the companionship of men of letters like Ben Jonson and scholars like Camden. He wrote abundantly on legal, Oriental and literary subjects, including the *History of Tythes*, which won him three audiences with James I. In 1623, he entered the House of Commons, and later took an active part against Charles' favourite, Buckingham. He acted as counsel for Hampden in the test case on illegal taxation by the Crown; and, in the Parliament of 1628, joined with Coke and others in reasserting British liberties. In 1629, he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained at intervals for the following six years. He sat in the Long Parliament, and in spite of personal friendship, helped to draw up the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud. During all this period, his pen was busy; and in 1647 he entirely gave up politics for literature. He died November 30th, 1654. G.D., the "most humble" author, may well have been a bencher of the Inner Temple. His English translation, in order to get it into equal space, leaves out parts of the Latin.

Apollo : here referred to as the god of prophecy.

curb'd great Neptunes Trident : Grotius in 1609 published his *Mare Liberum*, maintaining, as in modern international law, the freedom of the seas; Selden, at the instance of James I, replied in his *Mare Clausum* in which he claimed the North Atlantic as the particular possession of the British Sovereign.

Stellified : to transform into a star, therefore, to extol.

Sol : the sun; its reappearance in the morning being a symbol of the resurrection.

near Bainards-Castle : Originally a castle on the bank of the Thames at the west end of London to correspond to the Tower on the east. It was rebuilt by Henry VII as a commodious palace facing the river. During the seventeenth century, it fell into ruin; and Besant's *Tudor London* has a picture of it about 1640 with grass growing on the towers. It burned down in the Great Fire of 1666.



Viro verè pietatis, integritatis, & prudentiæ

Doribus præcellentissimo, magno seculi Splendori, maximoque Legum munimento, *MATTHÆO HAYLESIO*, Dom. Primario

Judici Communium Placitorum, &c. Virisq; cunctis eruditionis & meritorum dignitatibus accumulatis, Dom.

EDOARDO HEYWOODIO, Dom. *ROVLANDIO*

JV KESIO seniori, Dom. *JOANNI VAUGHANIO*

de *Troscot*: Tribus Jurisconsultis & Sociis Interioris Templi; nec non quatuor omnibus

EXECUTORIBUS defuncti

JOANNIS SELDENI

G. D. *hoc humillimè devovet*

EPITAPHIUM.

Sistite Lectores, properantes sistite Gressus;
 SELDENI lachrymis Busta rigate novis;
 SELDENUS! sine fine suis memorandus amicis;
Pauperis hospitium, *divitibusque* Comes:
 SELDENUS! passim literarum maximus Atlas;
 SELDENUS! Britici magnus *Apollo* Poli.
 Ille! *Vetustatum* Delphos venerabilis; Ille!
Linguarum Dominus, *Judicii*que Pater;
 Ille! volumineus *librorum* Gurgis, & Ingens
Jurorum; geminæ *Summæque* tota *Togæ*.
 Ille! *Tridentiferi* qui clausit Regna Tyranni,
 Et Briticas itidem clave reclusit aquas.
 Ille dies! nostrique Jubar mirabile secli!
 Ille dolor *Patris*, *deliciæque* suæ (chrum
 Clauditur hoc tumulo; Cui vix *Europa* sepul-
 Sufficit, aut tantas continet *orbis* opes:
 Qui cecidit Terris, cum celso ut *Sole* resurgens
 Fulgeat ætheriæ *Stella* cornusca plagæ.

G. D.

Stay Readers, stay! a little while to steep
 Your souls in sorrows, & ore SELDEN weep.
 SELDEN! to be remembred without end;
 The *Poormans* comfort, & the *Richmans* friend;
 SELDEN! great Learnings *Atlas*, far and neare;
 SELDEN! the *Apollo* of our British sphere;
 Grand Oracle of *Antiquity*! th'Immenſe
 Master of *Language*, and profounder *Sense*!
 Gulf of unfathom'd *Reading*, total *Summe*
 Of all our *Laws*, both extant, or to come; (keys
 Who curb'd great *Neptunes* Trident, and with
 Of *Law*, both lockt up, and unlockt the Seas;
 The *Luminary* of this Age; great *Britains* chief
 Mirror; being late her Glory, now her Grief
 Lies crowded in this narrow *Vault*; to whom
Europe, nor scarce the *World* could be a Tomb:
 Who *Stellified* above, hath left us here
 Below, being *Yet* wth *Sol*, to rise more clear.

G. D.

AN EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH CROMWELL

By J.L.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 19 (41))

THOMASON dates this piece November 25th, ascribes it to J. Longe, and calls it "A very sad Copie of verses." The use of the ballad-stanza seems to show the influence of the sung broadside, and links the funeral elegy even with the popular poetry of the Middle Ages. Elizabeth Cromwell, *née* Steward, the mother of the Lord Protector, was the daughter of William Steward, whose immediate ancestors had been collectors of the tithes for the abbey and cathedral of Ely; and the effort to connect her family with the royal house of England and Scotland seems to be without foundation. She must not be confused with Elizabeth Cromwell, the wife of the Protector, who died in 1665.

afford : furnish, supply.

Affector : one who affects, or loves.

Helen . . . *Great Constantine's Mother* : St. Helena (c.247-c.327), mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome. A late legend says that on a journey to Palestine she discovered the true cross; and, according to an English legend, she was the daughter of a British prince.

real : two syllables.

Western Zion : England.

Babel-Tower : See *Genesis*, 10. 10, and 11. 9. The elegist seems to use it as the symbol of presumption.

terrene : terrestrial.

still : always.

AN
EPITAPH

On the late deceased, that truly-Noble and Renowned Lady
ELIZABETH CROMWEL,

(Mother to His Highness the Lo. Protector of *Great Britain and Ireland, &c.*)
who lived to the age of 89. and died Nov. 16. 1654. and lieth buried in Westminster-Abbey.

Renowned mother of our Lord
Great *OLIVER* Protector,
Thou noble Root that didst afford
Great Britain's Weal's Affector!
Like *Helen*, sometime honoured
For Great *Constantine's* Mother;
So Thou for Us hast born and bred
One truly such another
In Wisdom, Valour, and Goodness,
That hath us freed from Chains
Of Tyrants great, that did distress
Good men with cruel Pains.
And as Great *Constantine* did free
Christ's Church from Persecution;
So hath thy Son gain'd Libertie
For real Truth's promotion.

May he go on to conquer still
All potent Enemies
That with our Western *Zion* ill,
And would our Rights surprise.
And may he give the fatal blowe
To Persecution's pride,
In any Forms, both high or lowe,
Where-ever he doth hide.

November 25

May he go on, Terror to be
To *Rome's* usurping power;
May he give Christians Libertie
(Out from that *Babel-Tower*)
And ease poor Protestants from Bands,
And th' cruel Inquisition,
And free us from proud Clergies hands,
Is that which we petition.

Madam, you lived to great age,
And saw most great Mutation
Acted upon the common Stage
Of this our terrene Station.
Your Life it was most full of Love
To creatures in distress:
That is the God-like life above,
And is true Happiness.
May You and Yours it still possess.

Nov. 17.
1654.



J. Longe

LONDON,
Printed by *James Costrel.*
1655.

A very fine Copy of the

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MRS. ANNE GRAY

By SAMUEL HOLLAND

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 20 (57))

THIS piece illustrates the simpler, often affecting, style of lamentation used for children and women. Thomason dates the piece March 24th, 1656, in two places on the broadside. Julia De Vaynes includes it in the second volume of her *Kentish Garland*. Nicholas Grey (or Gray) (c.1590-1660), M.A., of both Oxford and Cambridge, was successively head-master of Charterhouse, of the Merchant Taylors' School, and of Eton. During the Civil War, he was ejected and reduced to great poverty, which was only slightly alleviated by his mastership of Tonbridge. He seems to have been a conscientious teacher, and tried his hand at editing and like pedagogical hack-work. He died in 1660, just having been restored to his former honours. Samuel Holland is also the author of a *Gratulatory Poem* on the Restoration of Charles II and of a broadside elegy on Lord Rochester.

Griefs invite Again my Eyes to weep etc. : Apparently some other member of the family had died a short time before, very likely from the same disease.

still : continually.

desert . . . heart : The rhyme would be permissible in the seventeenth century.

whose pure worth was such . . . that even . . .

infer : cause, induce, bring on.

Therefore . . . nigh : Therefore to anticipate so near a danger.

Case-shot : A collection of small projectiles put up in cases to fire from a cannon.

A thousand wounds etc. : Compare Dryden's famous description of the small-pox in his *Elegy* on Lord Hastings.

imply : infer, a somewhat forced rhyme.

my late Lord the King : Charles I. Both Grey and Holland were clearly Royalists.

Maid of excellence : i.e. excellent maid; the Elizabethan idiom of the genitive used in place of an adjective.

ON THE UNTIMELY AND MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF

M^{rs} Anne Gray, the Daughter of the Learnedly accomplisht

Doctor Nicholas Gray of Tunbridge in Kent,

Who dyed of the Small Pox.

A N E L E G I E.

Scarce have I dry'd my Cheeks! but Griefs invite
Again my Eyes to weep, my Hand to write,
Which still return with greater force, being more
In weight and number then they were before.

Mechanick Notes are eloquent, their sound
Beats through the streets, and in that spacious Round
Salutes each strangers eare: Nor can so high
And wide a Ruine in one Family
Cont.acted keep; but seeking farther bounds,
Fills every brest with its afflicting sounds.

Youth met with Beauty weeps, then who forbears
To Griefe's Exchequer to bring in his tears?

He't at such tributes doth not now retaine,
Knows neither Vertue, nor for whom we mourn

SHE, whose unequal'd, and whose rich desert
Did take possession in each knowing heart;

Whose life was such, it may be well deny'd,
That she did ever ill, but that she dy'd.

SHE, like another Nature, but whose Name
Gave life to Beauty, and a voyce to Fame;

SHE, whose pure worth was such, whom gone, that even
Heav'n would lament with many a tear, if Heaven

Had not assum'd her, who in all she did,
Both Grace in it and Innocence were hid,

Is hence ascended, while eu' Griefs inter
Their moyst Complaints, and envy Heav'n, not Her.

Death, who did boast his high Prerogative,
And hourly Conquests over all alive,

Did here begin to startle, and did seeme
To feare her Beauties would now conquer him

Therefore a danger to prevent so nigh,
Drew forth at once all his Artillery,

And so direct the Battery was laid,
So full the Charge, so fast the Case-shot play'd,

That the poore Body fell upon the place,
A thousand wounds being printed on her face.

Yet spight of Death, and Fate, we must imply,
That she her selfe was well content to dye.

For in this sad and tedious vale of Teares,
Ere she had hardly numbred eightene yeeres,
She had done all her businesse, and made even
With Earth, and drawn up her acco^{nts} for Heaven.
Rich in her Sexes value, good mens praise,
And full of all could be desir'd, but dayes;
Where after her we sigh our soules, the while
She counts our teares, and with a pittying smile
Beholds our following Love; and now no Drums,
Nor voyce of Cannons, nor of Trumpets comes
To vex her quiet eare; nor any noyse
Dares once approach to interrupt her joyes;
But Health and Strength doe court her, and the treasure
Of endlesse light, and unrepented pleasure,
And all the Blessings which faire Peace doth bring
Sent for so oft by my late Lord the King

Her Epitaph.

Wouldst thou know who lies here, under
This cold Marble? read, and wonder:

For body, beauty, feature, sense,

This was the Maid of Excellence,

Whose early Soule soone understood

And practis'd all that men call Good:

And wondring threescore yeares should stay

For what so soone she bore away,

She sudden unto Heaven did fly,

Asham'd of dull Mortality.

mark 4 1630 SAMUEL HOLLAND.

9591 62 200/115
11/10/20 29 1656

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT BLAKE

By GEORGE HARRISON.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 10)

THIS piece survives in both the Thomason (669. f. 20 (61)) and the Luttrell collections; and the MS. note "½d." in the extreme upper left-hand corner is doubtless Luttrell's memorandum of the original price. Robert Blake (1599-1657) came of a merchant family of Bridgwater, Somersetshire. About the beginning of the Civil War, he exchanged his inherited mercantile career for the Parliamentary army, and proved of great use to the Puritan cause in the south-western counties. In 1649, he was made admiral, and distinguished himself by destroying the fleet of Prince Rupert. He defeated the Dutch, England's chief commercial rivals, chastised the Barbary pirates, started England on her career as a Mediterranean power, and seized the Spanish treasure fleet. His health was poor, and he died of a fever on the way back from Spain. "George Harrison Gent," who signed his name to the present elegy, is probably the same George Harrison who on November 22nd, 1654, applied for the pursorship of the *Lyme*. He seems to have been a naval officer of inferior rank; and the elegy on Blake appears to be his one published composition.

Lime : a village on the coast of Dorset, hastily fortified and held by Blake against a greatly superior force of Royalists.

Taunton : captured and held by Blake for over a year against besieging Royalists.

Dunster : a Royalist stronghold in Somerset, which surrendered in April, 1646.

Consumption : Contemporary medical authority called it "scorbutic fever."

used no Tautologie : Apparently, he was a true laconic sailor.

Intellectualls : mind.

Scarlet Whore : Roman Catholicism.

Two of her stoutest Champions : Portugal and Spain.

Charming Syren : i.e. exercising magic power. Cf. *Æneid*, V, 864.

Cleophis etc. : probably referring to the influence of Cleopatra on Mark Antony.

War was his Mistris; he did her embrace etc. : Cf. Herrick's *To Lucasta* :

And with a stronger faith embrace

A sword, a horse, a shield . . .

still : continually.

Titles ever did affect . . .

comply : conform, adapt themselves.

Tenth Worthy : The nine worthies were Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. They were supposed to typify bravery. Cf. the elegy on Cromwell entitled *The Tenth Worthy*.

Civick, Mural : pertaining to the body politic, and to war on land.

chamber-Musick : Music, especially of stringed instruments and wood-winds, performed in a private house. *Chamber* was often used in a bad sense.

Division : in seventeenth century music, a rapid and florid passage.

spirit . . . merit : a good rhyme in the seventeenth century as in modern Irish. Cf.

inherit . . . spirit below.

Elisha . . . Elijah : See 1 *Kings*, 19.

And though in blacks . . .

A N E L E G I E

ON THE DEATH OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT BLAKE, Esq.

One of the GENERALS at Sea, who departed the 7. of August 1657. on board
the *George* near Plymouth Sound.

What means this Silence Sirs? what's here becom?
Some heavy tidings sure hath struck you dumb.
Light griefs make teares diffill out from the Eye.
When great ones dull, and often stupifie.
What is there none dare speak? Alas I feare,
It is too harsh to found in English Eare.
Must my misgiving soul divine the cause
Of your sad Aspects? Stay, for I must pause:
Is he that over *Neptune* once bore sway,
And gainst our Foes did often get the day:
Is he that was to Sea-men their delight,
And lead them on most daringly to fight:
Is he whose face A Terror strooke, whose name
The darling was of Fortune and of Fame:
Is he that by example spent his breath,
And shew'd a new way how to out-face Death:
He that strook Terror where'er he came,
And made his Foes to tremble at his Name:
Speak, is it true? Is noble BLAKE then gone,
And left us here in dark oblivion?
Is his Seraphick Soul then fled away,
Leaving nought but his Ashes and his Clay?
Your silence seems to say so: Is he dead?
Sure then your griefs cannot be numbered.
I see the lasting Monument must bend,
All things must have their Period and end.
His brave Example in our Infant-daves
Of War, when he alone deliv'd the Bayes;
When by his virtue onely *Lim* held out
Against a potent Foe both bold and stout.
Taunt her liberty to him doth owe,
His Bounty onely did on her bestow.
Dunster that pleasant seat, whose lofty Towers
Ene pierc'd the Clouds, did stoop unto his Pow'r:
Bridgewater gave him breath for that famous Race,
And Honoured, when ere he was before.
His Enemies did oft amaz'd stand
When he held up his sure dead-doing hand,
And death grew pale to see himself out-done
By one of Mortall race. The setting Sun
Oft peep'd abroad, as oft did blush to see
Neptune forc'd to wear his sanguine livery.
Though Death did often strive him to affright,
Yet he out lookt him, made him mad with sight,
And when with open force he durst not seise him,
In a Consumption did at last surprize him.
His head a mint of Reason was, when he
Once spake he us'd no Tautologie
His Arguments Dilemma's were, which he
Confirm'd b' Example out of History
His own Experience was so great, that all
With one consent still clos'd in generall:
And for his Intellectuals to raise,
That few now living could with him compare.
A man that alwayes valued his word,
Bright Honour ever shining on his Sword:
To vice and baseness ever most severe,
And to his friends and goodnesse very deare
From affectation free, and what was more,

A Zealous Enemy of the Scarlet Whore;
Whole able Judgment in a hot dispute,
Two of her stoutest Champions did confute,
Deserving to be (by their own confession)
His Countryes Honour call'd; twas their Expression.
No Charming *Siren* could his Ears entice,
Nor tempting *Venus* him allure to Vice;
Nor *Cleopha* with her bewitching Eyes
Ere put a period to his Victories.
War was his Mistress, he did her embrace,
She hath a Princely and Majestick face,
She nurst him, bred him, made him her delight,
Conducted him in many a dreadfull fight,
He was her darling, she in him took pleasure,
He was her chiefest and her onely Treasure.
Though Threats on Threats, and promises succeeded
From Royalty, yet he them never heeded.
Threats could not drive him, nor Allurements high
Ere make him part with his Integrity.
No Sceptick in Religion was he found,
His head and heart, and Principles were found.
Constant beyond compare, and to his Nation
A faithfull servant in his Generation:
No Faction would he heed, nor Plots contrive,
Nor did he wish that ever they should thrive;
And midst our various changes still kept free,
Hating cold Dullnesse, base Neutrality.
Riches he valued nor, nor them Respects,
Nor glorious Titles ever did affect.
Armes and the Arts did wondrously comply,
In him to make A perfect Harmony;
In both Admir'd, in both he did Excell,
And liv'd and dy'd without a Parallell.
His Valour was diffus'd, and now dead,
He the Tenth Worthy may be reckon'd;
The Civick, Murall, and the Navall Crown
He has deserv'd, all due to his Renown.
In peace he was a *Seneca*, In war
He out-did *Mars*, still prov'd a Conqueror.
No chamber Musick squeaking in the night,
Nor Noyce of Violls did him much delight.
The deep-mouth'd Canons thundring in his Eares,
Was unto him the Musick of the Spheres:
Those bore the Base, the whistling bullets they
Made up the Treble on a fighting day,
Small shot Division play'd, whole nimble Motion
Made many a Soul drink up a sleepey Potion.
This was the Musick most did cheer his spirit,
And made him justly so much praye to merit,
His Noble, Lively, Active, vigorous fire,
Ne're quencht in him untill he did Expire.
Oh! How my soul bemoans my Countryes losse,
Her onely Genius gone, Oh tis a Crosse
Beyond compare, now hardly felt, but when
Our Sins a war on us shall bring agen.
Who then shall stand i'th Gap? His Noble Arme
Did quail our home-bred, Forreign foes disarm.
May those succeed *Elis* like Inheris
A double portion of *Elijah* spirit

The *Hollanders* in Mouldy lines can write
What harms he did them by the God of might;
The *Portugalls*, as every one doth know,
Their Peace, their Plenty and their Traffique owe
Unto his worth: when *Rupert* he was fain
To face about and get him home again;
Loth to appear with his poor Glow-worme light,
When such a Sun as this appear'd in sight.
The Barbarous Pirates upon *Tunis* Strand
Felt the effects of his revenging hand.
The *Spaniards* lately fear'd the name of *Blake*,
As once their children did the name of *Drake*
What shall I say? His last attempt so bold
At the *Canaries*, It cannot be told
Unto It's worth; That done with gallantry
He makes his Exit with a plaudite;
And having done to *Spaine* abundant Harms,
Comes home in Peace and dyes free from Allarms.
The *George* the first Ship bore him out, and then
The mournfull she that brought him back agen.
Oh that some *Virgil*, for his greater Glory,
Would please to write his Everlasting Story;
Or else some *Homer* bravely to rehearse
His glorious Actions in Heroick Verse;
For me to Limne the Noble Acts he's done,
Is but to light a Candle to the Sun.
That task I'll leave to some more able hand
The view'd his Action both by Sea and Land;
And though in blacks I may not mourn his End,
Yet none shall more bemoane him as a friend.
O're Death he is Victorious, and he
Bequeaths it us as his last Legacy.

Now unto God be Everlasting prayse,
That thus in peace hath finish'd his dayes:
And since his fatal thred is quite Spun out,
Lets draw the Curtains, put the Candles out,
And let us leave him to his silent Tomb,
Free from all troubles, clos'd up in the womb
Of Mother Earth let him in quiet rest,
Till he Enjoy the choycest and the best
Of his desires, in Glory for to see
His Saviour Christ to all Eternity.

Epitaph Acrostick.

R est here in Peace the sacred Dust
O f valiant BLAKE, the Good, the Just,
B elov'd of all on every side,
E nglands Honour, once her Pride,
R omes Terror, Dutch Annoyer,
T ruins defender, Spains destroyer
B ring no dry Eyes unto this place
L et not be seen in any case
A smiling or an unsad face.
K indle desires in Every breast
E ternally with him to rest.

On board the *Dunbar* in the
Downs, Aug. 11. 1657.

By Geo. Harrison. Gent.

AN ELEGIE UPON JOHN CLEVELAND

By T.P.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (22))

ACCORDING to the elegiac convention, the verses of this piece are written somewhat in imitation of Cleveland's own poetic style. John Cleveland was the son of a poor school-teacher; he was well grounded in the classics, and went up to Cambridge, whence he was later ejected by Parliamentary visitors. He joined the Royalist army at Oxford; and, while enlivening the Cavaliers with his verses, he seems punctiliously to have fulfilled his office as judge in Newark. After the surrender of that town, he eked out a scanty living by teaching in the families of Edward Coke and other Norfolk Cavaliers. He died at Gray's Inn on April 29, 1658. "T.P. Gen. Norfolciensis" is to be identified with Thomas Pecke of Spixworth, Norfolk, who left Cambridge without a degree to enter the Inner Temple in June, 1657. He seems to have been a youthful admirer of Cleveland in Norfolk and later at the Inns of Court. He took some pride in his elegiac performance, and claimed the authorship of it on the title-page of his *Parnassi Puerperium* (1659). Perhaps he is to be identified with the "generous Mæcenæ" of Cleveland's latter days.

Two-topt Hill : referring to the two peaks of Mt. Parnassus, between which the Castalia flows.

Lycambes Collar : i.e. cholor, rage. Lycambes, having promised his daughter to Archilochus, gave her to a richer suitor. Archilochus satirised father and daughter so that both committed suicide. See Horace, *Epodes*, 6. 13.

Medusa : Cleveland is compared to Perseus.

sublimated : refined.

Demesn : land held in free tenure as one's own.

Exhalation : a meteor.

Θ : used on Roman grave-stones as an abbreviation of Θάνατος, dead.

Senses Festival : an æsthetic feast.

Eighth Sphere : the empyrean, the abode of God.

Twelve Digits : a digit is a twelfth part of the diameter of the sun or the moon; here the eclipse would be complete.

Jacobs-Staffs : an instrument formerly used for taking the altitude of the sun.

Priam's chastest Daughter : Cassandra.

Curule Chair : a chair used only by magistrates of consular or prætorian dignity.

Elements but a Triplicitie : Of the four elements, earth, air, water, and fire, the last will be extinguished by water as described in the lines that follow.

swear by Styx : the most terrible oath possible to a Classical divinity.

pickled : preserved for all time.

Close-Mourner : originally secret, then deep, mourner.

Horse : in two senses.

Fount Caballine : probably referring to the sources of the Indus and the Xanthus in Lycia in Asia Minor.

Robs the Wardrobe . . . Of the most fragrant Spices : In the Middle Ages, and sometimes later, the wardrobe was a private room used for storing miscellaneous valuables.

indigitates : points out, shows.

Will : in two senses, desire, and last will.

Probatum est : it has been proved.

Cyllenius : Hermes.

Minos : the Cretan law-giver and reputed owner of the famous labyrinth.

Habeas Corpus : a legal writ requiring that a person under arrest be produced in court.

Pallas : in the double sense of a palace and Pallas Athena.

Carian Mausolæum : The great tomb of Mausolus, Persian satrap of Caria in Asia Minor. It gave the name to later buildings of the sort.

invocate : A Latin past participle anglicised as a verb. Cf. *create* etc.

Thy Feaver : An epidemic of fever ravaged England in the spring and summer of 1658.

Epitaphium etc. : Rich, O rich marble, it is fitting that you vaunt yourself. You are the treasury of the ashes of great Cleveland. Under you, he is buried, who cannot die. This man was the English Virgil, the English Cicero. He always directed himself with his Muse toward high things; now he struggles to attain the highest poetry: In Heaven, singing Hallelejah incessantly. While we celebrate his funeral rites, O wayfarer, with weeping eyes, may you call to mind your own funeral mound; may you fully mourn this misfortune to Parnassus.

AN ELEGIE

Upon the Never Satisfactorily Explored Death of that Rare Column of PARNASSUS,

M^R. IOHN CLEEVELAND.

IS CLEEVELAND Dead? and not one weeping Pen
Vote him in Text The Miracle of Death:
Can the great Monarch of the Two-top Hill
Visit the Shades? whose Star-encountering Quill
Had He but darted at insulting Death,
That pale-fac'd Tyrant had resign'd his Breath,
Tribute to *Lycambes* Collar. Resist
His lightest Lath, Take him as *Sayriss*
No Moral can. Snaky *Medusa's* Head
With one prick of his Neb he could strike dead;
His sublimed Style most justly mocks
A Mule that can't let-Blood the craggy Rocks.
And can his Laurel wither? Alas! He
As his owne Demefn hath Eternitie.
Great CLEEVELAND scorns the Grave, and cannot Die,
Before an Exhalation to the skie
Gives fire with's flaming Beard, and shall preface
Some viperous Curse to cauterize this Age:
How then presumes this abhor'd Screech-Owle Fame
To intrude © into CLEEVELAND's Name?
He to whom Poets must in Homage fall,
And beg from's Verse their *Senses Festivall*.
But ah! Fame's tipp'd with Truth, his soaring Soule,
That was both *Arctick* and *Antarctick* Pole
To Poesse; has fled off Her Clay,
And Eagle-wing'd dissecks the Milky way;
And with undazled Eyes ascends as far
As the Eight Sphere, where She the Sixteenth Star
Makes of the first Magnitude. And conjoynt
With her Associates, lends this Terrene Point
A Loving Glance: whilst we with drowned Eyes
Deplore our Earth, Envy the now blest skyes.

Stupid *Astronomers*! whose senseless Brain
The Middle Region is of Snow, Hail, Rain;
Did ye not by consent avow, This Yere,
No Black Eclipse should Mask our Hemisphere?
And yet with Despair see how *Greys-Inne* Sun
Twelve Digits is Eclips'd, Muffled, O'rerun.
Resume your *Jacobs-Staffs*, and with them take
The *Alitude* of Truth, your gross mistake
Cancel, with a Prediction far more True
Than *Priam's* chafteft Daughter ever knew.

Till the vast Fabrick of the World shall Burn
Without Repair, and become its owne Urn,
Boldly assert, Men wisely may despair,
To see a Mule Merit the *Carule Chair*
So much as CLEEVELAND's. How? Nay, for to see
One that might make an Halting Simile.

Foretel the VVorld that there shall shortly be
Of Elements but a Triplicitie.
The Muses swear by *Sisyx*, Their showing Eyes
Shall offer up the Earth a Sacrifice

To *Neptune's* Trident. This not spurs our Fears,
VVho are all ready pickled up in Tears.
Apollo turns Close-Mourner, Burns his Bayes;
And nothing fly, but Melancholy Brayes
From *Pegasus* Horle Throat. Fount *Cabe-line*
For Sand hath Salt, the VVater being Brine.

The *Phoenix* robs the VVardrobe of the East
(VVhen extreme Age indigates Her Nest,)
Of the most fragrant Spices: And dares Dy,
VVithout a Cheer-up from a Stander by.
The Sun's Executor; and lets Her have,
As 'tis Her VVill, a Cradle, and a Grave.
Her Daughter crawles out first: Then learns to flye,
Probasum is: the *Clay* to live's, to Dye.

Could a much flatter'd Hope, create Belief,
Albions rare *Phoenix* should Revive; our Grief
Should end in *Paans*: And thy Altars round
A Thousand *Hec-stamps* with Garlands crown'd,
(Great *Fove*) should Low, whilst Wits in greatfull Crowds,
With Acclamations shall unrip the Clouds.
Alas! we cannot Beg His Life, of Fate,
Were sweet *Cylenius* our Advocate:
Not though in Thunder, *Fove* commands Reprieve,
To see the Light will *Ainos* give Him leave;
And yet although 'tis frivolous to crave
An *Habeas Corpus* from the Hated Grave;
Yet shall the *Pallas* of Thy Laureat Head,
Of *Carian Manjoleum* stand in stead.
Thy Brain has had Immortall Issue, which,
Till Earths Grand Calcination, shall Enrich
Thy Name with Radiant Glory. We no Muse
Will invoke but Thine. Thee we will chuse
Our Patron, Our *Apollo*. 'He who Climbs,
Reason's Embroyder with high Vaulting Rhymes,
That scorns His Nuries Words; And counts it cheap
To o're-top *Saturn* at one fiery Leap;
Whose Pleasure makes *Vulcan* tri'd Anvile yield;
Can force *Archelochus* to run the Field;
Whom *Cato* calls, the Glory of His Age;
And hath Mens Admiration as his Page:
Such, Such a Soule, may Vaunt Himselfe to be
A Dint Resemblance of Thy Muse and Thee.

Adieu Dear Sir! We Mortals will prove Just,
Alwaies adoring Your most sacred Dust.
The Earth on You lay light: VVhilst heavy Hearts
In Sighs and Throbs shall act our Tragick Parts.
Ever sit Thou Enthron'd ith' Peoples Vogue,
Thy Feaver being Nam'd *Wiss Epilogue*.

EPI TAPHIUM.

Istare fas est, dives, O dives Marmor!
Erarium Magni cineris es CLEEVELANDI.
Sub te Sepultus, qui potis mori Non est.
Virgilius Hic est Anglicus: Tullius Hic est.
Ad alta semper cum sua retendit Musa,
Altissimam ambit nunc Poësin: In Cælo,
Indefinenter cantitans Halleclujah.

Dum Nanius celebramus aras stillante
Oculo, Viator! sis Tui memor Busti:
Elugeas Catastrophæ Hanc Parnassi.

T. P. Gen. Norfolciensis.

VIATOR ILICET.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE MOST PIOUS AND EMINENT DOCTOR JOHN HEWITT

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 21 (7))

THIS piece is dated by Thomason June 20th, 1658. The curved top of the broadside is doubtless intended as an imitation of a tombstone; and the engraving over it of the Doctor's execution seems to have been an afterthought. John Hewitt (1614-1658) appears to have left Cambridge without a degree to become one of the chaplains of Charles I during the Civil War. Under Cromwell, he continued to use the proscribed *Book of Common Prayer*, and even took up collections for the King in his London parish, urging the congregation to "remember a distressed friend." He was implicated in the abortive Royalist rising in 1658, and after vainly demanding trial by jury, was beheaded on June 2nd. His dying speech and prayer were very popular; and the British Museum contains several self-elegies and other pieces on his death.

In Trepidus etc. : Fearful, I follow after my fate.

A Flood of Tears succeeds an Ebb of Blood : Obviously a reference to Hewitt's execution and the mourning of his friends; possibly also a glance at the Commonwealth following the Civil War.

Thorough : an old form of *through*.

Limbeck : in alchemy, an alembic or still.

This Age has reaching Ears etc. : A glance at the severe censorship of the press under Cromwell, also implied in *privilege* below.

That Church which was all Ears : St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, Hewitt's church which listened to his reading of the proscribed Anglican service.

Rachel : Her longing to marry Jacob and have children (*Genesis, 29 et seq.*) made her, among early Christians, a symbol of the Church as the bride of Christ. Here Hewitt appears as one of her children.

A Famine in Religion now grows near . . .

Zeal : after the Restoration, a term of opprobrium applied to the Puritans.

sanguine : bloody.



A N E L E G I E

U P O N

The most Pious and EMINENT,
Doctor JOHN HEWITT.

I

Nature and Reason both do plainly show,
After an Ebb we must expect a Flow:
Our late Experience makes this Maxim good
A Flood of Tears succeeds an Ebb of Blood.
HEWITT's departure makes a Tempest rise,
His ebbing Body left us flowing Eyes

II

Come then, my Muse, let's labour to distill
Thorough the Limbeck of my mourning Quill
Such hearty Tears, that truly may invite
A Zealot to a perfect appetite
Of Love and Poy; and let those that never
Knew how to weep, now learn to weep for ever.

III

But stay, my Genius, will these capricious Tunes
Indure the touch of our Elegiac Rims:
Without a prejudice! Be therefore wise,
This Age has reaching Ears, and searching Eyes
If thou offend'st, my Muse, be sure to borrow
The privilege to charge it on thy sorrow

IV

Since he is dead, report it thou, my Muse,
Unto the World a Grief, and not as News,
Hark how Religion sighs, the Pulpit groans,
And Tears run trickling down the tenile's bones:
That Church which was all Eyes now turn'd eyes,
The Mother weeps, and all her Children cries

V

Does Rachel mourn! Oh blame her not, for she
Has lost her Darling in his Infancy:
She looks upon it as a signal Cross,
But knows that he has gained by her loss
She grieves, and hopes her griefs are understood,
Her Children that suck'd Milk, may now suck Blood.

VI

But hark! there's something whispers in my ear,
A Famine in Religion now grows near;
Her Zeal-parch'd Corn hangs down it's drooping head,
And turns to dirt, which might have prov'd good Bread.
How sad it is, that Children must not eat:
Religion will finde Mouthes, but where's the Meat

VII

Ah sanguine dayes! When such tall Cedars fall,
Danger draws near, and threatens Shrubs and all
The feeblest Ax, that nothing understood,
Cut off h- Life, and dy'd it felt in Blood. (stand
When 1765 was burnt, the neighb'ring Town did
Expecting then their doom was near at hand.

VIII

'Twas He, whose careful Zeal, and zealous Care
Was always lab'ring duly to prepare
Religious Viands, that his Flock might be
Not pamper'd, but well fed with Charity:
But now, Ah now, he's willingly retir'd
Where he'll be blest, as he was here admir'd:

IX

Blest Soul! Since thy unhappy-happy Fate
Hath so soon made thee more than fortunate,
I will surcease my grief, and onely shed
Some reall drops, onely because thou'rt dead.
'Tis Nature, not Religion, makes us weep:
Manners forbids a noise whilst friends do sleep

X

No more, my Muse, it is enough we know
He is transplanted from this World below
Unto a glorious Mansion, in whose Quire
There is no fear of Plots, nor thoughts of Fire.
That Court of Justice periods all his strife,
And gives what here he lost; I mean, New Life.

F I N I S.

THE TENTH WORTHY OR SEVERAL ANAGRAMS ON OLIVER LATE LORD PROTECTOR

By THOMAS DAVYES

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 21 (12))

THOMASON dates this piece October 5th, 1658. Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) rose from the ranks of the minor rural gentry to Lord Protector, and in all but title, King of England. The fatigues of a double career military and civil, like that of Napoleon, undermined his health; and the same fever in the spring and summer of 1658 that carried off Cleveland and Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth, caused his own death at Whitehall on September 3rd, the anniversary of Dunbar and of Worcester. The Thomas Davyes of Pembrokeshire who wrote the present elegy seems hopeless to identify among the innumerable Welsh Davies. The number of minor officials of that name mentioned in the *Calendar of State Papers* alone must give one pause; and he need not have been any one of these.

Cor verum, vel si Sol : A true heart or possibly a sun.

Cor verum, vel Sol visu : A true heart or a sun to behold.

Juvans Pater : beneficent father.

Nations three : England, Ireland, and Scotland.

S. George hath been Forgotten there : Clearly a reference to the objection of the Puritans to the saints' days of the Anglican calendar. The present elegist makes up a new list of worthies to replace Hector, King David and the rest.

Trump : The Dutch admiral, van Tromp, who fought several engagements against Blake.

Gustavus : Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the champion of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War against the Emperor.

took little glory to himself : Cromwell's not crowning himself as king gained him considerable popularity.

primest Branch : Richard Cromwell.

Vivat, videat etc. : May Richard the Protector always live, have understanding, be full of strength, and conquer.

The Tenth Worthy
Or, Several Anagrams in Latine, Welsh and English, upon the Name
of that most highly Renowned WORTHY of Worthies,

OLIVER

Late LORD PROTECTOR.

Together with some Elegiacal Verses upon his much lamented Death, who dyed in body Sept. 3. 1658.
And also more Anagrams on his now HIGHNESS, and others of that most Noble and Pious Family

OLIVER CROMWEL, OLIVERUS CROMELUS,
O welcom Rithur
Rule welcom Rop
Crom linc our Rule

Cor verum, self si Sol
OLIVERUS CROMWELUS
Cor verum, self del safe

O C. Engl
Y Lleo mor Cower, The Lyon is true
Lleo Cower y mor, The true Sea-Lyon.
Lleo gryn o Cymru, The best Lyon of Wales
Elizabeth Cromwell, Be comfort with rest.



Ad News by th' Post, from *Albion* doth me call,
To know what mighty Planet there did fall
So lately down, that all the people were
In darkness, till another placed there.
Some say 'twas *Mars*, or some such Ruling Star;
For they had ne'r his like, to manage War:
Some say 'twas *Jupiter*, for such was He,
A *Jovian* Power to the Nations three.
Planets (we know) do govern Countries, Men,
And other things below; but God rules them:
So here, this Planet rul'd, with awe, and love,
Being always rul'd himself by God above.
Our grief for Him, and joy for his Successor,
We know not which was greater, nor which lesser.
When War was at the height of tears and blood,
The LORD sent *OLIVER* the Great, and Good,
Who prov'd our Olive-branch, and Peace he got
To all in time, but those that lov'd it not:
Most fit PROTECTOR was he then to be,
To keep that Peace he gain'd the Nations three.
Not telling here, but better to secure
Our Peace at home, abroad he did procure
A Peace with all our Neighbour-Nations, and
With honor much to him, and to our Land.
Then martially did he so oft abroad,
He whipt the *Spaniard* with an English rod,
So that the Popish Donns in several parts
Dre tremble in their Kingdoms, and their hearts.
What Plots with vain attempts were 'gainst our Land!
Yet God did prosper all he took in hand;
And he preserv'd by Grace, until become
The worthiest Worthy of all Christendom:
Then *Europe's* Corner pillar being grown fit
For Heavens throne, was summon'd there to sit,
Who (as in life his precepts were) 'obey'
Being call'd (too soon for us) he went his way.

But here's another Post: What news, my Friend?
Is *Albion's* HERO dead, as some pretend?
He is not dead; nor can he die, whose Fame
Will ever live in honor, and his Name
So great in *Albion*, that *St. George's* hath been
Forgotten there, till on a Sign-post seen:
St. David's 'twas *Wales*, and *Andrew* for the *Scott*;
Were ne'r so great as was this Patriot
St. Patrick was for *Ireland* renown'd,
And *France* for glory have *St. Dennis* crown'd;
To *Italy's* *Anthony*, and *James* for *Spain*,
Did ne'r for them, as He for us did gain:
The *Dutchman's* Champion that did *Trump* about,
And for the ninth take in *Gustavus* stout,
Yet read them all together in true story,
You'll find them short of *Oliver* his glory:
So that his Enemies can lay no leis,
He was a *Cato*, and an *Hercules*;
His Wisdom, Courage, rul'd our Commonwealth,
And yet took little glory to himself,
But gave it where 'twas due; and so should we
Give thanks to God for him eternally.
Yet greater was his good, He did provide
That we should not be left without a Guide;
But after him find settled here we see
The primest Branch of that fair Olive-tree:
Whose noble virtues fill our expectations,
He'll be a second Glory of our Nations,
As by the Anagrams of both we see
What was the one, the other like to be.
Grieve not in vain then, but rejoice the rather
For such a Son succeeding such a Father.
Long live brave *Richard* then! Your help being such,
The LORD takes care You may by him Rule much.
As by this Anagram:
Richard Cromwell — Lord care, I rule much.

Pious, valiant, virtuous & virtuous R.I.C. Pr. scmp.

More Anagrams on their HIGHNESSES and their Family.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

A much Lordly Curter,
HENRY CROMWELL, Love mercy's Rule.
ELIZABETH CROMWELL, Chast love be my rule.
JOHN CLEYFOL, La. I can help.
ELIZABETH CLEYFOL, A bully high piece.

DOROTHY CROMWELL,

Come Lordly worth,
CHARLES FLEETWOOD, Free lov'd, Craft love.
BRIDGET FLEETWOOD, Ours gifted belov'd.
THO. FAULCONBRIDGE, Begin, All famous Lord.
MARY FAULCONBRIDGE, Go make careful Bride.
FRANCIS RICH, 's Richer Rancie.

The LORD protect our LORD-PROTECTOR.

Ordo s.

So humbly propect

THO. DAVIES, Pasteror.

A RHETORICAL RAPTURE AT THE MOVING OF HIS HIGHNES EFFIGIES FROM SOMERSET-HOUSE

By MR. SLATER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 40)

CROMWELL'S body was embalmed, and lay in state at Somerset House. The present elegy celebrates its removal thence to Westminster for burial "amongst kings and with a more than regal solemnity," as Cowley described the funeral. At the Restoration, Parliament ordered his bones to be disinterred, and hung on the gallows. The author of this broadside is probably the Rev. Samuel Slater, a Puritan divine who in the same year was granted an M.A. from Cambridge. He was ejected from his living in 1662 under the Act of Uniformity, and after a long dissenting ministry, died in 1704. His works consist chiefly of funeral sermons and devotional writings, including a volume of *Poems* (1679). The tortuous conceits of the present elegy belong to the tradition of Donne; and the long passage on worms and bodily decay is characteristic of the Puritan mortuary Muse. Luttrell notes the price as 1d., twice the usual amount.

Si mea cum vestris etc. : If my prayers, O Britons, had prevailed along with yours, I should not be the insignificant actor of so great a lamentation, and you, O Cromwell, would be in possession of your arms, and we, of you.

Thou bequeaths : inflectional incongruity for rhyme.

Seventh Henry's Chappel : His body rested there for only two years.

Chappel of Ease : The Elizabethan construction, substituting for an adjective the corresponding noun in the genitive case.

Down to thy mother bow : Cromwell's mother had died in 1655.

Thy Daughter (know) Toll'd thy Great Bell : referring to the death of his daughter shortly before his own.

Patient Grizel : a reference to the story of Griselda told by Boccaccio and by Chaucer.

Agrippina : Apparently a reference to the younger Agrippina. According to Tacitus, her exclamation was "Ventrem feri."

Occidar modo Imperet : I am struck down upon his command.

Carcanets : properly a necklace or a band for the hair; Slater's rapture seems to have led him to overstep the confines of lexicography.

quick : in the double sense of alive and rapidly.

mobled Ocean : muffled.

Whale . . . Jonah's Pulpit : See *Jonah*, 1. 3 etc.

Trees six-and-sevens toss'd : tossed at sixes and sevens, an old dicing term. There was a great storm the day before Cromwell's death.

Sixty-six : See *Revelations*, 13. 18. The number of the beast as given is 666 or in some texts 616. The beast seems to have been a symbol of the Antichrist and the Roman emperors, and so was transferred in the Reformation to the Church of Rome.

Cromwellines : members of his family buried with him.

Royal 'Change : word-play on the Royal Exchange.

Moons Hieroglyphick : the symbol of the moon.

Trucking : bartering.

Peeeces of God-like durance : flesh.

Wembs : bellies.

Anthropophagize : turn up side down.

Breaking : in two senses, going bankrupt, and breaking into parts so that the corpses they had eaten might respond to the divine command for the resurrection of the body.

solemnise : commemorate.

Elias-Soul . . . Elisha : See *2 Kings*, 2. 1 etc.

That . . . This . . . : the Latin *hic . . . ille* construction.

The Nine Worthies grace-chymickt Quintessence : The astral substance of the Nine Worthies transmuted into gold by grace.

Amboynd's Blood-shed's Cure : In 1622, the Dutch massacred the English settlers at Amboynd in the East Indies; and, in 1654, Cromwell forced the Dutch government to pay £300,000 as compensation to their relatives.

The note to the right of the *Epitaph* reads : "To be sold by Isaac Pridmore at the Golden Falcon near New Exchange. 1658."

A RHETORICAL RAPTURE AS COMPOSED INTO A FUNERAL ORATION At the Mournfull Moving of His HIGHNES Stately EFFIGIES from SOMERSET-HOUSE.

By Mr. Slater. H

*Sic mea cum vestris valuisse vota Britanni,
Non esset exiguus tanti ploraminis aëtor,
Tunc, inis Armis, nos Te potiremur O Cromwel*

HAD not our *Sins* or our *Prayers* prevail'd,
We might have now for them, not *Thee* bewail'd:
Thou thine *own Arms* enjoy'd, we joy'd in *Thee*;
Nor had there been this grand Disparitie,
So mean a *Muse* mourn so *Heroick* Worth
But our kind *Angel* brings *Fame's* Treasures forth.

Fame founds the *Villanities* which *Thou* bequeaths
Christendome, crowning *Thee* with *Laurel* wreaths.
Seventh *Henry's* Chappel may *Thy Corps* entombe,
But for *Thy Monuments* the *World's* the room: (please
Seventh *Henry's*, or *Cromwell's* Chappel, which you
Call it; or, to Them Both, *Chappel of Ease*;
Or, *Honour's Cabinet*, or, *Valours Tent*;
To repose in, after the *Day* is spent,
To rise at sound of *Trump*, clad cap a pe
In bright Armour of *Immortalitye*.

But lo! *Mist Cromwell* to an *Abbey* goe:
The name of *Abbeys* is to *Cromwell's* Foe:
'Tis true, That *Nobles* zeal was very hot;
According unto *Knowledge*, Was it not?
Knew *He* not too-too-well the *Tromperies*,
The fond *Fripperies* of the *Friaries*,
Dull *Abbey-lubbers* glutinous *Luxury*;
Zeal qualified thus, though hot, is not dry;
Not so dry, to swallow them at a gulp,
The *Crimes* of *Abbeys* did themselves eat up.

Go *Cromwell* then, down to the *Abbey* go,
Down to thy *mother bow*: *Thy Daughter* (know)
Toll'd thy *Great Bell*; the *Prim-rose* fading young,
The old *Stink-Gilly-flower* could not last long.

Go, Honorably down, to *Thy long Home*,
Thy Mother Earth hath deck'd *Thee* up a room:
Ah! Kind *Mother*, that never forsaketh
In life time *Man* of her *Fruits* partaketh,
And dead, into her *Bosome* is receiv'd:
Such kindness, not known, might not be believ'd:
Patient Grisels *Passive* *Great Grandmother*
We dare not in be-dull'd silence smother
Top of our *Kindreds* so stupendous *Kindness*,
Left *Ingratitude* blast us to *Blindness*:
To give thy children *Bread*, Thou suffering
Long furrows in thy *Back*, and they whittling
The while, and when that we (*Clods of Clay*) must
At length come to our selves, *Dust* unto *Dust*,
Thy very *Bowels* be digg'd up for us;
Why dost Thou suffer? Why we serve *Thee* thus?
Like *Agrippina* art Thou upon it set
To cry *Oscidar modo Imperat*?
To gain thy *Dirt-Blood* Off-spring *Heavenly Crowns*
Without a *Tear* courting their heavy wounds?

Go *Cromwell* peaceably, to thy long *Home*,
There needs not any bulging to make room:
Divine *Eliza's*, and Sixth *Edward's* *Dust*
Deposited in rich *Caricants*, in trust
Till glorious morn of *Resurrection*,
Will (in a *Land-skip* of th' *Ascension*)
To congratulate thy *Sereness*, rise,
Flying quick into thy *Followers eyes*:
Whence such an *Inundation* of *Tears*,
That out-vied *Thamez's*, shrinking with *Fears*,
Glides ghastly to the *Main-Guard* for recruit:
The mobled *Ocean* (as its *Natives*, mute
At the *Starting news*) flows to th' *Funerall*
Of his *Great Master*, and out-weeps 'em all:
The trickling *Brue* blazoning, All *Strike-fail*
To *RICHARD*; *Oliver's* *Blazing Star*, the *Whale*,
Flaming *Comets* *Drumman* hold,
But *Whales*, extinct, *Divinity* unfold:
Jonah's *Pulpit*, (dead) turn'd *Prophet*, shew'd *Thee*
Thy *Death*, swallow'd up into *villanerie*.
Trees six-and-sevens toll'd: the *Storm's* *Deerp-witty*.
While *Sixty-six* throws out the *Seven-Hill'd City*,
Griev'd *Tyber*, crimson'd with *Companions* gore,
New-flecks in her own walk *Rames* livell'd *Whore*:
How's *Babylon Babel'd*! Her *Merchants* cry,
Ruining *Storm*, run'd, echoes as I.

Go from this thy brave *Houfe of Somerset*
To a braver, trimm'd with *Thee* our *Summer set*:
Sun-like, Go down into thy *Western Vault*:
Our *Great Generals* *Bride-chamber* let us call't;
CROMWELLS and *Cromwellines* *True-Lovers-Knot*,
Till to *Glory* waked, Their *Gloomy Grot*
To rest in, or the *Suns* cool-silent *Shade*;
Where, *Worms* do drive a very subtle *Trade*
I'th *Royal Change* of (the *Moons* *Hieroglyphick*)
The *Arch'd Vault*; by the *Mysterious* trick
Of *Bartering* growing big as *Burgeffes*,
Trucking their *Ships* of *Prince-worm* *Tafferies*
For whole pure *Peeces* of *God-like* *durance*
But (see the *Wit* of *Justice*!) though t'advance
The selves a while by gounnandizing gains,
They neither *Day* nor *Night* spare any pains,
But to *Corpulentize* ravenous *Wombs*
Anthropophagize even *Royal Stems*;
Vengeance at last doth *Covetousness* repay,
All *Merchant-worms* quite ureaking on *Doomsday*.

Go to thy *Monumental Home*: 'tis our part
To attend *Thee* to thy *Tombe*; where each *Heart*
Entombing *Thee* our entombed *Center*,
We, *New Monuments*, mongit the *Old* shal enter
In *doleful March*, slowly to solemnize
Our bounden *Loyaltie* in free-flowing *eyes*.
Stand there, like *Cristal Cloud*-pointing *Pyramid*
Carved by *Angels* for *Great Brittain's David*.

Providence's second *Smethcart*: There, Stand
Dictator (of the first word of *Command*)
To *Englands* *Senators*; who, to *Her* true,
Can (best knowing *Casars* and *Senates* due)
Dominion-debates make like *That*, unite;
Arm *Hands* abroad, not *Heads* at home to fight.

Stand a *Mirror* to *Christian* *Magistrates*,
A *Terrour* stand to *Papish* *Potentates*,
Stand an *Honour* to *Seventh Henry's* *Pile*,
An *Horror* to *Enemies* of *This Isle*:
Stand, in thy fair *Effigies*, erect,
Admired *Center* of all *Eyes*: *Reflected*
The *Royal* rays of thy *Majestick* form
Calmly on thy *Spectators*; let no storm
Intwist thy *Brow* at an approaching *Foe*,
But seeing *Thee* he will a *Convert* goe.

Go *Cromwell* then, Down to the *Abbey* goe,
Down to thy *Mother Earth*: From *Heaven* know
Honour keeps pace with *Thee*, unto thy *Tombe*;
Nor will it there forsake *Thee* (as with some)
And back go with the *Heralds*; but fairly
Hovering o're *Thee*, out of thy *memory*
Brood numberless *Protectors* to this *Isle*,
Who shall make *Babylon* frown, and *Syon* smile.

The *World's* chief *General*, march to thy long *Home*,
March on thy *Brave Horse* to the *world's* chief *Tombe*,
Thy *Eliza-Soul* long since march'd away,
The *Mantle* falling on our *Elijahs*!

Thy *Souls* march upwards was, thy *Corps* march down:
Thy *Soul* hath free *Reward*, *Corps* due *Renown*:
The *Angels* *Treble-Anthem* That singing is,
Adam's *Heavy Slumber* debasing *This*,
But *This* to *That* shall rise, *That* welcome *This*;
Prerogative and *Privilege* joyn in bliss:
March, March away; March down to thy long *Home*,
Millions of *Mourners* sigh to see *Thee* come.

Ye pretty chirping *Choristers* of th' *Air*,
Warbling wilde *Elgies*, nimbly repair
To His *Chariot*: there, *Melody*-spent, die,
Out-doing *Art* in *Natures* *Poetrie*:

But yet hold out, 'till ye have sung *Him* home,
To pick *Him*, out your *Feather-beds*, one of *Downe*.
Great Grandmother of walking *Worms*, grave *Earth*,
Our *Dry Eyes* may portend deliver'd *Dearth*;
Admit our *Plea*, Only light *Sorrows* whine,
The *Grandeur* of our *Groans* does surmount *thine*:
But *Dame*, left *You* gravell'd with *groans*, falter,
All-a-row, *Souldiers*, row *Him* home by *Water*.

Phoenix of *Princes* *Fame* doth *OLIVER* own,
And prophecy'ng thus, o're the *World's* now *howne*,
An *Angels* *Quill* dip't in *Babylons* *Blood*,
Shall make My *CROMWELL* fully understood:
Till then (*Muses*, *Rhetrick*, shortning thy rate)
OLIVER's own *Acts* *CROMWELL* best celebrate.

THE EPITAPH.

Stay, *Pilgrim*, Stay; Tread gently; Mourn a while
O're that rests under, Th' Honour of this *Isle*:
Englands *PROTECTOR*, Victorious *OLIVER*:
Europe's *Arbitrator*: The *World's* *Wonder*:
The *Nine* *Worthier* grace-chymick *Quintessence*:
Diamond of *Saints*: *Darling* of *Providence*:
Amboyas *Blood-thed's* *Cure*: A *Pearl* i'th *Eye*
Of *Romes*, *Spaines*, *Univerfal* *Monarchie*:

Who broke the *Triph-Harp*: the *Welch* new-strung:
Refin'd *Parliaments*: did old *Scots* new-dung:
Was wise *Servant*: a religious *Master*:
Provident *Parent*: Bounteous *Lord*: no *Waster*:
Captives *Ransomer*: poor *Pilgrims* *Patrone*:
Champion 'gainst *Gods* *Foes*, *Chaplain* to his *owne*,
Hast, *Pilgrim*, Hast; Trip nimbly hence, Be gone:
Left free in *Tears* Thou freezt into a *Stone*.

22 9 19

To be sold by the Printers at the
Golden Palace near the Mint
in London 1658.

A GUILD-HALL ELEGIE UPON JOHN BRADSHAW

By O.P.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 22 (5))

THOMASON seems to date this broadside March 9th, 1659, that is, according to our reckoning of the calendar, 1660, as the reference to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament attests. John Bradshaw (1602-1659), a London lawyer of good family, was elected rather against his will the president of the court to try Charles I; and his name heads the signatures of the death-warrant. He was a member of the council of state from its formation in 1649, but opposed the protectorate and denounced Cromwell's usurpation of power. The abdication of Richard Cromwell on May 25th, 1659, brought back into power the Long Parliament, and restored something of Bradshaw's influence. In spite of illness, he tried to support the power of Parliament against the army; but died in the midst of the turbulence that preceded the Restoration. His body, like Cromwell's, was exhumed in January, 1661, and the head exposed to public obliquy. Bradshaw's death was celebrated in several elegies, chiefly satiric, for the times were turning against the Puritans. The Latin legend at the foot of the broadside, "Sic hilariter luget. O.P." (thus joyously O.P. bewails) gives but slight clue as to authorship. O.P. was used, sometimes ironically, to refer to Oliver the Protector; but here it is more probably the actual initials of the elegist.

Melpomene . . . *Clio* : the Muses respectively of tragedy and history.

Horse-Leech : a blood-sucking, aquatic worm.

full of blood . . . *anger* : usually cholera rather than blood was the humor associated with anger in the old medicine.

fuddle : tippie.

Stone-horse : stallion.

Milton, who slandered the Kings Book : a reference to Milton's *Ἐκονοκλαστής* (1649). His contemporaries regarded him in the light of politics rather than of literature.

Rump : The Rump Parliament, consisting of the most extreme Puritans, dissolved by Monk in February, 1660.

Needham : Marchmont Needham (1620-1678), Puritan pamphleteer and physician.

Peters : Hugh Peters (1598-1660) Independent divine, and London agent for the Colony of Massachusetts. He was executed at the Restoration for supposed complicity in the death of Charles I.

John Canne : Puritan printer and divine, pamphleteer and Biblical expositor.

Bencher : a student of law, or a lawyer, at one of the Inns of Court.

Bordell : brothel.

Scythian : The Scythians were supposed to use the skulls of their enemies as cups and to drink blood.

miscreant : playing on the etymological sense of misbeliever.

Termagant : originally Saracen.

Prometheus : For stealing fire from heaven, he was chained by Zeus to a pillar, where an eagle perpetually fed upon his liver.

Monster in the Fens of Lerne : The hydra slain by Hercules in the marches of Lerna in Argos.

bowels : i.e. bowels of compassion. Cf. *John*, 3. 17.

Caligula : Roman emperor, A.D. 37-41, a byword for an insane and cruel tyrant.

Fact : in the legal sense of criminal act.

Center : the earth, the centre of the cosmos according to the old geocentric astronomy.

G U I L D - H A L L E L E G I E,

Upon the F U N E R A L S of that Infernal Saint

I O H N B R A D S H A W

President of the High Court of Iustice,

 Ome four *Melpomene* and ill-look'd *Clio*,
Help me to grieve while that I fetch an hi ho
From th' very bottom o' my drooping breech,
To solemnise the death of this Horse-Leech,
So full of blood that he e'en burst with anger,

To think that he could fuddle it no longer.
And now rehearse his virtues, O yee Muses
Whom no body (He warrant you) accuses.
And first his Justice, pictur'd like a Spinster
Weighing of thread, was well known at *Westminster*,
Where he was President of that highest Court,
That had no Law neither Precedent fore.
What havock did he make of Kings and Princes;
Just as a proud Stone-horse that kicks and winces
In his new trappings, to be cloath'd in Scarlet
As all men say, seem'd a most glorious Varlet.
His Justice was as blind as his Friend *Milton*,
Who slandered the Kings Book with an ill-tongue.
He was not partial, favoured not the mightie,
Nor King, nor Duke, nor Earl, nor Lord, nor Knight a,
His Sword was keen, a very desperate cutter,
With it he durst 'gainst *Oliver* to mutter,
But Not was wroth (and would had heard the vogue,
Of all the People) swore he would hang the Rogue,
But then my Muse had been in such a dump,
As at this present is this dissolv'd Rump
His courages next, for in his own defence,
He was courageous ev'n to impudence,
A vertuelately deemed Cardinal,
Needful as Jacks are to a Harpical;
He and his *Needham*, *Peters* and *John Cawne*,
Wholly ingroft it-----
His temperance next, sure he was no wench
As I can hear, unlesse while he was Bench
He kept a private Bordell in *Grass Lane*,
Who highly now may vapour of his raising,
Vine he dispis'd, blood was his pleasing drink;
He was a well-bred *Scythian* I think.
His charity succeeds, twas wisely great,
Since all his cunning Alms and Gifts did treat



For life, expecting every hour like *Cain*
By the next obvious person to be slain.
His Table free, the reason lies at door,
The Cook would poyson him, but not the poor.
He was a zealous holy miscreant,
Either for Turk, or Jew, or Termagant.
A comprehensive, and capacious soul
Was all, yet not Red Herring, Fish or Foul.
And now a Quill pluckt from the Vulturs wing
That feeds upon *Prometheus* higher bring,
His mercy to emblazen, come you Furies
From th' *Stygian* sooted Rivers that impure is,
Your baleful dress put on that we may see
The true resemblance of his lenity,
Behold his pity and compassion yern
Like th' jaws o' th' Monster in the Fens of *Leene*
At all that came before him, see his bowels
Pricking within him, as they were spur-rowels.
How did he wrest and force the Law with Art,
I wot in favour and o' th' Prisoners part!
He did not over-rule both truth and reason,
With th' Courts Nonfensical and surly Treason;
Not cruel he! his hands and heart did bleed
Continually, and did always need
A source, a sprinkling would not serve the turn,
No blood contented him, but in an Urne.
The *Scythian* Queen could only fill his wish,
That blood presented in a deep broad dish.
And now thou'gt gone, the worst *Caligula*
That at one blow diddt three Kingdoms slay!
Where shall I hide thee in perpetual night,
That neither Name nor Fact may come to light;
The Center reels and staggers at thy dust,
As if some Ravishers it suffer'd lust,
Hell will not silent keep its chiefest crime.
The Grave will presently throw up thy slime;
Return then whence thou cam'st to th' Parliament;
That House of Darknesse, thy encouragement;
And may a *Barre* be ever on those dores,
Till Vengeance come and pay thine and their Scores.

94. 7 1659

' Sic hilariter loquitur, O. P.

A PINDARIQUE ODE ON THE MURDER OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

CHETHAM'S LIBRARY, MANCHESTER (HALLIWELL, 2777)

THIS piece illustrates the Pindaric type of elegy that the Royalists commonly used after the Restoration for the commemoration of their dead. It is "Pindarique," not in the strict sense of following Pindar's arrangement of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, but is written rather in that free stanzaic structure that Cowley introduced as an imitation of Pindar's manner. Such poems were usually printed in pamphlets or volumes, and are rare on broadsides. In the present case, the printing of the sheet on both sides takes it out of the strict broadside category. The reference to the "happy Entry" of Charles II dates it as belonging to the Restoration in 1660. The date of the execution of Charles I given at the top suggests that it was written, as were a number of similar poems, to commemorate the feast of his martyrdom and perhaps for use in church on that day.

All dark and gloomy was th' unhappy Day : This would seem to be a statement of literal fact.

Tyrants : Cromwell's.

Calamities . . . Upon Jerusalem : See *Matthew*, 27. 51-54; and *Mark*, 15. 38.

Yet was the Guilt almost the same etc. : The comparison of the royal martyr to Christ was not uncommon in Royalist pamphlets of the day, and was used even by Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion*.

Lust strait usurp'd the injur'd Throne : The usual false aspersions cast by Royalists on Cromwell's private character. There was, however, some truth in his desire to found a dynasty.

Albion . . . the sport and shout Of all her Neighbors : Certainly not a true picture of England's position in Europe under the Protectorate.

cry'd . . . reply'd : The effect of echo became almost a convention of the Cowleyan Pindaric. Cf. Dryden's *Ode on Alexander's feast* :

A present diety, they shout around;

A present diety, the vaulted roofs rebound. . .

from the Martyrs Blood etc. : Cf. the modern saying that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, which would seem to go back to Tertulian, "Semen est sanguis Christianorum."

Sentence : aphorism.

God-like Heroes etc. : the usual convention of panegyric hyperbole.

Charles his : the apostrophe of the old possessive ending in the seventeenth century was mistakenly supposed to be a contraction for *his*.

shade . . . Noon-tide : a badly mixed figure.

Polish, Traiterous Policies : The Henrican articles (1573) made the throne of Poland elective, and reduced the king to a mere puppet. Wladislaus IV struggled in vain against the consequent chaos; and his successor, John Casimir, reaped the whirlwind, and in 1655 was driven from the throne by Russia and Sweden and the treachery of his own nobles.

Defender of the Faith : The title conferred by the Pope on Henry VIII for his writing against Luther in 1521, and retained by all subsequent British sovereigns.

A PINDARIQUE ODE.
ON THE
MURDER
OF
King Charles the First,
January the 30th 1648.

I.

MY Muse, joyn mournful Voice to mournful Strings,
And play as mournfully as now you sing
The last sad Tragick Scene of our great martyr'd KING.
All dark and gloomy was th' unhappy Day,
and the unwilling Sun
Refus'd his daily Race to run,
Nor the least Beam of Brightness would display;
Black as the Tyrants Heart that did the Nation sway.
We fear'd (and very justly too)
That Heaven would pour all its Vials down,
And send worse Plagues than ever *Ægypt* knew,
the wretched Island to undoe,
the wretched Isle deserv'd to be
dig'd up, and cast into the Sea
For the dire Sin of its own Progeny.

II.

We've heard of the Calamities God sent down
Upon *Jerusalem*, his own lov'd Town,
What Plagues, what Ruines, did ensue,
What Blood, what Desolations, did pursue
When they had crucifi'd the Eternal King;
Though that was richer Gore,
Yet was the Guilt almost the same,
Never any Sin
Since that, of deeper Dye has been,
Nor ever was before.
When the Eternal Son of God did dye,
The Temple's Veil was rent,
And fearful Signs and Wonders fill'd the Firmament;
So when the horrid Blow was given,
It frighted Earth, and startl'd Heav'n.
In vain *Astrologers* their skill did try:
all must in *Chaos* lye,
When Rebels rule, and God-like Kings must dye

III.

Ah, curst effects of *Civil Wars* !
 And lawless Lust, and impious Rage
 Of a rebellious, Factious Age.
 Thus did the Hands and Feet rebell,
 And 'gainst their Sovereign Head to Civil Discords fell,
 Reason depos'd and gone,
 Lust strait usurp'd the injur'd Throne,
 and swore 'twould reign and rule alone:
 And what but Ruine could be e're the Fate
 Of such a rude, ungovern'd, head-strong State ?
 Let, gracious Heaven, never more this Land
 Fall under the dire Vengeance of thy Hand ;
 No more let *Albion* be the sport and shout
 Of all her Neighbours round about.
 Ah ! wretched *Albion*, then they cry'd ;
 Ah ! wretched *Albion*, then the Gods and Men reply'd.

IV.

If it be true
 That from the Martyrs Blood the Churches Greatness grew,
 That for one slain
 Out of his Dust many should rise again ;
 We see the mighty Sentence prov'd divine,
 What God-like Heroes sprang from *Charles* his Line,
 What God-like *Phœnixes* did re-aspire
 From out their Royal Father's Funeral Pyre ?
 Just like the Sun after a storm,
 Such was the happy Entry of our *KING*,
 His Royal bounty smil'd on every thing :
 (Out doing Heaven) Pardons he gave
 to every base rebellious Slave ;
 Forgave his Father's Death and his own Sufferings.
 Kind Heaven has *Albion* happy made
 under the God-like *Charles* his shade,
 His Noon-tide Glories all shall rise,
 and mount before him to the *Skies*,
 Too high for any *Polish*, *Traiterous Policies* :
 And Men shall envy us, and call
 The great *Defender of our Faith*, *Defender of us all*.

FINIS.

ROOME FOR A JUSTICE OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JUSTICE WATERTON

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. II. 232)

COPIES of this piece are to be found in both the Luttrell and the Thomason (669. f. 23 (20)) collection in the British Museum. Thomason's arrangement places it in 1660, a date supported by internal evidence. Luttrell notes the price as ½d. John Waterton "of Wapping," so far as it is possible to piece together his biography from references in the *Calendar of State Papers*, seems to have been a considerable merchant and ship-owner and an ardent supporter of Parliament in the Civil War. The government appears to have depended on him for advice and information about anything from a coal monopoly to raise prices to a political riot or the appointment of naval officers. In 1650, he would seem to have been "imprisoned at St. Malo's, cruelly used, forced to fly for his life, and denied justice in France." From 1651 to 1655, he appears as Justice Waterton, and then drops out of sight, perhaps because his rather extreme politics no longer suited those in power. Whether this broadside of 1660 actually marks his death, or whether it is merely an example of clever journalistic prolepsis on the occasion of the Restoration is uncertain. The piece was probably written by some unlearned resident of his neighbourhood who had suffered from his official censure. It is also of interest as illustrating the revival of ballad singing about the time of the Restoration.

indite : indict i.e. accuse; a punning use. Neither this spelling, nor the sense as a noun are recorded in *N.E.D.*

Psalter : reference to the Calvinistic custom of singing Psalms on the way to the grave.

water . . . Psalter . . . laughter : This rhyming, as well as some matters of style and grammar, suggest that the elegist was neither a poet nor a man of education.

He hath stole . . . many a heavy plank : Perhaps a libel; but in 1647 he was importing lumber from Ireland for Parliament; and the complaints of an Exeter merchant suggest that his privateers were not too scrupulous as to whose ships they took as prizes.

Green-bank : near the docks in Rotherhithe, in the east end of London, south of the Thames.

Calker : This passage, and a reference in the Epitaph show that he started life as a ship's caulker.

Saint : Puritan.

his Ropes : i.e. the hangman's.

Okum : oakum; coarse fibre obtained from untwisting old rope; used in stopping leaks in ships.

Col. Hewson : From an "honest shoemaker," he became a colonel in the Parliamentary army and one of the regicide judges of Charles I. He was an Independent of the extreme type, and was knighted by Cromwell. He died in exile after the Restoration. The present attack on him is doubtless due in part to his energetic suppression of a tumult of the London 'prentices in 1659, which gave rise to several lampoons and caricatures. According to Pepys, a gibbet was set up in Cheapside with Hewson's picture on it.

blink : Obviously a forced rhyme, possibly a noun coined from the old verb, *blenke*, to cheat.

pragmatick : public-spirited, with a bad connotation.

the fools colour yellow : Perhaps because yellow is the colour of jealousy; and a jealous husband seemed to the seventeenth century a figure of fun.

His ten Groats etc. : legal fees.

Lobs Pound : jail.

Sunday's Round : for enforcement of church-attendance etc. See the last line of the Epitaph.

round house : jail.

East : i.e. the east end of London, the City, as opposed to the Court at Westminster.

jarre . . . Barre : in both legal and tavern senses.

Quest : official inquiry. Cf. inquest.

Sway : authority, sovereign power.

Ratcliffe High-way : a street in the east end of London.

auker : awkward.

Crosse : crosse-grained.

Roome for a JUSTICE

OR,

The Life and Death of Justice WATERTON:

Together with his Epitaph.

Presented to the view of the Citizens of London, and the rest of the good people at
Wapping, Ratcliffe, and St. Katherine's.

To the Tune of *A Sunday Bak'd-Pudding.*

A Justice that never could tell how to write,
But excellently skill'd in the way of indite,
Has now bid adieu to this blessed light.

Never the like was seen.

He is ferrying o're the *Stygian* water,
With publick curses instead of the Psalter,
And sung to his Grave with ev'ry mans laughter,

Never, &c.

He hath stole in his years many a heavy plank,
And sold it for's Wenches that liv'd at Green-bank,
But the Divil at last hath paid him his thank,

Never, &c.

He was once a wondrous painful Calker,
And to his death a wonderful Talker,
I hope his Ghost will be no Walker,

Never, &c.

By these good ways he grew to a Saint,
And in the profession never was faint,
Till Old Nick told him, Sir further you may'nt,

Never, &c.

Has sprung a leak, and now he is sunk
That has punish'd so many for being but Drunk,
There's no cure for him now in the *Sovereigns* pump,

Never, &c.

But he hath mist the Hangman, the Divil choak him,
Though without all doubt the fiend will smoke him,
He bought all his Ropes to make him *Okum*,

Never, &c.

There never was any so well stopt a chink,
Unless it were Col. *Hemson* the blink;
Yet such an Ea'my to them that love Drink,

Never, &c.

A petulant bold pragmatick fellow,
A Knave deckt up in the fools colour yellow,
That when he should speak did use for to bellow,

Never, &c.

But now he is gotten into the dark
I marvel what he will doe for his Clark,
His ten Groats, a Noble, and sometimes a Mark,

Never, &c.

And now he is quietly under the Ground,
And secur'd in a worse then his or *Lobs* Pound,
Where shall now he go his *Sunday's* Round,

Never, &c.

That such a Heaven-driver of the State,
And made the Offenders come up to his Rate, (Gate
Should misst th' high-way, & enter the D. vels broad

Never, &c.

What then shall we do with the round house & Cages
What needs there the question, who is't that engages,
The Fiend that employ'd him, hath paid him his
Wages,) *Never, &c.*

He was one of the wise men of the *East*,
His Worshipful Chops and Teeth never Ceast,
At a Jury's or the Sessions Feast,

Never, &c.

He sat very Gravely on the Bench,
But never favou'ed Woman or Wench,
Tis said they formerly gave him a wrench,

Never, &c.

Instead of peace he was Justice of Jarre,
All his delight was plac'd in a Bare,
As much as before twas in *Pitch and Tarre*,

Never, &c.

That trade had taught him to know a Flaw,
With the help of his spectacles in the Law,
But we all know who has him in his Claw,

Never, &c.

If he be as tis like such a troublesome Guest,
Below as here, where he was never at Rest,
He's to be foreman of the infernal *Quest*.

Never the like was seen.

An Epitaph.

Here lyes the Sway of Ratcliffe High-way
That arched with his Frown, all Wapping Town,
This reverend dust is the reliques of a Justice,
Worms come not again to trouble his Brain,
If the Coffin be not tite, we shall nere be quit
A Rascal so auker was nere made of a Calker,
He was Crosse and Contrary, and from the Proverb did Vary,
Liv'd by Water and so, yet dyed ev'ry mans Foe.

Reader stay not on's Grave, but passe by the *KNAVE*,
For you'll be tane in the Lurch, for your staying from Church.

22: 9: 49

Never the like was seen.

London, Printed for Charles Gustavus.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

By THO. HOWARD

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 55)

AS in the larger broadsides on Blake and Waterton, Luttrell has marked the price, ½d., in the upper left-hand corner. The punctuation of this, as of several earlier pieces, is particularly erratic. Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1639-1660) was the third son of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. In 1652, Cromwell allowed him to leave England, and he joined his mother in Paris, but shortly quarrelled with her because of his refusal to embrace Roman Catholicism. He died of the small-pox a few months after the Restoration, greatly lamented because of his many virtues and his great personal charm. Sir John Denham bewailed him as "more than human," and there were several broadside elegies on his death. The example of the house of Norfolk has made the name of Thomas Howard so common that the author of the present elegy is impossible to identify; but his lack of education suggests that the *British Museum Catalogue* is mistaken in describing him as "Gent."

At his departure. . .

in a doubt : in fear.

World was —sed, when we lost the Glory. . .

Orgentiall : Oriental? perhaps a printer's error.

Cornation : Carnation. The sixteenth century form is coronation, in allusion to the use of the flower in chaplets.

Made composition : agreed.

That such a tender Branch . . .

Ceraphins : Seraphim.

Coronis of stars : Coronis seems here to be confused with *Corona*, crown.

Ocean : three syllables as in Pope, probably the common pronunciation of the time.

Ararat : The mount of descent. See *Genesis*, 8. 4.

cease us : probably *ease us*.

Our Ancients may. . .

root of Jess : the house of Jesse. See *Romans*, 15. 12.

AN
E L E G Y

On the Death of the Most Illustrious PRINCE HENRY DUKE of
GLOUCESTER, Third Brother to our most Gracious Sovereigne
Lord KING CHARLES the Second, Who Deceased
this present LIFE the 13th. of September 1660.

TOGETHER

With a Commemoration of all his Vertues and Religious Acts, Prudent Counsellis, and
Princely Behaviours both in the Realm of England, and beyond the Seas.

What Sacred Flame? what Glorious light?
Was this: that left the World in such a fright,
his departure all were in a doubt
The Stars were darkned when his Soul went out,
Of this little Cave, which Mortall transitory
World was ~~left~~ when ~~he~~ lost the Glory,
Of such an Orgeriall pearle, we know
Angels Injoy'd him, while we Mourn below:
For such a sweet and Lovely losse as he,
Youngest of years did Blush in his Maturity;
Whole Fragrant smiles, & Crimson coloured Cheek,
In prime of beauties, all might far go seek:
And still will say, not hiding such a one,
The prime Cornation of the Garden gone,
The Earth surrend'rd him, he was to free,
An Orient Fabrick, here with us to keep,
For Angels themselves, on Heaven they,
Made compulsion to take him away:
For whose rich Vertues sweet Society,
Need must they Crown him with Immortality:
O blessed Prince! who thought thy Coronation
Had been so near in this thy Transportation:
Unto a Heavenly Kingdom, all doth know,
But could not we have Crown'd thee here below;
Heavens said nay to that, and with Applause,
Advanc'd thy Soul, to sweet Hallelujahs,
Heavenly Harmonies, Angelical Praise,
circle thy Throne in most Glorious Raies;
Of Triumphant Graces, amongst the holy Dieties,
Whole wonderful Vertues, and Godly Picties,
Exceeds a Solomon, the world doth know,
That such a tender Branch, could vertue shew,
In such abundance, and of such a prize,
The Worlds too little for to Equalize;
His admirable parts he had of late,
Which could give Counsell, to a Church and State:
To all good things, by Nature did incline,
He sprung from such a good and Godly Vine,
O: Royall Decent, and Linage of a King,
Peace, Vertue, and Religion well Grounded in:
His Sacred Flame, no lesse Divine then bright,
That Heaven it self unto him took Delight,
And in an instant open'd on each side
That through the Aire, most gently down did glide,
A curious chariot of ~~Aur~~ culled hew,
That ~~Cerberus~~ and ~~Cerberus~~ most glorious drew,
Guarded by Angels Everlasting Soiles,
Clerke of ~~Aur~~ culled bore the Wheels,

Whereon their Heavenly Banners did display,
To take this seem'd Diety away:
And made a Coronis of Stars to be
His mortall Crown unto Eternity;
An Earthly one was not for his behoof,
Else Heavens did not think it good enough;
For to adorn him with an earthly praise,
Or wreath his sacred Head with laurel bayes:
No no, to Heaven he must soon depart,
And leave a Mournfull Realm without a Heart:
His losse with sorrow doth the Land involve,
But that the Royall State is not dissolv'd:
O! he that truly would Mourn for such a Man,
To find him tears, should drain the Ocean;
And leave no more in't, with a griev'd heart,
Then one Ararat under Noah's Ark:
But can tears cease us, or complaints renew
This Vertuous Prince, that Heavens will not doe,
Except Celestiall, then his purity
Transcends the cry stall apple of the eye;
So then if grief by no means can revive,
'Twill be so happy to keep Fame alive;
And say blest Prince of everlasting praise,
Thy Country gloried in thy youthfull daies.
O glorious Heavens! why wert thou so prone
To extract his immortall Soul from us so soon;
That we more fuller all may here declare
Our plaints, we should lay by our tears which are
Too weak for such a losse; we now shoud slack
With a just sigh, the center and awake
The spirit of Grief, that so our Ancients may
Make our love known in what we mournfull say.
Wee've lost our Prince, a glorious light we miss,
The very of-spring and the root of Jesse,
Which in the highest Heavens now in shrouds
All immortality above the Clouds,
Of eternall blessednesse: O! may we find
Joy in those Royall Branches left behind;
Since that Divine providence hath it so,
Let grief befriend us, that we all may grow
Rich in thy Vertues, and be Noble bent,
To honour thy Relicks in thy Monument:
So ending in thy glorious splendid luster
O: Thrice Renowned HENRY Duke of Gloucester.

22: 9: 19
Jbo. Howar. l.

L O N D O N, Printed for W. Gilbertson.

AN ELEGIE UPON DR. THO. FULLER

By JAMES HEATH

BODLEIAN LIBRARY (WOOD. 429)

THIS piece has already been reprinted in Bailey's *Life of Fuller*. Its "meta-physical" style reflects the manner of Fuller's own prose, the compliment of posthumous imitation being a current elegiac convention. Among Royalists after the Restoration, this style largely gave way to a pseudo-classical restraint in the Jonsonian tradition; but both Fuller and Heath belonged to an earlier generation. Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), author of the *Holy and Prophane State* (1642) and the *Worthies of England* (1662), was an eminent and beloved divine and a Royalist of genial moderation. James Heath (1629-1664) was also a historian and a Royalist. Broadside elegies by him on Bishops Gauden and Sanderson are preserved in the British Museum. His attacks on Cromwell won him Carlyle's characterisation as "Carriion Heath."

Deceased August 15th : more probably August 16th.

Soar'd : the Elizabethan causative use of the verb.

Pisgah Sight : a double reference to *Deuteronomy*, 3. 27, and to Fuller's book, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* (1650).

Holy War : referring to Fuller's life and to the title of his history of the Crusades (1639).

Jacob's Ladder : See *Genesis*, 28. 12.

still : continually.

transcribed . . . compriz'd : As usual, the tense-sign is spelled out when it is intended to be a separate syllable.

Glories sphere : the empyrean?

forbore the Thred : did not interrupt the life of.

Invincible : i.e. Hercules.

quell'd : killed.

our Hercules : i.e. Fuller.

Work : Fuller's *Worthies*, posthumously published in 1662.

squalid : degraded, fallen into contempt.

Injurious Age . . . monstrous Antiques etc. : Probably a double reference at once to the Middle Ages and to the Commonwealth; *Antiques* in the senses of ancients and antics.

our World again : an oblique reference to the Restoration?

Luxury : excess.

Speculation : in the senses of philosophic consideration (cf. *black art* above) and immediate sight.

And if . . . Fame : if Fame be forgetful or sparing.

Art of Memory : referring to a chapter on that subject in the *Holy State* and to Fuller's great reputation for mnemonic accuracy.

AN ELEGIE

UPON

D^R THO. FULLER

That most Incomparable Writer,

Who Deceased *August* the 15th *M. DC. LXI.*

Room for a *Saint*, set open Heavens Gate,
Here comes the *AUTHOR* of the *Holy State*.
See with what *Train* and *Troops* he now ascends
Of *Blest* acquaintance, and *Cœlestial* Friends!
Blest Ones, he comes to make your number more,
His *Life* did much, his *Death* improves your store:
Such modest merit crowds not for a seat,
Bliss covets to be *FULLER* and complete.
A *Cherubs* wing hath borne him to this *Hight*,
And *Heaven* is now in stead of *Pisgab* *Sights*:
His *Holy War* but now is finished,
When the reward of *Glory* crowns his *Head*.
Each *Traff* (like *Jacob's* *Ladder*) still did rise,
Directed Souls, and fixt them in the *Skies*:
There are his *Books* transcribed and compriz'd
Within the *Book* of *Life* Epitomiz'd:

And if th' *Herculean Labours* found a place
Assign'd in *Heaven* by the *Gods*, then *Grace*
So well employ'd and exercis'd here
Will shine far brighter in its *Glories* sphere.

The kinder *Paras* yet forbore the *Thred*
Of that *Invincible*; till *Vice* was dead,
And he had quell'd the *Monsters*, and suppress'd
All growing *Ills*, and set the *World* at rest:
But this our *Hercules* was snatcht from hence
I th' middle of his *Work*, while in defence
Of *squalid* *Vertue* through *inurious* *Age*
Gainst monstrous *Antiques* he a *War* did wage;

Broke off its *Adamantine* bonds of *Sleep*,
The *Dusty* *Marbles* could their guests not keep.
Had rous'd our *World* again, and *Truth* appears
Like *Stoln* *Goods*, by jarring of the years.

Prodigious *Luxury* of *Cruel* *Death*
To stifle *Thousands* through His loss of *Breath*!
Who shal redeem our *WORTHIES* from the grave
When he is gone who them alone could save?
Oft have we strain'd *Caligulas* wish, to make
Death odious for some great and good mans sake
But here how truly sad it fits our *Turn*
Where *Fate* is multiply'd in *FULLER's* *Urn*.

Take then the *Triumphs* of his *Noble* *Pen*
To tell the *World* the *Learned* it are but *Men*:
And that the *resene* of their worth from *Time*
Death in his *Fate* hath made a capital crime.

But know *Illustrious* *Soul* that we do see
Those higher *Reasons* which transported thee
From the black *Art* of *Dark* *Antiquity*
To th' *Speculation* of *Eternity*:
Let the *Beatitudes* there fill thy *Mind*
While we content with what thou leav'st behind;
And if forgetful be, or sparing *Fame*,
Thy *ART* of *MEMORT* shall preserve thy *Name*.

Sir MATTHEW JAMES HEATH.

AN ELEGY UPON DR. JOHN GAUDEN, LATE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER

By JAMES HEATH

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 57)

BROADSIDE elegies on the clergy of the Anglican Establishment are somewhat unusual, especially after the *genre* became definitely associated with Puritanism under the Protectorate. John Gauden (1605-1662), a moderate episcopalian, was appointed in 1643 to the deanery of Bocking both by act of Parliament and with the consent of Archbishop Laud, one of the last preferments to be approved by these two radically opposite powers. In the same year, he was one of the Assembly of Divines, but left that body on the abolition of the episcopacy. The execution of Charles I converted him into a thorough Royalist. After the Restoration, he was successively bishop of Exeter and Worcester. James Heath, the Royalist historian, was also the author of broadside elegies on Fuller and on the Bishop of Lincoln.

spleen : an abdominal organ regarded in the old medicine as the seat of melancholy.

infam'd : made infamous.

pensiv'd : saddened. Marked a nonce-word in *N.E.D.* Another quotation is given.

Coarses : corse, corpses.

Transiently : in four syllables.

different : in three syllables, as often in American pronunciation.

Parcæ : Fates.

parentate : funerate, celebrate the last rites of.

Orpheus : The legendary Greek poet whose beautiful music almost redeemed Euridice from Hades.

Galen : Galenus Claudius, the father of Classical and Mediæval medicine.

Obliged : put under obligation.

First Fruits : According to Feudal law, the payment by the new holder of a benefice of the first year's income to his overlord.

event : outcome.

Chrysostome : golden mouthed, applied especially to St. John Chrysostom, the great preacher and reformer of the fourth century.

Danaan showers : Danaus was a mythological king of Argos who is supposed to have given the city its first adequate water supply.

Translation : playing on the ecclesiastical sense, removal of a bishop from one diocese to another.

54

AN ELEGY

UPON THE
MOST LAMENTED DEATH
Of the RIGHT REVEREND
D^R. JOHN GAUDEN
Late LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER;
Who Deceased on Friday, September 19th 1662. in Worcester.

Now Deaths *Decrees* seem'd to be out of date;
But mark the Spleen of *Unregarded Fate*;
No Learned Funerall had infam'd the Year,
Nor was the State yet pensiv'd with a Tear,
The throng of *Coarſes* bid us only see
And *Transſiently* view Mortality;
But this moſt ſorrowed Herſe commands us *Weep*,
And ſum'd-up Grief as His *Memoriall* keep,
And in the ſwollen *Conſtents* of our Eyes,
Loves Univerſall *Tribute* to Comprize.

Here ſhall the different *Opinions* meet,
And their divided Streams each other greet:
Here ſhall the *Murmuring* Floods in Grief *Conform*,
And their ſad *paſſions* raiſe without a ſtorm:
While to the Ocean of his *Fame* they run,
Not minding whence their *Rivulets* begun;
For in this *Ceremony* all Unite,
And joyne *Devotions* in his Funerall Rite:
Mixing their Sighs and Prayers in concert,
And tax the *Parce* not the *Parliament*.

But let us *parentate* who know to mourn
The Churches ſorrow in this *Prelates* Urn.
And is our *Father*, our *Reſtorer* dead?
Who'l Peace *begin*, or *mediate* in his ſtead?
On whoſe bleſt *Lips* 3 *Gaſping* Realms did wait:
And from his *Oracle* did receive their Fate;
He hath reſign'd the Life he onely breath'd
The *Uſe* to us was long before bequeath'd.

He that the *perplex'd diſcords* of our peace,
With his *Harmonious* Uniſon did ceaſe;
He that the *Gangreen* of the State did cure,
Firſt made it willing, able then to endure;
Open'd the *Splendour* of the *Dawning* day,
And like the *Baptiſt* firſt prepar'd the way:
Him *Orpheus*, *Galen*, Prayers could not ſave,
Nor free the *Captive* from the *Conquering* Grave:
Time was *Obliged*; 'twas in vain to ſue,
Bleſt *Reſtitution*, thy *Firſt Fruits* were *Due*.

For th' *heavenly* powers when they held their *band*
And croſt their *Arms* at *Rebels* bold command;
(When the *Defenceleſſe* Sword had loſt it's *Edge*,
Againſt that ſcaly *Monster* *Priviledge*;
When its continuall *Renaſcent* Strength,
Gainſt ſingle *Loyalty* prevail'd at length;) Proud with this Champion did the *HOST* deſie,
(Conviſion's greater far then Victory)
And having prov'd him to the wiſh'd event,
Withdrew the *Hero* to his *Heavenly Tent*.

Adieu great *Chryſoſtome*, our *Danaan* ſhowrs,
Shall ever water thy *Sepulchral* flow'r's,
So *Heaven* *PLANTS* thee in a *Diocēſſe*,
By thy *TRANSLATION* to eternall *Bliffe*.

22: 9: 10

JAMES HEATH.

*Michaſſi, a
Sermon pre-
sented before
the L. Geener
Mony and the
Lord Mayor,
&c.*

LONDON, Printed for W. Gilbertſon at the Bible
in Giltſpur-ſtreet without Newgate, 1662.

DEATH'S ENVIOUS TRIUMPH: IN A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF ANDREW LORD RUTHERFORD

By JEREMIAH RICH

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 132)

THE unusually high price of 3d., noted by Luttrell, was doubtless occasioned by the cost of the elaborate picture. The long prose explanation suggests the close relation between the broadside elegy and pure journalism. Andrew Lord Rutherford left the University of Edinburgh during the Commonwealth to serve in the French army. At the Restoration, he returned, was made Lord Rutherford and appointed governor of Dunkirk. In 1663, he was created Earl of Tiveot, and given the governorship of Tangier. The date of his fatal sally against the Moors is sometimes given as May 4th. The author of this piece may well be Jeremiah Rich the stenographer who wrote on Lord Mayor Warner in 1648.

Card : map.

The view will contribute . . . to the piety etc. : Did Rich really think this, or was the statement a mere convention, or a mere cloak for catch-penny journalism?

Gayland : The Emperor of Morocco, celebrated in several plays of the period, most notably in Settle's *Heir of Morocco* in which he is branded as a usurper.

Five—One Hundred : Luttrell doubtless made this correction on the basis of contemporary accounts.

Forlorne of Horse : a picked body of soldiers used for storming parties etc.; shock troops.

Vaile : fall, a survival of the old Kentish dialect form.

Lizbean : doubtless the printer's mis-reading of Lybian.

Lion . . . Rampant . . . was his true Emblem : This heraldic device is the fanciful invention of the poet; Rutherford's shield actually bore three martlets (swifts).

Granado : grenade.

DEATHS ENVOUS TRIUMPH:
IN A
BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF THE
Loss of the Late Incomparable and Excellent
Andrew Lord Rutherford
EARLE of TEVETO, &c.
Killed by an Ambuscadoe of Moors, May the 3d. 1664

M. Hickin



WE present the World with a draught of the fatal Field wherein to the grief and unspeakable sorrow of all Men lyeth Carnaged the Body of that Illustrious and most Heroical Person *Andrew Lord Rutherford* Earl of *Teviot*, together with the Card of the Town of *Tanger* according to the exactest Delineation; wherein he had the honour to command so successfully for his Majesty. The view will contribute a great advantage to the piety of those Persons who would offer their Tears at his Tombs, and the more unaffected be satisfied with the story by these Particulars, which to a great expence we have caused to be Engraven.

As to the Relation of this sad story, the proceeding of it was thus. Upon *May* the 3^d. 1664. the Noble Governour calling to mind a brush he received from *Gayland* that Day Twelve Month, and expecting an onset from him upon account of that success, ordered the Doubling of the Guards of the Town, and a Company of Foot to reinforce the Fort, having also received private Information from a Jew of a part of the *Moors* in such a place, whither he would conduct him; whereupon having left strict Orders concerning the Garrison, he advanced with One Hundred Men to the *Jewes* River, (which you see in the Map) having the Jew with him, and passing the said River, sent a Forlorne of Horse to secure the Adjacent Fields, who seeing no Enemy alighted and fed the Horses, which the *Moors* suffered from their Ambuscadoes, as sure of the whole Party; for upon return of this Forlorne, with their Newes of no Enemy, my Lord marched forward, and commanded his Party to fell down those Adjacent Woods where the Enemy had lurked so often, and done so much mischief; but upon their approach the Enemy issued out, and with great Numbers encompassed this small Party, and finally butcher'd them all, very few escaping with the Newes: — And thus fell the Most Excellent *Rutherford* by the Treachery of a damned Jew, whom the Power and Force of no Enemy could Vanguish. Indeed no Fate could better suite his, nor was any Place but the Field worthy of great Actions.

An ELEGY on His DEATH and Surprisa.

WHERE are not Conquer'd yet, the Sonty MOORE
 Ere long will Vaile, and give his Triumph o're;
 Yet we shall make this bold USURPER bow,
 And fetch the Honour from his black ey'd brow,
 The LAWREL Crown for Warlike TEELEOT made
 Snatcht off by GALLAND, withers in a shade:
 Thy Valour is Eclips'd thou Son of Night,
 Vertue from thy black Soul is darkned quite.
 What Champion fought with greater bravery
 Then fiery TEELEOT, which his Foes slavery
 Could often manifest, each dreadful blow
 Foretold the Enemy of his Overthrow,
 In every Battle he would first engage,
 The LIZBILAN Lion in his Rampant rage
 Was his true EMBLEM, for his Enemies falls
 His Warlike Drums beat doleful Funerals.

While thundering shot did fly back with the breath
 Of fury, each Granado whispering death.

There in the clouds of Smoke with winged Speed

DEATH gallop'd through the Army with a Reed,

To measure out the Graves, of them which he

Had sent to wander to Eternity.

But now the matchless TEELEOT is fall'n down

Unto a Moore, for a more glorious Crown

Then that of LAWREL, nor by VALOUR KILL'D

But treacherous AMBUSCA DOES Hedges fill'd:

To Rise this rich Cabinet of a Prize

More Good, more Glorious, then in *India* lies,

Then boast not Death, being slain by treachery

In this last Combat, he has conquer'd thee.

1664

Jeremiah Rich.

LONDON, Printed for Henry Marshall at the Princes Armes in Chancery-Lane, 1664.

AN EGLEY [SIC] UPON THE MURTHUR OF MR. CLUN

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 44)

WALTER CLUN was one of the group of adventurous players who started to give dramatic performances during the last years of the Commonwealth. After the Restoration, he was an actor and share-holder at the Theatre Royal. Pepys saw him play the title role in Jonson's *Alchemist* on August 3rd. After the performance, he seems to have started home drunk with his mistress and to have been murdered on the way and thrown into a ditch. The date of his death seems to have been the 3rd and not the 2nd, as given in the present broadside; for, according to Genest, *Bartholomew Fair* was the play given on the earlier night.

Theator Royal : A new theatre patented by the King and opened in 1663.

Tatnam-Court : The modern Tottenham Court Road. The substitution of -a- for -o- as in the first syllable was a fashionable affectation of the day. Cf. Lord Foppington in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*.

Tapestry and Clothes of green : Doubtless referring to scenery, the use of which was just coming in : tapestry, apparently, for indoors, and green hangings for out-door scenes.

drolling wits : writers of comic, often obscene, ballads and farces.

Humours : perhaps with a glance at the Jonsonian comedy of humors, comedy dependent for its fun upon the personal oddities of the characters.

more the Stage. . .

Womans dress : Although women actors came in after the Restoration, the Elizabethan custom of using boys for female parts seems somewhat to have continued.

Smug : A minor comic role in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which seems to have been revived shortly after the Restoration.

Bessus : a *miles gloriosus* in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*.

Lieutenant : Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant* was revived at the opening of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on April 8, 1663, with Clun in the title role.

victive : victim.

Plagues worse than Egypts : *Genesis*, 12. 17 etc.

Hyemspear : hemisphere.

still : continually.

check[s] [at] : The metre demands the extra syllable. To *check at a bird* is a term of falconry meaning that the hawk flies at a bird that is not her proper game. Cf. *Twelfth Night* II, v, 124.

44

AN
E G L E Y
UPON THE
Most Execrable MURDER. of
Mr. CLUN
On of the COMEDSANS of the THEATOR ROYAL,
Who was Rob'd and most inhumanely Kill'd on Tuesday-night, being the 2^d of
August, 1664. near Turnam-Court, as as he was Riding to his Country-house
at Kentish-town.

Mourn Royal Stage, your *Poets* pens implore,
To cease to write, since *Clun* can be no more;
Turn all your *Scenes* to black, and let them be,

The Emblimes of our cares; *Cluns* Tragedy:
Go hide your *Tapettry*, and *Clothes* of green;
A^d now go black, *Clun* will no more be seen:
Be dumb you *drolling wits*, not *sighing* stand:
For *Comick Clun* that dy'd by *Tragick* hand.
Mirth learn to mourn, and banish all our *Smiles*,
Since *Clun* has paid the last of his *Bequestes*:
How can my pen bid thy last *Righes* adue,
When I want words to set thy *famines* forth true,
'Tis beyond *Prose*, or *Art* of humane *Verse*,
Thy taking-Humours to their worth renerate
Dye all desire of seeing more the *Stage*,
Nor thou art dead, the *Mirror* of our *Age*.
For in thy *Action* all our *joyes* were seen,
Nor wert thou less to either *King* or *Queen*.
Thou who in *polished* words, and *Womans* dress
Didst *Lovers* passions to the height express
And made us weep, at seeming sorrow swell,
To heere and see like truth a *Fiction* sell
And when we frown'd at some prodigious birth,

Merry
Devil of
Edmun-
son.
How, &c. Broke from thy Lips, to noxious face about.
Thou in a moment chang'd that *Scene* to mirth;
Then *Smug* and *Bejams*, *Faulstiff* and the rout

The Hum-
ourous Li-
cent.
more of
Venice.

Blind in our haste, will *Bessus* run away?
Yet in the mouth of danger get the day;
And thy *Lieutenants* in his *Drink-mad-fights*
To gain those *Trophies* which was but thy right,
O! but *Lago*, when we think on thee,
Not to applaud thy *Vice* of *Flattery*;
Yet must that *Part* never in our thoughts dye,
Since thou didst A^d, not mean that *Subtily*:
Thou all of all, and only A^dor he,
That ere trode *Stage* in *English* *Comedy*.
But *Hellish* Fiends, what *Devil* reign'd in you,
To Rob and Murder him that fed you too?
Could not his *Money* your curst spleen abate,
Without he sell a victive to your hate?
What *Execrations* shall my pen indite,
Against such Rogues that *Eclips'd* *Clun* our *Light*?
Plagues worse then *Egypt* be your portion here:
And may you never mount *Heavens* *Hyemspere*:
Could I say more, or with you worse I would,
Therefore ile hold, for fear I wish you good,
But Oh, black death, something ile say of thee,
For thou didst act among this treachery,
And thy hand did seal our poor *Cluns* death;
Who oft us pleas'd with (that you took) his breath:
O thou unkind and mortal foe to man,
Who still art blind, yet checks all thou can:

London, printed by Edward Crouch dwelling on Snow-hill.

22: 9: 19

A MITE FROM THREE MOURNERS: IN MEMORIAL OF THOMAS GLASS

By A.C.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 56)

THIS piece is a good example of the extended and elaborate broadside lament as used by the Puritans, or Non-conformists, as they are more properly called after the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Of Thomas Glass, no certain record remains. The British Museum contains no works attributed to his pen; he is not in Calamy's list of ejected Non-conformist ministers, though he was clearly a Puritan, and Wigan is described as "his Fellow-Labourer." A Thomas Glass appears in the *Calendar of State Papers* in 1664 and '65 as suspected of plotting against the government, but one cannot be sure of his identity. John Wigan may be the "Mr. Wigan" whom Calamy mentions as a candidate for orders in Manchester at the time of the passing of the Act of Uniformity. All three elegies were doubtless written by divines. The marginal references, though some are rather misplaced and some seem of far-fetched application, give an intimation of the Puritans' knowledge of the *Bible*. The third elegy is significant for its use of symbolism and of dialogue in stanzas, such as occasionally appears in Mediæval drama.

slumbring Virgins etc.: *Matthew*, 25. 1 *et seq.*

Glass as a Moth's now crush'd: Cf. *Job*, 4. 19. The heroic quatrain of Gray's *Elegy* appears in a number of laments during the preceding hundred years. This piece, though printed in a single stanza, is really composed of four such quatrains.

weary, trying day . . . labour'd during heat and cold: Cf. *Matthew*, 20. 1 *et seq.*
intricate: entangle.

his Jealousie: God's. Cf. *Exodus*, 20. 5 *etc.*

secret: retired.

Poor London etc.: referring to the Great Fire of 1666.

bloody War: the Dutch War then being raged.

smite upon the thigh: repent. See *Jeremiah*, 31. 19.

tabring Turtles voice: Cf. *Canticles*, 2. 12.

tiring-Glass: dressing mirror.

Achan: An Israelite who took for himself part of the spoils of Jericho consecrated to religious use, and whose sin brought God's wrath upon the people until it was discovered and punished.

But by such patching 'twill be worse, (alas!) . . .

Hiram: the Tyrian who cast the two pillars of brass for the porch of Solomon's temple.

Jachin and Boas: the names of the two pillars.

Laver: a large brazen vessel for the ablutions of Jewish priests.

Kedar's dwellers: Ishmaelites, usually identified with the Arabs. See *Genesis*, 25. 13 *etc.*

A MITE from Three MOURNERS: 56

In MEMORIAL of THOMAS GLASS, a Pattern of Faith and Patience in the Churches, naturally caring for their state, who died in the Lord, the 30th day of the Seventh Month, 1666. being the same day twelve-month that the beloved John Wigan (his fellow-Labourer, and Witness to the Cause of Christ) was taken from the evil to come.

AN ACROSTICK.

T he Glass that ran so well, is now run out :
H ark slumbering Virgins, hark to know the reason !
O haste to trim your Lamps ; look well about :
M any are foolish, and will slip their scalon.
A mazing Midnights Cry, is sure at hand ;
S uch as have Oyl in Vessels with their Lamps,
G o meet him as your Bridegrooms chosen Band ;
L ift up your Heads : though foolish, fill'd with damps,
A las cry out, Pray give us of your store ;
S ent are to buy, but find Shops open no more :
S inners have also reason to weep sore.

I pray the Church this instant may improve
V nto the end revealed from above. Jer. 13. 7, 8.

AN ANAGRAM.

Thomas Glass : Glass as Meth.
G lass as a Mite's now crush'd, return'd to dust ;
A brittle thing, not to be lean'd upon :
The will of God herein is done, and just,
Though for a time he brightly through him shon,
To great refreshment of his Heritage,
Amidst this hot, weak, weary, trying day ;
Making them wish, and ready to partage,
That he amongst them might much longer stay.
So fired, furnish'd for Gods work was he,
In which he labour'd, during heat and cold,
And therein did obtain a good degree,
In bearing up for God a Witness bold.
But ah ! how different are our thoughts and ways
From God our Lord's, that are so far above ?
That Paube pursuant most unto his Praise,
At first we seldom see, chuse, like or love. W. A.

AN ELEGY.

MY Heart with grief and pain is press'd,
As over-charged in my Breast :
Its stragglings of a divers kinde,
Perplex and intricate my Minde :

Jer. 9. 1, 2.
Isa. 22. 4, 5.
Psal. 55. 5, 6, 7.
Jer. 31. 15.
2 Sam. 18. 33.
Zeph. 1. 7. Phil. 4. 5.
1 Thes. 4. 13.
Psal. 39. 9.
1 John 4. 18.
Psal. 125. 1, 2.

Confus'd Entanglement appears,
Of Sense, with Faith ; of Hopes, with Fears :
Vicissitudes of Up's and Down's ;
Of Smiles, that interfere with Frowns :

SENCE.

O That my Head were as a springing Well ;
Mine Eyes as Rivers, streaming down with Tears !
O that I in some Wilderness did dwell,
Where none might mark my sighs, my groans, my fears !
Where Heart might break for what is come to pass
By Gods fresh breath on my dear Looking-Glass.
F A I T H.

Hold ! hold thy peace for shame ! The Lords at hand ;
Let Moderation now to all appear ;
Let Faith for Soul-submission give command ;
Let Perfect Love check such tormenting Fear.
Thy standing's founded as on Mounts of Brims :
Such our cries for a broken Glass ?

Job 19. 28.
Chap. 6. 14.
1 King. 17. 18.
Philip. 2. 20.
Numb. 27. 16, 17.
Isa. 32. 20.
2 King. 2. 9, 14.
Numb. 11. 17, 25, 29.
Isa. 32. 9, 20.
Isa. 49. 8, 9, 10, 11.
Matth. 9. 16, 17.

As Twins that mutually contend,
To bring which Contest to an end,
I thought it ill to keep them sent ;
But in this order gave them vent.

SENCE.

Have pity (faith she) while I thus bemoan ;
My Sin's remembred, and my Son is slain ;
More natural to care for me was none ;
How can such Losses be repair'd again ?
Who'll sew, and mend the feet of Oxe and Ass,
Besides all Waters, as did painful Glass ?
F A I T H.

Take heed, take heed, lest Flesh be too much cry'd,
In what th' Anointing onely can repair :
Broke Sycamors by Oaks may be supply'd ;
Fall'n Bricks by Stones, to make the Palace fair :
But by such patching twill be worse, (alas !)
New generous Wine will break old Shop-worn Glass.
S E N C E.

Such swift severe dispatches, clad with wonder,
 Bring teaching Lessons to th' obedient Ear;
 Who waiting in the secret place of Thunder,
 Attends with Silence, Rev'rence, Godly Fear:
 At least how Sojourners their time should pass,
 That's measur'd by a running shaken Glass.
 S E N C E.

Hark! hark! how *Sion* sighs, as put to shame;
 My Children scatter'd, Plague doth thousands slay;
 Foot *London* undone with devouring Flame;
 Distress on Land, and bloody War at Sea.
 My Strength is not as Stones, nor Flesh as Brass:
 Why am I broke as Shards, or abject Glass?
 F A I T H.

But what's the cause, in this confused noise,
 So few speak right, few smile upon the thigh?
 Few get by heart the rabbin Turtles Voice;
 What have I done? *Ab Meiser! Is it I?*
 Till such Reflects be made, expect (alas!)
 A toying Millstone, for a tining Glass.
 S E N C E.

I captive sit by *Babel's* Rivers brink,
 My Heart ev'n broke, my Harps on Willows hang;
 When on poor *Sion's* Ruines I bethink,
 I cannot tune the Songs which once I sang.
 Her Heav'ns are Iron, and her Earth as Brass;
 Her Silver Dross, her Diamonds as Glass.
 F A I T H.

Such worldly Sorrow tends to Death at length,
 Not to Repentance; lie not on the ground;
 Take Gospel-Armour; gird thy Loyns with Strength:
 With search the troubling *Achan* may be found.
 If Grace provide thee Shoes of Steel and Brass,
 Thou may'st stand Harping on this Sea of Glass.
 S E N C E.

The Righteous perish, Good Men snatch'd away;
 The rest led captive: (how am I bereft!)
 Most leave their Station; Mighty Men decay.
 If any pleasant Picture yet be left,
 Upon its Cornelins a wind doth pass:
 Thus all my Hopes dash as a Chittal Glass!
 F A I T H.

Those costly Coverings (likely) did provoke
 To burning Jealousie, when over-miz'd;
 And must be dash'd by a displeased stroke;
 As *Moses'* Serpent, when 'twas idoliz'd.
 If that was stamp'd on as a piece of Brass,
 No marvel 'tis so with a beauteous Glass.
 S E N C E.

Mal. 3. 3.
Mal. 10. 30.
Luk. 21. 18. & 12. 6, 7.
1 Cor. 9. 9.
Matth. 6. 26. 10 30.
AB. 20. 37. 38.
Matth. 9. 15.
Prov. 5. 11, 12, 13.
Chap. 17. 16.
2 Sam. 18. 18.
1 King. 7. 13, 11.
John 11. 3, 11, 12.
1 Thess. 4. 14.
Rev. 14. 13.
Isa. 57. 1, 2.
Chap. 52. 8.
1 Cor. 13. 12.
Exod. 33. 5.
Gen. 22. 1, 2.
Heb. 11. 17.
Mark 9. 49.
Matth. 19. 22.
Isa. 22. 24, 25.
1 Cor. 10. 10.
Mal. 3. 17.
Zech. 9. 16. *Isa.* 62. 3.
2 Cor. 9. 7.
Exod. 38. 8.
Chap. 35. 21, ---29.
John 6. 60.
1 Pet. 4. 7.
Lam. 3. 54.
Verf. 18. 19, 20.
Psal. 102. 9, 10.
Matth. 26. 39.
Jer. 31. 15, 16, 17.
Chap. 50. 34.
Isa. 51. 22, 23.
Chap. 42. 11. & 24. 14, 15.
Lam. 4. 8. *Psal.* 68. 13, 14.
Rev. 21. 18, 21.

But He sits by, to do us, make us good:
 If one Hair fall not with special charge,
 If Lilies, Sparrows, have their Paint and Food;
 If God takes care of Oxen, Birds, and Grains,
 He's mote concern'd in his dear precious Glass.
 S E N C E.

Ah that both Saints and Sinners could lament,
 In Town and Country, where this Glass did run,
 The golden hours they foolishly mispent,
 Ere this his Generation-Work was done!
 Had we an *Hiram* skill'd to work in Brass,
Jachin and *Boaz* might be rear'd for Glass.
 F A I T H.

'Tis true, he's sick, and sleeps, whom Jesus lov'd;
 But they that sleep so, shall do well at length;
 They rest from Labours, are from Sin remov'd;
 Weep not! He's gone but to renew his Strength!
 We face to face shall see him: for (alas!)
 We saw but darkly through that transient Glass.
 S E N C E.

Must I be rid'd then of my choice Attire?
 To offer *Isaac*, is an heavy Trial:
 Must I be season'd thus with Salt and Fire?
 How hard a Lesson is this Self-deceit!
 My Nail's remov'd: its weight is fall'n, (alas!)
 (Cups, Flagon, great and small, all broke as Glass).
 F A I T H.

Take heed of murmuring: When God comes down
 To bind up Jewels that on Earth he finds,
 To raise and fix them in a glorious Crown,
 He calls for cheerful Gifts from willing Minds:
 When he would have a Laver made of Brass,
 Mark how each Daughter offer'd up her Glass.
 S E N C E.

These are hard Sayings! Deep to Deep doth call!
 My Flesh begins to fail, my Heart to sink!
 'Tis hard to feed on Vinegar and Gall;
 To eat with Ashes, and with Tears to drink.
 From me (if it be possible) let pass
 Such deadly Draughts, mixt in a breaking Glass.
 F A I T H.

Cease *Rachel's* Weeping: Hope is in thine End;
 Thy Children to their Border God will bring;
 He'll plead thy Cause, thy Right He will defend:
 Then *Kedar's* Dwellers, and the Rock's, shall sing.
 Thy Countenance, that black and scorched was,
 Shall shine in brightness like transparent Glass.
 22: 9: 19 A. C.

Psal. 94. 12, 13.
Micha. 6. 9.
Psalms 81. 7.
Heb. 12. 28, 29.
1 Pet. 1. 17.
1 Cor. 7. 29, 30, 31.
Psal. 44. 9, ---16.
Isa. 51. 18. *Jer.* 21. 6.
Isa. 24. 12. & 3. 25, 26.
Lam. 1. 20.
Job 6. 12.
Jer. 15. 18.
Jer. 8. 6. *Ezek.* 21. 12.
Nahum 2. 7.
Ezek. 7. 16.
Mark 14. 19.
Hos. 5. 15.
Isa. 47. 2. & 3. 23, 24.
Psal. 137. 1, ---6.
Lam. 2. 18. & 5. 15.
Job 1. 13, 16.
Levit. 26. 19.
Isa. 1. 22.
Lam. 4. 1, 2.
2 Cor. 7. 10.
Job. 7. 10.
Ephes. 6. 13, 14.
Job. 7. 13. *Lam.* 3. 40.
Ephes. 6. 15. *Deut.* 33. 25.
Rev. 15. 2.
Psal. 12. 1. *Mich.* 7. 1, 2.
Isa. 57. 1, 2.
2 Sam. 1. 27.
Isa. 42. 22.
Isa. 40. 6, 7.
Psal. 103. 15, 16.
AB. 14. 15, 18.
Isa. 2. 16, 17, 18.
Exod. 34. 14. *Isa.* 42. 8.
2 King. 18. 4.
Jer. 22. 24, 28.
Lam. 4. 20.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
REBECCA PALMER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 121)

THIS piece is interesting as illustrating the well-known Puritan attitude toward the appalling toll of infant and child mortality, and as showing the sort of consolation the Puritans allowed themselves. The style of this elegy makes an interesting contrast with that of the more aristocratic pieces on Abigail Sherard and Anne Grey: one wonders whether in the present elegy, the difficulty of syntax is due to the ignorance of the author or to a lingering influence of the School of Donne. Mrs. Rebecca Palmer seems to have been unknown to fame outside "Th' Assemblies of the Saints" that "were her delight." The use of "Mrs." for an unmarried woman was of course usual at the time, and harks back to its original sense as an abbreviation for Mistress. "A.P.M." probably stands for Anthony Palmer, Minister (1618?-1679), an Independent divine who was driven from his Gloucestershire rectory at the Restoration, and later preached in London at Pinners' Hall. He wrote a number of devotional works, to which his daughter Rebecca doubtless owed much edification.

afflictions of the Saints : perhaps a glance at the difficulties of the dissenters after the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662.

Best time mis-spend etc. : The omission of the relative pronoun in a restrictive clause, as in Elizabethan.

Heart-hypocrisie : apparently the cultivation of religious ecstasy for its own sake, closely akin to Sentimentalism.

Spirit : pronounced as one syllable as in Elizabethan.

prove : approve.

Still : always.

savour : the odor of sanctity.

Before the throne, and sing at Jesus' Feet : the very phrases of nineteenth century revivalism!

Sic Ebullivit etc. : Thus the mourner burst forth.

AN ELEGIE

On the Death of

Mrs Rebecca Palmer.

Daughter of A. P. M. Who died in the Fifteenth Year of her Age, November 17. 1667.

Here lies the Cask, the Jewel it self is gone :
To be refined more, and shine alone.
The Virgin-Soul that breathed in this dust,
Makes haste to Rest, and take her journey must
To Saints above, and there must *Jesus* see,
Whom Saviour, Bridegroom, Love, and Lord, to be
She chosen had : Whose Call betimes she hears ;
Her Ear and Heart inclin'd : VVhen come to years,
Th' afflictions of the Saints was made to choose,
Refusing vain delights ; nor run with those
Who for a while pleasures of sin enjoy,
Best time mis-spent, and precious Souls destroy ;
Hence she repin'd not at a suffering-state,
Reproach for Christ she knew how to estimate.

She lov'd his word, and sat at *Jesus* Feet ;
And tell she would, that all his words were sweet.
Th' Assemblies of the Saints were her delight,
Christ's Voice to hear, and of Him have a sight :
Her Closet-Cries and Tears observed were,
Though she closest retirements sought, with fear,
(As oft express'd) of Heart-hypocrisie ;
Of which she kept a gracious jealousy.

Her gentle sweet Behaviour, Modesty,
Lovely with Natures Ingenuity,

Gave her acceptance with the Saints, won Love
And kindness from them, who her Spirit did prove :
To Parents, tender, chearful, and content,
Still saying, *God will provide, we shall not want* :
To fellow-Children, carriage sweet and dear ;
To Friends, to All, her Words endearing were.
Example to all youth, helpt to deny,
By Choice, fond trifles, and their vanity.

The sins and troubles which her future Age
Might have expos'd her to, which times preface,
Prevented are, by an early sudden flight :
Int' her best Fathers House and Mansion bright :
Her compleat Marriage-state with Christ to make,
Scarce staying a farewell of her Friends to take
Leaving a favour here ; and Those she left
To Bless and Praise, not sorrow, as if bereft.

Go Heav'n-born Soul, soon ripe, till we shall meet
Before the Throne, and sing at *Jesus* Feet :
Till Dust a fitter Cabinet shall be,
When raised up, for Immortality.

22. 9. 49
Sic Ebullivit Affectus.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF SR. WILLIAM DAVENANT

BODLEIAN LIBRARY (WOOD. 429)

THIS piece is notable for the light that it throws upon the life of its subject and also perhaps for its authorship. Sir William D'Avenant (1606-1668) was probably the son of an Oxford tavern-keeper, though tradition makes him an illegitimate son of Shakespeare. He studied for a time at the University, then was a page at Court, and so took to play-writing. During the Civil War, he did service as a soldier, and during the Protectorate produced plays and operas in London. At the Restoration he joined with Killigrew in managing the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He died at his lodgings in the playhouse, April 7, 1668. At least two other elegies and a satiric pamphlet by Richard Flecknoe were written upon his death. The present elegy is clearly a reply to Flecknoe's pamphlet, *Sir William Davenant's Voyage to the Other World, with his Adventures in the Poets' Elyzium*, with a postscript to the actors at D'Avenant's theatre which shows that they had in some wise "disobliged" Flecknoe. The nature of the rejoinder and the knowledge of the stage and of D'Avenant's younger days which it shows suggest that this elegy is the work of Killigrew, who was a page at Court at about the same time as D'Avenant, and whom Flecknoe had but recently attacked in *The Life of Tomaso the Wanderer* (1667).

Twelve days, or more : The decline among Anglicans of the funeral use of elegies made their immediate composition less imperative.

thin Poet : Flecknoe was noted for his extreme leanness.

Express : dispatch.

Imagine him etc. : The welcome of D'Avenant by the dead poets is a reply to Flecknoe's satire, which pictures all the older poets "especially Ben Jonson" as offended at D'Avenant's "discommendations" of their work.

For both their Muses . . . d the Vice of time. . .

Shakespear . . . a brothers part : Evidence against Shakespeare's supposed paternity of D'Avenant.

This . . . that : The respective construction, common in Latin.

Design : plot-structure.

Tom Randolph : (1605-1635), poet and dramatist, one of the "sons of Ben." Cf. the elegy on D'Avenant printed by Logan and Maidment in their *Prefatory Memoir* to his *Works*. D'Avenant seems to have belonged to this same group.

Shirley and Massinger etc. : The characterisation of the late Elizabethan dramatists and poets betokens considerable knowledge and judgment.

comes : Doubtless a mis-print.

ingross : engross, concentrate, collect.

Virtue's sweet looks etc. : the stock apology in this period for the stage.

Chymæra sure doth bear. . .

wrack : ruin.

None to assume her Crown or Robe of State.

Lovers : Referring to D'Avenant's tragi-comedy, *The Platonick Lovers* (1636). The latter part of Flecknoe's pamphlet is taken up with ridicule of D'Avenant's good opinion of his own plays.

Cruel Brothers : Cf. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother* (1630).

Madagascar : Cf. D'Avenant's *Madagascar and other Poems* (1635).

Rhodes : Cf. D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes* (1656).

Numbers : in the double sense of soldiery and metre.

wrack : ruin.

it : Ignorance.

conceit : think, fancy.

Who for his Glories etc. : Cf. Flecknoe's attack on Bays and poets laureate.

Applause . . . Exit . . . Clap : a theatrical metaphor.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of S^R. WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*If those Great Heroes of the Stage, whose Wit
Swells to a wonder here, shall think it fit,
When Poet Laureat's dead, that he should by
Twelve days, or more, without an Elegie:
I that am less, presume to undertake,
A short Memorial for their Credits sake.*

DEath in the shape of a thin Poet's come,
To summon *Davenant* to Elysium:
Sent for by strict Express, for to appear
Upon the Stage of *Temple's* theatre;
His Voice compels us to compose.

Who sing the Numbers they themselves compose.
Now *Davenant* is arriv'd, the Fields and Plains
Resound unto his Welcome, Lofly Strains.
For every Poet there it shall be free
To rank his Joy unto an Extasie.

Imagine him encreased in a Sphere
Of those Great Souls who once admir'd him here:
First, *Johnson* doth denounce a share in him;
Then *Shakespeare* next a *Shakespeare* part doth claim,
Because their quick Inventions were the same.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* their Petitions join,
This, for clear Style, that, for his deep Design:
Tom Randolph asks a Portion 'mongst the rest,
Because they both were apt to break a Jest.
Shirley and *Maffinger* comes in for shares,
For that his Language was refin'd as theirs:
Laborious *Heywood*, witty *Frame*, and *Kentley*,
The learned *Chapman*, and ingenious *Cowley*,
Ask their proportions as they've gain'd applause,
By well observing the Drammatick Laws:
Last, Sir *John Sackler* saith his Titt lies,
Because they both (were Knights, and) writ concise.

Thus the Experienced *Davenant* did ingrois
A Soul or Wit divided among those,
Whose pregnant Muses have, from age to age,
Fix'd swelling Glories on the English Stage.
A Mirror of the World, that it might see
Virtues sweet looks, Vices deformity.
And all is in one moment gone, since now
The Laurels snatch'd from mighty *Davenant's* brow,
For ever wither'd must neglected lie,
T'impale the head of Nights obscurity.

But lo! — yon black Chymera fire doth bear
The Muse of *Davenant* through the yielding air,
Through clouds of Melancholy she is brought,
Clad in a weed of discomposed thought:
A pendent brow hath hid her snail, as if
It were a sable Vail, and not a Grief:

Her arms (without Bractlets of mirth) across:
And thus she doth bewail her *Davenant's* loss.

"Engins of Fancie, crack, and now let loose
"Spirits of Ignorance, that shall reduce
"The World to its first Chaos, that not one
"But shall drink Lethe 'stead of Helicon.
Down with Parnassus, and thou Great Apollo,
Patron of Arts, Inced not with thee follow
This wrack of Time, for when it shall be said
With one poor moments breath that *Davenant's* dead
Thou wilt resign that happy place, and leave
Praise of Arts, and onely learn to grieve.
See here Heroick Tragedie, hard fate!
How to advance here Crown or Robe of State.
Comedie wants a head, on which to place
Her worthy Wreath of almost fading Bayes.

Now thou (Great Soul) art gone, who shall main-
The Learned Issue of thy pregnant Brain? (rain
Thy *Lovers* (now so different is their state)
Are both Platonic and Unfortunate.
Thy *Cruel Breakers* smooth designs shall be
Laid open to Times greater Cruelty.
Now Ignorance is loose, it is a wonder
If *Madagascar* do avoid a Plunder:
Since *Rhodes* it self will be besieged again,
Nor can great Numbers such a foe restrain.
How canst thou hope that any should escape,
When on thy ruins it will commit a rape?

Since *Davenant's* dead, I can forget my birth,
And in that rocky substance of the earth,
I'll cut my passage deeper than the Seas,
And whisper something to th' Antipodes
Shall raise Imagination to conceit,
There are no Gods, but *Poets Laureat*.

THE EPIAPH.

Here lies a Subject of Immortal praise,
Who did from *Phabus* hand receive his Bayes:
Admir'd by all, envied alone by those:
Who for his Glories made themselves his foes:
Such were his virtues that they could command
A General Applause from every hand:
His *Exit* then this on Record shall have,
A Clap did usher *Davenant* to his Grave.

FINIS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD GENERAL MONCK

By T.J.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 97)

GEORGE MONCK (1608-1670) came of good family, and at the outbreak of the Civil War distinguished himself in Ireland. In 1644, he was taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians at Nantwick, and remained two years in the Tower of London. With some other Royalists, he was allowed to join the Parliamentary army that was suppressing the Irish revolt, and on his return to England became an officer in Cromwell's army and the first colonel of the famous Coldstream Guards. After the death of Cromwell and the fall of the Commonwealth, Monck commanded the forces in Scotland; and finally the friction between Parliament and the army led him to march into England and so bring about the Restoration of the House of Stuart in 1660. Charles II created him Duke of Albemarle; and Pepys called him "blockhead Albemarle . . . but stout and honest to his country." The author of the present broadside may be the same T.J. who wrote *A Letter of Advice to the Lord General Monck* (1659), but so many Commonwealth pamphlets are signed with these initials that they probably belong to more than one person. William Thackeray was a well-known publisher of broadsides.

Father : because Monck gave him the throne.

Resolution : then regularly pronounced in five syllables.

Iter Boreale : His march down from Scotland, poetically celebrated under that name by Dr. Robert Wilde.

Regiment : Both in the modern military sense and in the old abstract sense of rule, government.

abstruse Star-students : Perhaps a glance at William Lilly (d. 1681), the astrologer, who made numerous prognostications during the 1640's and '50's.

Honesty is the best Policie : an adage sometimes attributed to Benjamin Franklin.

He ventur'd Life and Honour 'gainst the Dutch : A reference to his vain efforts to protect the English fleet from a Dutch raid in 1667, at some risk to his personal safety.

Spirit . . . Merit . . . great . . . compleat : Both were good rhymes in the seventeenth century as in modern Irish.

97
150

ON THE DEATH

O F T H E

Lord General MONCK.

WHo's Body is deceas'd ? Old *Albemar's* ?
He whom our grateful gracious Lord King *Charls*
Cal'd Father ? He that did out-wit the crafty
Rump-Rulers with their *Committee of Safety* ?
He that (without least loss of Blood) did bring
Our much desir'd, long banish'd Lord the King
Home to his Crowns and Kingdoms ? Is He gon
Why then a Pillar of the State is down.
Great Britain may put on a Mourning drefs
The Court hath one great Constellation less :
No loyal *Englishman* that now draws breath
But hath a fatal int'rest in his death :
For the whole Kingdom was concern'd in Him ;
The Body Politic hath lost a Limb ;
The Camp doth miss an Arm, the Court an Eye,
The King an Heart fill'd full of Loyaltie.
As he had Prudence, Courage, Worth and Wit,
So he had Fortune, which makes all things hit.
As He had Resolution to Doo,
So He had judgment to know When and How
Witness his *Iter Boreale* when
He was mysterious to the wisest men
And did not agitate so much with Swords
As by a well-rul'd Regiment of Words
Intricate motions which though high and right
Were swift and subtle as a Swallows flight :
For though besieg'd with Questions, Foe, nor Friend
Could tell to what intent his March did bend.
In brief, 'twas destin'd by Divine Decree
In God's High Court that He and none but He
Should have the fate (though much before was done)
To fix the injur'd Heir safe in his Throne
Which our abstruse Star-students could not see
But put a Period to Monarchie :
And did proclaim their Sence with Tongue and Pen,
That we should never have a King agen :)
By His example we may all agree,
That Honesty is the best Policie :
And that to do things justly, may befriend
A man in the best way to his own End :

In this wise Art he was a man compleat,
And by his being Good grew to be Great :
For we may see by what was lately done,
His only aim was not Ambition.
For when He had his Dukedom and Repose
In the Kings Arms, Enfranchis'd from all foes :
In his old Age (His Loyalty was such)
He ventur'd Life and Honour 'gainst the *Dutch* :
No petty Peril, but as fierce a slaughter
As could be acted by Sword, Fire and Water :
Where He was liable by one small shot
To leave at once, even all that he had got.
This Action made it Evident he stood
Not for His own End, but His Country's good ;
Which made the King invite him to retreat,
Never was King and Subject better met,
Or ever did things with more due regard,
One to Deserve, and tother to reward.
No King such Servant in such great disaster,
Nor ever Subject had a better Master :
But Death hath parted them, and We (in grofs)
At once may weep for Him and the Kings loss.

His Epitaph.

LEt no profane ignoble foot tread nere
This hallowed piece of Earth, George Monck lies here.
A small poor Relict of a noble Spirit,
Free as the Air, and ample as His Merit :
Whose least perfection was large, and great
Enough to make a Common man compleat :
A Soul refin'd and cull'd from vulgar men,
Who brought King Charls to his lost Crown agen.
Who for Religion and His Countreys good,
Valu'd not Fortunes, Honors, Health or Blood :
Here, Here He lies who lov'd unto the end,
The Church, the King, his Country, and his Friend.

22. 9. 19

T. J.

A GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL
AN ANSWER TO VERSES ON THE LORD
GENERAL MONCK

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 98)

THIS piece is avowedly a reply to the preceding elegy. The Puritans were bitterly disappointed by the outcome of the Restoration, its military developments under the auspices of Monck, and ecclesiastical under Clarendon; and yet several allusions in the present piece are hardly consonant with Puritanism: its authorship, therefore, is probably to be imputed to some personal enemy of Monck's, or to some hack-writer engaged to write a posthumous lampoon.

Cuckoo-spittle : froth exuded by certain insects for enveloping larvæ. The cuckoo is also the symbol of stupidity.

hogs hath shorn : i.e. he got no wool from them; they were of no good to any one.

a Pope : referring to the death of Pope Clement IX, whose Gallophile policies made him particularly unpopular with English Protestants.

False Lown the Scotchman : read Scotchmen.

Charles his Wayn : The seven brightest stars in the constellation of the Great Bear; originally named after Charlemagne, but in the seventeenth century associated with Charles I and II.

turn Retrograde : an astrological term, to fall from the ascendant.

Noll : Oliver Cromwell.

Sir, any men, and where you will.

How sweet did Monk live on the Rump ?

He kiss'd and lick'd its very stump.

To all the world he did proclaim,

He'd set the Rump in joynt again.

Thou say'st his loss is very great

Go seek some Fools with lyes to cheat.

One thing seems strange in thy relation,

That one Star is a constellation.

What thou shouldst mean I can't devise,

Save a conjunction of lyes.

Fact : in the legal sense, crime.

At Dundee : stormed and looted by Monck, September 1st, 1652.

A Man in Print, a man in Wax : a man indeed, a perfect man.

balm nor spice : used in embalming the dead for the elaborate and long-delayed funerals of the day.

dy'd in Grain : i.e. dyed in cochineal, a fast red dye that came to Europe from the tropics in a fine powder, thus *grain*.

again : again.

split thy pen : a reference to the old quill pens easily split and so broken.

A Great CRY and Little WOOL

OR
An Answer to a Coppy of Verses on the Death of the Lord General
Monk.

POOOR Poet! why didst spin this thread,
To make lyes live wæen *Monk* is dead?
What Cuckoe-spittle fills thy Trium,
To Trumpet up the praise of *Monk*?
Why dost thou soar aloft so high?
To mount up dirt unto the Sky?
Why is thy Noddle grown so dull,
To make great *Cry*, and little *Wool*?
The Devil this *Christians* hogs hath thorn;
A *Pope* and *Monk*: what have they born?
Poor fleeces: wher't comes to be weigh'd
*Twil contradict what thou hast said.
Did *Monk* outwit crafty, and wise?
How was it man, but all thy Lyes?
Appeals he made to God on high,
All to bear witness to a Lye.
Talie Lown the *Scotchman* do him call
Compound of Lyes, no truth at all.
Whence did he get this curted arr,
But from the Serpent in his heart?
What though he turned *Charles his Wayn*?
The Wheels were greas'd he saw his gain.
Could he again set up his Trade,
Those Stars he might turn Retrograde.
'Tis no new thing I hear thee tell,
A *Judas* can both buy and sell.
He Spaniel-like did fawn on *Nolls*,
And to the height did him extoll:
He was *Nolls* Butcher for to kill,
Sir, any men, and where you will.
How sweet did *Monk* live on the *Rump*?
He kiss'd and lick'd its very flump.
To all the world he did proclaim,
He'd set the *Rump* in joynt again.
Taoutay! his liss is very great
Go seek some Fools with lyes to cheat.
One thing seems *Hyph*: in thy relation,
Therone Sex is a constellation.
What thou should'st mean I can't devise,
Save a contention of lyes.
Thy skill is little in the Sky,
Nor deep in State-astronomy.
A wondrous Star, a Comet bright,
Born with the wind he was so light.
Fortune, thou said, made all things hit
That Proverb fools as well doth fit.
The blin I man sometimes shoots the hare,
And Fools sometimes the bells do wear.
*Twas destin'd by divine decrees:
And was not *Judas* treachery?
Which was a most prodigious Fact,
And yet the heavens decreed that act.
Hidit thou Divinity under flood,
Decrees alone make not things good.
Thou list by good, that he grew great,
No, no, 'twas by another Fear.
No! give him first the rising ground,
Then *Monk* took the engagement round.
And this was it first did the thing
wearing to fight against the King.

After his rising-stock was lies
So did great *George* on Horseback rise.
Something thou said of him is true,
And here we'll give the Devil his due.
His valour hath been very much
Against both *Cavaliers* and *Dutch*.
How stout did he the *Dutch* oppose,
Till he was like to loole his hole?
An ill-bred shot salutes his Breach?
As though brave *George* did lack a leach,
To let out his *Fanatick* blood
That never was, nor would be good.
And put this on his Honours icore,
That breach he never turn'd before.
In *Scotland*, there he was most stout,
Play'd *Jacks* himself, to keep *Charles* out.
At *Dundee* he fought most bold
Killing in hot blood, and in cold,
And this made *Georges* Serpent sting,
Becaus the *Scots* would have their King.
A man in Print, a man in Wax,
Forward, and backward, Circumflex.
How stout would *George* fight, kill and slay,
Where was most honour, and best pay?
An anbid xter he was right;
On any side brave *George* would fight.
When lyes be true, and not till then,
Muster up *George* with honest men.
Lets look now on thy Epitaph;
Heres that will make the Devil laugh,
And Chimney-sweepers cry a'l white,
To see a dunghill shine so bright,
And must not the Prophane draw near
The dust of him that lov'd them dear?
Is't hal owed Earth where he doth lye,
Who alse did live and so did dye?
Before he dy'd he was turn'd to:
Now he is dead, here let him Rot.
No balm, nor spice can keep sweet long
One that whilst living stink't so strong.
Come off good people from the breath
And let him keep his stench of death.
Blot out his Saint-like Epithetes,
Ann blaze his Name with Hypocrites.
Here lies a Lye, dy'd in Grain:
Twice dead before, now dead again:
Here let him lye till muster day,
That he with them may have his pay.
Sr. *Georges* day no more let be,
Fearing't should be mistook for he.
Take t'other *George* down from the Sign,
And hang up this in's Colours fine.
And now sad Poet, what wilt do?
What market are thy hoggs brought to?
Judas is dead, *Julian*, and *Brown*;
To the same Camp is *Monk* march'd down
Pack up thy pipes, and split thy pen,
Cry up no more ignoble Men.

ON THE DEATH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS
HENRIETTA MARIA

By J.M.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 113)

THE title of "Duchess of Orleans" and the contents of the elegy, show that it is concerned, not with Henrietta Maria (1609-1669), wife of Charles I and mother of Charles II and James II, but with her daughter, Henrietta Anne (1644-1670), wife of the Duc d'Orléans and sister-in-law of Louis XIV. She was born at Exeter in the midst of the Civil War. When the city surrendered to the Parliamentary forces in April, 1644, she fell into their hands; but, two months later, Lady Dalkeith escaped with her in disguise to France. In 1660, she married the Duc d'Orléans, and proved an invaluable agent for Louis XIV in carrying out his policy of subsidising the court of Charles II. Her marriage was unhappy; and, on June 30th, 1670, she died suddenly, probably from poison. The author of this elegy may be the same J.M. who wrote *An Ode or Elegy on James II*, a copy of which is in the British Museum (C. 20. f. 2 (216)).

Flandrian Conquests : referring to the territory about Douai ceded to France by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1668.

mantled now with night : playing on *mantle* as an heraldic term, meaning to adorn with a lambrequin or mantle.

but bound her Eyes : The elegist seems here to have confused mother and daughter. The old queen died in 1669 from an overdose of an opiate.

clownish : rude.

welcome Her on Shore : May 29, 1669, when she came as an envoy of Louis XIV, the King, the Duke of York, and other dignitaries rode out to welcome her. She landed at Dover, not at Cowes Castle, as the present elegy implies.

lively : alive.

Her fall etc. : These last four lines seem to constitute the epitaph.

Quis talia fando etc. : Who, in telling such things, may refrain from tears? (*Æneid*, 2. 6.)

O N
The never too much lamented Death of the most
Illustrious PRINCESS
HENRIETTA MARIA,
Dutcheſs of ORLEANS, &c.

AN ELEGY:

Proud France! no more thy Flandrian Conquests boast,
They are but publick to the Gem thou'lt loſt.
No more, No more triumphant Arches raiſe,
To mournful Cypreſs turn thy joyful Bays.
England thy total diſſolution fears,
Swoln big with Triumphs, now thou'lt buſt with Tears.
Vaunt now no more what Conqu'ring France can do,
HENRIETTA dead, thou'lt a Low-Country too.
The Flow'r de Luce is mantled now with night;
She's ſet whoſe only Luſtre made it bright.
'Gainſt death bend all thy Forces, make him ſee
His Conquests top's nought but a Robberie.
Never with him be reconcil'd that dare
'Gainſt Law fall on, and ne're proclaim a Wat:
Few Thieves ſo cruel are in any Land,
Before they rob, they uſe to bid men ſtand.
Yet thus, for in his Onſet Death was wiſe,
He manacled not her Hands, but bound her Eyes:
For had ſhe caſt a look at him, his Arm
Had ne're been ſtrong enough to do Her harm.
The ſtroke was ſudden, or elſe doubtleſs She
With one ſharp Look had ſtabb'd th' Anatomy.

What! ſnatch'd ſo quickly hence! Too clowniſh Fate!
The King of Terrors ſhould have come in ſtate
To fetch a Princeſs: but by this we ſee
They who're in Love, forget their Maſteſty.
I'll ſcarce believe She's dead, nor him that ſays,
Heav'n's Maſter-Builders would a Structure raiſe
Coſtly, and curious, and at laſt to Crown
His ſkill, would quickly let it tumble down.
Who ever rear'd a ſtately Pyramid,
On purpoſe t'have it quickly ruin'd?

Methinks I hear the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar
Till they were hoarſe, to welcome Her on Shore:
Methinks I ſee Comes-Caſtle ſtill on fire,
• That day no common Bon-fire did require: • May 19th.
England then could not an Invaſion fear,
What uſe for Caſtles, and our Goddeſſes here?

France could not bear the abſence of Her light,
And therefore crav'd She might be ſtill in ſight:
But when She ſaw how She was treated here,
Fearing She ne're would move more in that Sphere

In which She lately ſhin'd, ſate penſively
Bewailing this but-ſear'd Calamity.
At length She ſpies Her in the Arms o'th' Main,
And dandled on the Waves return again,
O'rejoy'd to ſee Her land, did hug Her ſo,
That ſtriving to b' a Friend, She prov'd a Foe,
And thinking t'hold Her faſt, forc'd Her to go.

Unheard of way, Friends thus to welcome home!
Fiſt to ſalute, next to prepare a Tomb:
This to Congratulate Her ſafe Return!
To lead Her from the Ocean to the Urn!

What! was She waſted only o're for this?
To be Embalmed with Her Brother's Kiſs?
To Her, New-born, England a Cradle gave,
And muſt She go to France to find a Grave?
But She was like the Sun; and now i'th cloſe
'Twas fit She ſhould not ſet, where She aroſe.

France! That were once the Garden of the World;
Art, now She's cropt, into Confuſion hurl'd:
Now She is wither'd, Methinks all things fade,
Paris a Paradife 'twas She that made.
Nothing looks lively now, we're drooping all;
Her Death hath chang'd the Summer to the Fall.
The Golden Orchard of th' Hesperides
In what was't richer than a Wilderneſs?
When thoſe fair Apples all were ſtolen away,
It was not worth the Dragons while to ſtay.
She gone, France lay each Souldier now to ſleep,
What haſt thou worth an arm'd Man's pains to keep?
Thy Sun is ſet, all thoſe ſurviving Lights
Compar'd with Her, that they are but ſair Nights
Is all that France can brag: this more I'll ſay,
France laſt Year won the Field, this, loſt the Day.

Her fall hath laid all the World's Wonders flat;
There's nothing in it now worth wondring at:
Unleſs it be Her ſad, untimely Fare,
Which Death too ſoon cauſ'd, I bewail too late.

Quis talia ſando
Temperet a lacrymis? 22: 9:49

J. M.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF MY PRETTY
INFANT-COUSIN MRIS. JANE GABRY

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 58)

THIS elegy shows the simpler style of Prior and Watts developing as the conventional manner for children's poetry. The last paragraph, which serves as a sort of epitaph, is especially notable. The broadside has been very closely trimmed, but probably it had not the black margins that were usual in this period; and their omission is doubtless due to the tender years of the subject, very much as white crepe is substituted for black at children's funerals. Of Jane Gabry's father and her poetical cousin, if indeed he was literally a cousin, no record seems to remain, unless one choose to identify one of them with Mark Gabry, who in 1671 protested deep repentance for his earlier activities in smuggling wool, and as earnest of good behaviour turned informer on his old associates. Such activities hardly consort with the present verses.

Overlaid : smothered.

The mutilated first words of the second, third, fourth and fifth lines would seem to be,
Hadst . . . To . . . Till . . . Which.

Apostate : in the etymological sense of one withdrawn.

Strife : obviously a forced rhyme, perhaps in the obsolete sense of distress.

Religion helps. . .

The first words seem to be *This . . . Not . . .* The *In* and the other irrelevant letters along the margin belong to a piece of paper pasted to the broadside of which here and there a narrow strip remains.

generous : noble-minded.

To quit thy Sureties from their costly Tye : allow thy baptismal sponsors to go free from their precious guarantee.

The first words in the lines are : *Whose . . . There . . . Sometimes.*

Soyl, ripens : the relative pronoun omitted at the beginning of a restrictive clause, as commonly in Elizabethan English.

Rather convert : Let us rather etc.

A N E L E G I E

Upon the Death of my pretty Infant-Cousin,
Mrs. J A N E G A B R Y, K

Who died within the Month, not without some suspicion of being Overlaid by her Nurses.

O *Woe* *Babe*, why didst thou leave *this world* so soon,
 Not seen by thy *first Parents*, Sun, nor Moon?
 Couldst only some *short Intervals* of light,
 To lead thee from *one*, to *another Night*;
 Till thou shouldst view an *everlasting Sun*,
 Which we knew *shade*, because it ne'er begun.
 Pretty *Apostate*! why no longer stay?
 But newly *Christian*, and straight fall away?
 For thou, dear *Saint*, 'twas not for want of *Grace*,
 'Tis that transports us to a *better place*.
 Never was *Babe* baptiz'd with kinder *Strife*:
 Religion helps to save the *soul*, not *life*:
 This thread once spun, bears an *unerring date*,
 Not to be broke, or lengthned, but by *Fate*.
 Heavens! survive the *Font* but one poor day?
 'Twas a *short Eve* to a long *Holy-day*.
 Was thy too *generous* heart inspir'd to die,
 To quit thy *Sureties* from their costly *Tye*?
 Mad it haste to heav'n, new wash't from *Adams guilt*,
 For fear that *holy water* might be spilt.
 We shall not load thy *Nurses* with complaints,
 Whose very *sin* might serve to increase the *Saints*.
 There may be *loss*, not *guilt*, without the *Will*;
 Sometimes the *Innocent* the *Innocent* kill.

Nor shall we from thy *Inches* square thy *Bliss*,
 As *Lovers* do theirs, by a *short-liv'd kiss*.
 Plants wither here, set in a *barren place*;
 Heav'n is a *rich Soyl*, ripens fruit *apace*.
 A *new-born Bud*, a *tender Blossom* here,
 Is in a moment *ripe* and *perfect* there.
 Now thou art *full of days*: How can there be
Childhood, or *Non-age*, in *Eternity*?

Why should we then be *Mourners* to excess,
 As if we griev'd at thy *stolen Happiness*?
 Our showers of *tears* can only shew us *kinde*;
 More proper for *poor Us*, who *stay behinde*
 In a *bad World*, full of *perplexing Care*;
 Whose *Charity* is colder than its *Air*.

Rather convert our *Sorrows* into *Joy*,
 To build *new hopes* for a *more lasting Boy*.
 The *oddes* will not be great, but *three to one*;
 One *Grain* will turn the *Scale*, when *three* are gone.

And now, *sweet Babe*, allow my gentle *Verse*
 To drop, not *Tears*, but *Wishes* on thy *Herse*:
 May thy dear *Parents* and *Relations* be
 As quiet as thy *Grave*, as blest as *Thee*.

Two Girls
died before.

AN ELEGIE ON THE FAMOUS MADAM MARY CARLTON

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 20)

THIS piece illustrates the popular sympathy for a condemned malefactor, an attitude of mind that somewhat later expressed itself in Sentimental drama. Mary Carleton, "the German princess" (? 1642-1673), passed herself off as the daughter of a German nobleman, and on pretence of having a vast fortune married a certain John Carleton. On the appearance of a husband by a previous marriage, she was charged with bigamy, but defended herself with great wit and courage, and became something of a nine days' wonder. She turned actress and then thief, was sentenced to be transported to Jamaica in 1671, but managed to return to London and was hanged at Tyburn January 22nd, 1673. Her trial for bigamy gave occasion to several pamphlets and a play; and her execution was celebrated in several broadsides. Finally she confessed that she was born in Canterbury, and that her ancestry was neither German nor noble.

exalt his horn : Cf. 1 Samuel, 2. 1; Psalms, 75. 4; 89. 17 etc.

ride up Holborn-Hill : i.e. go to Tyburn to execution.

bin : The appearance of this form in early broadsides suggests that this common American pronunciation of *bin* sprang from a more or less widespread use in seventeenth century England.

that die : The antecedent of *that* is *their*, a rather ambiguous ellipsis.

in them good breeding lack : i.e. in those who lack good breeding.

Golden Wedge : Possibly a reference to Achan's theft of a golden wedge, for which he and his people were first stoned and then burned. See *Joshua*, 7. 21.

'Twas Canterbury . . . gave her birth : She confessed to being Mary Moders, daughter of a chorister of Canterbury Cathedral.

See : episcopal seat, derived through Old French from the vulgar Latin *sedem*.

Metropolitan : playing on the ordinary sense of chief bishop and on another, probably obscene, meaning based on the Greek derivation of the word.

cross stars : adverse horoscope.

AN ELEGIE ²⁰

On the Famous and Renowned *LADY*, for Eloquence and Wit,

Madam *MARY CARLTON*,

^k
Otherwise styled,

The German Princess.

OH Dire Misfortune! 'twas a cruel Fate
Should make her wit the object of its hate.
Death surely hath no mercy in his sting,
To noose a Princess in a Hempen String.
Had he or manners, or a sharpen'd Dart,
He had e're now surpriz'd her Martial heart;
And not admitted her in all the throng
Of Beauties, to ride Conquerers so long:
But he in policy observ'd her will,
Spar'd her to send more Gifts unto his Mill;
For she, whose Beauty lay within her pate,
Slew more by Love, then Death could slay by hate.
But yet we see in vain it is to groan,
The Gallows, and the Grave, refuseth none.
Nor let the Reader now exalt his horn,
None know their Doom so soon as they are born.
And who is he that dares to have the skill
To judge who next shall ride up *Holborn-Hill*?
Nor is it much material; Fate, we know,
More ways then one unto the Grave can show;
Some by Beheading, some by a Surprize;
Some by those Darts shot from their Ladies Eyes:
Nor has the Gallow-Tree been ill adorn'd,
Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, have there bin scorn'd:
'Tis not the manner of their Deaths that die,
That make them odious, but their Obloquie.
Detraſting from good breeding, looks more black
Then many faults, in them good breeding lack.
The world miscall'd her Cheat; when as her strife
Was to act Nature's part, preserve her life:

Or if it was her Genius to approve
O'th' Female Craft, its Sentiments of Love.
Who can ill language on her Craft bestow,
In seeking to have two strings to her Bow?
Thus Fate with Ignominy doth reward
Those daring Souls, that seldom have regard
To the success of what they undertake,
And turns a Golden Wedge into a Snake
'Twas *Canterbury*, that thrice-happy Earth,
Grew proud, because it chanc'd to give her birth.
Her Father, though but mean by Pedigree,
Liv'd well belov'd in that most spacious See;
And she grown up to years, acquiring man,
Improv'd, till she was Metropolitan:
Yet her cross stars too suddenly have hir'd
Her parts from hence, into another World.

HER EPITAPH.

Here lieth one was hurried hence,
To make the World a recompence
For Actions wrought by Wit and Lust,
Whose Closet now is in the Dust.
Then let her sleep, for she has Wit
Will give Disturbers Hit for Hit.

FINIS.

LONDON:
Printed for Samuel Speed, 1673.
22: 9: 19

AN ACHROSTICKAL EPITAPH ON SIR EDWARD SPRAGUE

By E.M.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY (WOOD. 429)

THIS acrostic elegy is notable more for its curiosity than its literary excellence. Sir Edward Spragge (d. 1673), an Irishman by birth, was one of the gentleman naval officers of the reign of Charles II. He fought in the Dutch Wars, and in 1671 burned the fleet of the Algerine pirates, and forced them to sue for peace. He rose to be admiral of the blue, and finally was killed in battle with the Dutch. Dryden eulogised him in the *Annus Mirabilis*, and Pepys praised him as a boon companion. The author of this elegy may be the same "E.M." who edited *Wit and Drollery, jovial poems : corrected and much amended*, by Donne, D'Avenant and others, London, 1661, and is possibly the same as the Royalist pamphleteer of the 1640's.

Serious Sisters : i.e. the Muses.

Everlasting Fame etc. : The much repeated boast of the Renaissance eulogist. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnet XVIII* etc.

Pre-commandeth : *N.E.D.* does not give the word. It seems to be a rather needless coinage for the sake of the acrostic.

Was, Us, thus : a peculiarly unhappy cacophony.

antedate : If this means anything, it seems to imply that E.M. was Spragge's senior.

imposthum'd : swelled, usually in a medical sense, referring to a boil or abscess.

Envy : Probably in the modern sense rather than in the old meaning *enmity*.

Orb : Sphere of astrological influence.

it all destroys : The reference of *it* and the sense of the following line seem uncertain.

full mouth'd Hypocrites : probably a glance at the Puritans.

Heroick Verse : i.e. heroic in both subject and metre, iambic pentameter couplets.

Hang these dull Pendants on his Funeral Herse : A reference to the custom of affixing elegies for the funeral procession to the hearse of the deceased.

Farewell etc. : The title of the broadside is something of a misnomer. This final quatrain is, properly speaking, the epitaph, and what precedes, as the writer himself suggests in line 20, is an elegy. The piece as a whole shows little skill : the lines are often padded, and sometimes lapse into meaningless doggerel.

An Achrostickal EPITAPH

29

O N

Sigh	Serious	Sisters Valiant Sprague here lies,
Yove	Iustly	Iudges, this same Sacrifice
Runs	Rude and	Rashly, sans Hyperbolias.
Exquisite	Emblem of	Eternal Worth
Drawn	Dry by	Death; thy Vertue did shew forth
Wit	Worth and	Wisdom; all conjoyn'd in one.
All	Arts	Assisting are to thee alone.
Reason	Rules	Rightly, Everlasting Fame
Dost here	Declare and	Dignifie thy Name.
Seraphick	Sprague!	Sublime in every part.
Prowess with	Prudence	Pre-commandeth Art.
Renowned	Rock,	Rich Relick of our days;
Arts	Ancient	Artist, far surpassing Praise:
Great	Good and	Glorious, thy Triumphant Fate
Unlikely	Was,	Us, thus, to antedate:
Earths	Emperor,	Expired is of late.

But stay my Muse, thou had'st almost forgot
Our Modern Hero; oh, forget him not:
Lend us a tear or two, if thou canst cry
And usher forth, to us, an Elegy.
Neptune thou'rt churlish, for to make his Grave
Within th' impossibum'd Bubble of a Wave:
Whilst Thetis kinder, did his Corps translate
Unto our Shore, to stigmatize thy hate:
To shew how much in Envy you excel;
Thou'lt in thy Orb, admit no parallel.
The Deep-mouth'd Cannon, bath him oft frobore,
Thy Billows, are more fatal, when they rore,
Like full mouth'd Hypocrites, it all destroys,
And so the deepest Waters, make least noise.
Then to lament in brave Heroick Verse,
Hang these dull Pendants on his Funeral Heise.



Farewell Brave Sprague, thy Tragick Fate exacts
Tears tumbling from our Eyes, in Catarracts:
By whose impetuous Torrents, Earth shall be
Disrob'd of Verdant Nature's Tapestry.

E.M.

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR HUMPHRY HENCHMAN, LATE BISHOP OF LONDON

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 60)

LUTTRELL seems to have marked this piece with the usual price, ½d. Humphrey Henchman (1592-1675) was successively bishop of Salisbury and of London, a devout and genial prelate. In his early days, he was the friend of George Herbert, the Caroline poet; and, in his latter, he tempered the wind of persecution to the shorn lamb of Protestant nonconformity. During the Civil War, his rectory and library were destroyed; he lost all his preferments, and had to pay £200 for composition with the Parliamentarians. After the Battle of Worcester, he was mainly instrumental in effecting the escape of Charles II. After the Restoration, his learning, piety and moderation endeared him even to the Puritans. He set an example to the clergy by staying in London during the Great Plague, and after the Fire contributed substantially to the re-building of St. Paul's. He died October 7th, 1675.

Prophane not in Dull Rhymes this Rev'rend Herse : A reference to the custom of affixing elegies to the hearse of the departed, a custom that seems to have lingered among the dissenters.

Sacred Wit : probably referring to the "metaphysical" style, so commonly used in elegies.

should testifie his sense of it . . .

deeper Skars : the Commonwealth period.

Horsemen and . . . Chariots : commonly used in the Bible as a symbol of strength.

Superstition . . . Schisme : reflections respectively on the Church of Rome and on nonconformity.

Sabeen : pertaining to ancient Arabia Felix, modern Yemen. The gums referred to are doubtless frankincense and myrrh.

tend : Cf. the Old French etymological sense, *tendre*, to stretch.

still : always.

Primitive Zeal : Henchman was famous for this somewhat Puritan quality.

Austin : St. Augustine (354-430), Bishop of Hippo and an early Father of the Church.

Chrysostome : St. John Chrysostom (354-407) Patriarch of Constantinople.

Translates : ecclesiastical term for the transfer of a bishop from one diocese to another.



AN ELEGY

Humbly offered to the *Memory* of the *Reverend Father in God*

Doctor Humphry Henchman,

Late BISHOP of LONDON,

Who Departed this Life the 8th of October 1675.

Stand off, you *Common Vouchers* for the Dead,
Whole Mute, like *Worms*, on *Carkasses* is fed;
Who oft *Assess* your *Mercenary Eyes*
To pay *forced Tears* at *unknown Obsequies*.
Profane not in *Dull Rhymes* this *Reverend Herse*,
Nor clogg't with your *Set-Forms* of *Tatter'd Verse*.
Let *Sacred Wit* *Embaln* His *Memory*,
And *Anthems* *speak* him to *Posterity*:
Whilst all the *Raptures* in his *Praise* distill
Not from *Perpassus*, but from *Sion Hill*.
Great *Pious Prelate*! who can *Eccels* forth
In any measure, thy *Transcendent Worth*?
How justly we could wish (oh might it be!)
A *Second Donne* to write thy *Elegy*.
Yet though we cannot *speak* Thee to the full,
This *Irreligious* to be wholly *Dull*:
Then give us leave our *Sermons* to express,
Although in *Words* that do but make Thee *Less*:
When *Publick Losses* happen, 'tis but fit,
Each man should testify his *Senie* of it:
Our *Mother Church* (by boisterous *Factions* torn,
Whose deeper *Scars* She has not yet out-worn)
One of her *Eldest Sons* has lost this day,
A *Light* that shone with a *Celestial Ray*,
Whose *Presence* small *pretended Lights* did shun,
As *Glimmering Stars* vanish before the *Sun*,
And can we weaker *Children* but *Bemoan*
Our *Isr'els Horsemen* and her *Chariots* gone?

A man of a *true Christian temper*, Fit
To *Feed* the *Flock*, and also *Govern* it;
From *Superstition*, and from *Schisme* free,
Gentle, yet *Faith* to his *Authority*.
His *Moral Virtues* did such *splendor* yield,
Pagans would *Alas* to *less Merit* build:
Where yearly burning *Rich Sabeen Gums*,
The *Cutling Odors* of their *Hecatombs*,
Should reach his *Soul* in *Heav'n*; But we must pay
No such *Oblations*; But a purer way
Of *Imitation*, whilst we *panting* tend
To *Live* like Him, and make as *blest an End*.
His *Faith* was still pregnant with *Charity*,
And his *Religion* taught him *Loyalty*,
His very *Looks* were *Sacred*; And In's *Face*
Primitive Zeal retain'd its ancient *Grace*,
A sweet, yet *awful Presence*, where we see
A *General Council* in *Epitome*,
A *Well-poiz'd Judgement*, with *stupendious parts*,
Store-house of *Tongues*, and *Magazine* of *Arts*,
Another *Austin* for *Sublimer Sense*,
A *Chrysostome* for *Sacred Eloquence*:
Long had he here, with all *Good mens Applause*,
Dispens'd his *Master's Oracles* and *Laws*.
But now his *Work* is finish'd, his *Race* run,
And he receives the *Crown* that he hath won;
And when his *Lord* shall come at the *last Day*,
He'll be his *Hench man*, and prepare the *Way*.

EPITAPH.

Waiting the Resurrection of the Just,
Here lies Deposited the precious Dust
Of a Grave Prelate of so Clear a Fame,
Even Schismaticks in Him could find no Blame;
London, bewails his loss, whilst Heaven in Love
Translates him to the Hierarchy above.

F I N I S.

AN ELEGY ON THAT FAMOUS SEA-COMMANDER MICHAEL DE RUYTER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 133)

THIS elegy is a generous compliment to the great naval hero of England's chief commercial rival during the seventeenth century. Michael De Ruyter (1607-1676) rose from cabin boy to admiral of the fleet at the time of Holland's naval supremacy. He fought the French, the Spanish, the Turks, and the Swedes, and in 1672 successfully protected the Dutch merchantmen in the Channel against the combined fleets of England and France. In April, 1676, he was mortally wounded in a battle with the French off Sicily. This elegy expresses the popularity of the Dutch in England in spite of the recent war with them and in spite of the secret alliance of Charles II with France.

Neptune's calm face etc. : a borrowing of the "pathetic fallacy," apparently from the Classical pastoral elegy.

Card : map.

Thetis bosom : the sea.

Achilles like, by nibbling at his Heel : According to post-Homeric legends, Achilles' body was invulnerable except for his heel or ankles; and here Apollo finally shot and killed him with a poisoned arrow.

contracted : included.

Parsing : passing.

For whom the Neitherlands are all so griev'd : De Ruyter was given a magnificent funeral and a monument by the States.

vast Grief, next nothing but its Cause : i.e. a grief incomparable in significance to anything but De Ruyter's death.

Belgick Prose : Doubtless a reference to A. Severijn's *Het beroemde leven en sterven van M. de Ruyter* (1676), or to some similar publication.

A N E L E G Y

On that Famous SEA-COMMANDER

Michael De Ruyter,

Lieutenant Admiral of the United Netherlands, &c.

Who lately Died of his Wounds, Received in the Engagement between the Dutch
and French Fleets near SICILT.

PRAISE is a Tribute each true Poet owes,
To Worth and Valour where'so'er it grows,
Mountains and Seas may bound the Rule of Kings,
But our Free Muse, with unconfin'd wings
Flies over both, those that Allegiance yield
To different States, are all her Subjects stil'd.
And though a Soul breaths not within our Isle,
That can more dearly Love its Native soil,
Yet when I look abroad, where'er I Ken,
The Good and Brave, they are my Countrymen.

And shall De Ruyter Limp into a Grave
Without a Mourning Verse? No Poem have
To embalm his Fame, and let next Ages know,
How much they to his Great Example owe?
'Twere Moral Sacrilege, Nor can it be,
His generous Acts command an Elegy;
Say but De Ruyter's Dead, The news transforms
Neptune's calm Face into a thousand Storms:
The sighing Winds his rigid Fate deplore,
And murmur his Lov'd Name to every shore,
which soon as heard, Seamen (though Enemies)
Cannot restrain the Torrents of their Eyes;
Even those that never wept before, Strike Sail
To grief, and how the mighty Loss bewail;
His Loss! whose able Paris had many a year,
Bore the Best Card by which Sailors could Steer;
Who solely by his ample Merits call,
Attain'd the Honour of an Admiral.
Who had so often Thus bosom'd him,
So long been us'd to Trace the Pathless Main;
That Sea-nymphs welcom'd him where ere he came,
And every Dolphin knew him by his Name;
His Services were numerously Great,
The Second Atlas of a mighty State;
Prudent in Councils, and yet bold in War,
To meet those dangers he fore saw a far:
A well-poss'd Valour, that would never shrink,
Neither beholden unto Oaths nor Drink;
who in the height of Fight, and depth of Slaughter
(when all the world seem'd only Fire and Water:
And with a horrid Prospect gaping lay,
As if the Deluge, and the latter day

Had met, and mingled Forces to devour
The watry Warriors in one bloody hour)
Could fearless stand, and calm commands dispence
With present mind, and undisturbed sense:
His Conduct for his courage did not cease,
But with the Fury of the Fight Increase.
What pity tis those Valiant Hero's, who
Can do such Acts, are not Immortal too,
To live as his Eternal Fame must do,
Must do! whilst there shall last what men call days
Or Air to mould one syllable of Praise.
So many fierce Engagements he had felt,
Regarding Broadfides but as Pot-Gun Pelt.
We thought him woundless, till death made him
Achilles-like, by nibbling at his Heel; (Reel
But as the Sun most glorious does appear,
And darts the brightest rays when's settings near,
So his last Scene of Life contracted all,
That we can great, or brave, and wondrous call.
For in his Countries Cause, he nobly Fell,
whilst Peals of Cannon Rung his Parfing Bell
And Victory attended on his Knell.
Thus Dy'd he as much Honour'd as he Liv'd,
For whom the Neuberlands are all so griev'd,
That they vie Lamentations without Pause;
In a Vast Grief, next nothing but its Cause;
A Grief! whose Sighs commanded by their love
Might line with Sables all the Orbs above,
And People Mourn so fast, That Holland fears
A Second Inundation from their Tears.

The EPI TAPH.

The Great De Ruyter bred in Neptune's Court,
Through many Storms has here attain'd his Port.
A Grave-Stone is too small to hold his worth,
Posterity (if Just) must set it forth
what his Deeds were, and Conduct who not knows
Our Verse, Refers him to the Belgick Prose.
which like Fame, flutters round this Tomb, & says
They'll dict all their Children with his Praise.

FINIS.

London, Printed for William Whitwood, 1676.

With Allowance.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF TWO EMINENT MINISTERS MR. PLEDGER AND MR. WELLS

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 118)

THIS piece illustrates the lingering of the conceited style of the Elizabethans in nonconformist circles. Elias Pledger, M.A., according to Calamy's *Nonconformists' Memorial*, was ejected under the Act of Uniformity in 1662 from his living of St. Antholins, London. He continued, however, to preach irregularly, and at the time of his death was the "lecturer" at a meeting-house in Lothbury. John Wells, of St. John's College, Oxford, the author of two elegies and some devotional works, was ejected from the living of St. Olave, Jewry. Calamy especially praises his kindness and charity.

Muses Sacred Wells : a characteristic play on his name.

I'll make your Earth as Iron etc. : Cf. *Leviticus*, 26. 19.

our Greif's Exact : *Griefs* seems to be the object of *can Exact*.

Glass : hour-glass.

what can be said By living Mortals etc. : This passage is taken almost verbatim from Cowley's ode *Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres* :

"Tis folly all that can be said

By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,

And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.

for those are past : supply *that* after *those*.

mourn . . . storm . . . Eys . . . Deluges : Evidently the author was no expert rhymster.

Garbs or Phrases : doubtless a fling at the Anglican ritual.

School-points : precepts taught in the Latin and Greek Classics. The use of *School* suggests also the Mediæval schoolmen and Thomistic philosophy.

Humane Lustres : Humanism. The following lines seem to voice the Puritans' objection to the influence of the Renaissance and of Roman Catholicism.

Marts of Conscience : a fling at the method called casuistry devised by the Jesuits for deciding difficult cases in moral conduct.

that Long'd for Haven Reach'd : What of Judgment Day? The Puritans were so anxious to do away with Purgatory that they over-reached themselves and sometimes took Salvation for granted and so opened the way to the crassest Sentimentalism.

an Endless Share . . .

Turmoils : accented on the second syllable as in Dryden's *Æneid*, I, 381.

AN ELEGY Upon the DEATH of TWO Eminent Ministers of the Gospel

Mr. PLEDGER and Mr. WELLS.

Who Both Departed this Life on the Lords Day June the 18th. 1676. The First
of them having Preached Twice, and Administred the Lords Supper
the very day of His Dissolution.

WHAT *sudden Stroke* Commands an *Elegy*,
When all the *Muses Sacred Wells* are dry?
Now *Tyrant-Sol* destroys those *Fruits of Earth*,
Whereto his *milder Beams* of late gave *Birth*;
When each *Spring* fears a *Bankrupt* to become,
And *Murmuring Rivers* their own *Thirst* bemoan;
When *Parching Heats* have brought that *Woe* to pass,
I'll make your Earth as *Iran*, your *Heaven* as *Brass*;
Hard as the *Adamant*; *Compacted Parts*,
Or (what are yet *less soft*), our *stubborn Hearts*;
In such a *Drought* what *Chymist* can *Extract*
That *Quintessence of Tears* our *Griefs* *Exact*;
For such a *Loss*! Two *Good-Men* in one day
By *Deaths* surprizing *Hand* thus *snatch'd* away.
Devouring Death! Thy *Sythe* too sharp is grown;
Such *Precious Flowers* should not so soon be mown:
Forbear a little longer! Spare, oh spare!
Kill not by *Couples*! Murder not a *Pair*!
Why Both? What? Doth th' *All-consuming Tomb*
Desire *Twins* in its *Insatiate Womb*;
Or wouldst thou make a *Miracle* *Appear*
Two *Suns* *Eclipsed* in one *Hemisphere*.
Look up (their *Lives* above) and see where *stands*
Their *vital Glass*, not emptied of its *Sands*.
But I, in vain *Intreat*, in vain *Accuse*,
What's *Heavens Will*, 'tis *sinful to refuse*;
'Tis the just *Doom* of *faln Humanity*,
And not more *Natural* to be *Born* then *die*;

And now let us *Reflect*, what can be said
By *living Mortals* of th' *Immortal Dead*,
May they not *smile* at the vain *Tears* we shed?
Sure 'tis *Prepost'rous*, we that *stay behind*
In *lingring Expectation* of the *Wind*,
Should *Grieve* for those are past this *Streight* before,
And now have safely *Reas'd* the *blissful Shore*,
Thrice *Happy Souls*! who are to *Sail* no more.
It is not then on their *Behalfs* we *mourn*,
But on our own, That *Lamentable Broom*
Of *Sighs* and *Groans*, whilst *over-flowing Eys*
Dissolve their *yielding Balls* to *Deluges*;
And *doleful Sobbings* with *Heart-breaking sound*,
Wait their *bewailed Bodies* to the *Ground*.
All this does but *Express* the *Love* we *bear*;
And what we ought from their *Remove* to *fear*;
For 'tis a *Judgment* when the *Righteous* part,
And *Men* are *stupid*, not to *lay*'s to *bear*.

Ah *Pious Souls*! which shall we first *Admire*,
Since *Both* were *equal Lamps* of *Heavenly Fire*,
Burning and Shining Lights, whose *Actions* wrought
On *Hearts*, and *Jointly* with their *Doctrines* taught;
For well they know *Religion* did not dwell
In *Garbs* or *Phrases*, but in *Living will*;

Two *Painful Labourers*, *Pow'rful Preachers* both,
Strangers to *Covetousness*, *Pride* and *Sloth*,
No *Out-side Men*, or *zealous* but in *Talk*,
But such as in one constant *Orb* did *walk*
Of *solid Piety*, whose *Care* was *shown*
For their *Flocks* good as much as for their own;
And with *unwearied Pains* like *Tapers Bright*,
Consum'd themselves to *Bless others* with *Light*,
Would you see *Heathen Chief-Gods* *Christend*, and
Ethicks serve under *Sacred Writs* *Command*s
Their *School-poims* justly now become our own,
Made *Denizens* in our *Religion*
'Twas here, and every *Moral Virtue* hence
Chose a new *Genus*, and new *Difference*,
They found those *Humane Lustres* had before
But *Twinkled* in *Raw Indigested Oar*
Dispers'd and *Branch'd* in *Speculative Veins*.
Through all the *Southern School-mens* *Sow-Berms* *Brain*
And therefore *Coy'd* them into *Practical points*,
Now *Current* through all *Marts of Conscience*,
They did *design* (still their *Example* *Strives*)
To *Vest* these in their *Rights* unto our *Lives*;
To *Discipline* our *Converse*, work us *That*
Which *Set fac'd Monks* make but *Religious Chat*;
Nor know we how their *Praises* to *Divide*,
Who both beyond all *Praise*, *Praise-Worthy* *Dy'd*.
To th' last in their *Dear Masters* work *Impley'd*.
The *Reverend Pledger*, Twice that day had *Preach'd*
On which his *Soul* that *Long'd* for *Haven* *Reach'd*,
That *Active Soul* as *Long* as one as ere
Submitted to *Inform* a *Body* here,
High as the place in *Bliss* he was to have,
Yet still as *Low* and *Humble* as his *Grave*.
Twice with his *Lord* that day he had *Repos'd*
First *Here*, But that not *Satisfying's* *Tast*
For a *Full Meal* to *Heaven* wards did *hast*
And being *Spent*, (not *weary*) *Sweetly Slept*,
In those *Almighty Arms*, so long had *kept*
Him *Safe*, That *wondrous Glory* to *Declare*
Wherein he now *Enjoys* an *Endless* *Share*,
Nor did good *Wells* less nobly quit the *Stage*
From the *Turmoils* of an *Ensnaring Age*,
For with as much true *Zeal* and *Pity*,
He always *Liv'd* as other *Saints* do *Dye*.
'Where, like some *Holy Sacrifice*, 't' *Empire*
A *Feaver Burns* him, but *Love* *Lights* the *Fire*,
Go *Happy Pair*! May your *Immortal State*
Invite our *Grosser Souls* to *Imitate*.
I th' *Book of Life* your *Names* *Recorded* stand
Engraven by your *Great Redeemers* *Hand*
Verses are *Vain*, your *Memory's* more *safe*
For *Cherubims* shall *Write* your *Epitaph*,
Which in *Mosaic* *Work* with *Diamonds* *Bright*
Is *Drawn* in *Heaven*, and *Read* by its own *Light*.

FINIS 22: 9: 19

GROANS FROM NEW-GATE OR AN ELEGY ON THE SUSPENSION OF THE FAMOUS THIEF THOMAS SADLER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 134)

THIS piece is notable as an example of that doubtful type of literature described by Pope as "hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines," sensational journalism purveyed in the present instance under color of a pious lament. From this elegy, it appears that Thomas Sadler turned from brick-laying to highway robbery; but he does not seem to have been sufficiently eminent in the latter profession to be included in Alexander Smith's three volume *History of the Lives and Robberies of Highwaymen etc.* (1720). Luttrell notes the price of the broadside as usual as 1½d.

suspension . . . Colledge . . . Translated : word-play on the usual senses and on the ecclesiastical and academic meanings.

Pulchers Wall . . . The pious Tinkler etc. : In the reign of James I, Elizabeth Elliot, in gratitude for the pardoning of her erring son, willed £250 to St. Sepulchre's Church, and directed that the condemned in Newgate be religiously admonished on the morning of execution and that at the churchyard wall, a man ringing a bell should stop the cart carrying them to Tyburn, and exhort them to consider their eternal estate. The matter is given at length, with one of the exhortations, in the third volume of Smith's *History*.

divers Geld unguarded Fobbs : pickpockets empty unguarded trowsers-pockets.

Antipadize : a nonce-word, apparently unknown to *N.E.D.*; perhaps a form of the rare *antipathize*, to show contrariness of feeling.

From wetshod Eyes, fill thrice three Tun. . .

As he in Brandy : condemned criminals commonly went to execution drunk so that they might make a brave show.

oh Hone, oh Hone : alas, borrowed from Celtic usage.

Mansion-House : also the name of the official residence of the Lord Mayor.

Close Mourners : Originally with the idea of secluded mourners, later deep mourners.

Princess German : referring to the notorious Mary Carleton, celebrated elsewhere in the present volume, and also playing on the genealogical sense of *german*.

brisk Duval : Claude Duval, the famous highwayman, hanged at Tyburn in 1670. His life is well summarized in his epitaph :

Here lies Du Vall : Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.

Latroon . . . Picaroon : robber, brigand.

Mercuries Crony : Mercury was the god of thieves.

Latine Pagan : Payne (Paganus) Fisher, the "Latin laureate" to Oliver Cromwell published in 1660 *The Speeches of Oliver Cromwell . . . at their Execution at Tyburn 30 June 1660*.

Old Noll : Oliver Cromwell.

He was Protector too : i.e. Sadler.

Trusty Betty : an iron crow-bar, according to Smith's *Thieves Grammar*.

Jetty : the overhanging upper storey of a building.

Wild Arabs : No such term appears in Smith's *Canting Dictionary*; and the term *street Arab* seems to have begun in the nineteenth century. Here the word seems to refer generally to the criminal classes.

Or wanted wit. . .

Bilking : stealing.

old Gilt : practised burglar.

Purse and Mace : signs of high office in cities, colleges etc.

Atropos : the one of the three Fates that cuts the thread of life.

still : always.

Swing : in both senses.

Groans from New-Gate

OR AN

E L E G Y

On the suspension of the Famous Thief *Thomas Sadler*, Fifteen times Student in that Renowned Colledge, who to the great Regret of all his Associates, was Translated to Tyburn, *March, 16th, 1677.*

ILLustrious Muse ! on thee we Call,
That dost inspire at *Pulchers* Wall;
The pious *Tinkler* with an Art,
To stop with *Ghostly* Hymes the Cart.
And with his Saints Bell full of grief,
Ring our the Knell of passing Thief.
Whilst bustling Crowd for pitty sobbs,
And divers Geld unguarded Fobbs,
Assist us now with doleful Glee,
To Antipadize an Elegy.
And let each drop that dares to run
From wetted Eyes, fill thrice three Tun;
That so we may with Mickle Tears,
(As he in *Brandy*) drown our Fears;
Who does not here how every stone
In *New-Gate* cries, oh Hone, oh Hone.
And every tender hearted Louse
Belonging to that Mansion-House,
Does strive in sable Robes to Crawl,
Close Mourners to his Funeral.
When *Princes German* made her Hubbubs,
And drew the whole Town to the Suburbs;
When brisk *Duval*, that *French* Latroon
Receiv'd reward of Pickaroon;
And put poor Ladies in a swoon;
Rhymesters their Goose-quills did Employ
As fast, as *Clerks* in Chancery;
And shall *Sadler*, *Mercuries* Crony,
Be hang'd like *Curr*, Sans Ceremony,
'Tis base, --- and if wit's to be had for money
If Ballad men will venture on't,
Or people Buy, when we have don't;

VVee'l Sing his Name in *Lofier* droll
Than *Latine* *Pagan* did Old Noll;
He was Protector too o'th Crew,
Domestick Castles to Subdue;
And by the aid of Trusty *Betty*,
Could force each Door, VVindow, and Jetty;
VVith dextrous *Crown* could spring a mine,
And *Pick-lock* Engines so designe;
Like second *Hannibal* they say,
He alwaies found or made a way.
His Conduct of so brave a flight,
Taught the *Wild Arabs* of the night;
Intrigues they never would believe,
Or warded wit how to Archeive.
Filking more *Plate*, If same truth saith,
Than the old *Gilt* call'd publick faith.
And then for to compleat his Race,
VVel-hop'd, as *Badges* of's high place.
To bear away both *Purse* and *Mace*.

E P I T A P H.

From making Bricks and moulding Clay,
To Break up VValls I found a way;
Long-tyme I thriv'd, till by mishap,
Atropos caught me in a Trap.
But that's no strange or wonderous thing,
I always lov'd to have my Swing.
Let this sad Tomb advise my friends,
Ill Lives must still expect Ill ends.

F I N I S.

AN ELEGIE ON THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR
EDMUND-BURY GODFREY

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (III))

THE heading of this piece seems to show the influence of contemporary tombstones in its shape and symbols. Originally it had wide mortuary margins, a narrow strip of which remains on the left-hand side. Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey (1621-1678), justice of the peace for Westminster, came of a good Kentish family, and had many friends among the Whig notables of his day. He was on good terms with both Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, and was loath to enforce the penal laws against either. Titus Oates brought to him his first story of the so-called Popish Plot, and at last prevailed on him to lay the matter before the Privy Council. Some two weeks later, Godfrey was found murdered on the outskirts of London. Oates insisted that it was part of the Plot; the event aroused a furore, and two Catholics and a Protestant were duly hanged at Tyburn; but the evidence against them was later admitted to be false. It is now thought that Oates himself probably murdered Godfrey to give color to the "Plot" he had concocted.

Strafford : Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Royalist statesman beheaded for treason in 1641. See the broadside on his death in the present collection.

Montross : James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, whose opposition to the ambitious designs of Argyll and the Presbyterian clergy made him a Royalist and cost him his head in 1650.

Rome's curst Hate : In actual fact, the death of Godfrey was probably no more due to Roman Catholics than that of Strafford or of Montrose! The broadside reflects the popular state of mind.

Numbers : also in the sense of poetic metre.

Will pass Close-Mourner : deep mourner.

methinks : it seems to me.

Wounds, like Mouths : Cf. *Julius Caesar*, III, ii, 229-230.

treat . . . rate : a good rhyme, as in modern Irish.

Manes : spirit.

In th' Dust his Deeds shall blossom : Cf. Calchas' song in Shirley's *Ajax and Ulysses* :

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

Triple crown : referring to the Pope's tiara.

A N E L E G I E

ON THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey, Knight,

One of His MAJESTIES JUSTICES of the PEACE:

Who was found Murtherd on *Thursday* the 17th of this Instant *October*, 1678. in a Ditch on the South-side of *Primrose-Hill* near *Hampstead*.

STRAFFORD crowd up, and brave *Mintrefs* make room,
Here's a *State-Martyr* too, that's lately come,
All goar'd in *Bloud*, — who may most justly crave
To share with you in your im mortal Grave
To you he comes, to you! who best can tell

How many Perils in true *Virtue* dwell;
Yea, and how dang'rous 'tis i'th Gap to stand,
Against Rebellion in your Native Land;
Which now is, or ne're was, by *Rome's* curs'd Hate,
Destin'd to Ruine both in Church and State.

If Souls refin'd, and freed from Humane care,
Could 'mongst immortal joys such leisure spare,
As to reflect on all that they did do,
And what they suffer'd while confin'd below,
The ill returns which Loyal *Godfrey* found,
E're his Deserts had thrust him under ground,
Their pity would relent, and sighs attend,
The Funeral of this lamented Friend.

Whom should'st thou praise, poor blea-ey'd Muse? proclaim
Thou wouldst thine own Defects, not found his Fame:
The worth of whose large Soul can never be
With finite Numbers dress'd, much less by thee.
Silence amaz'd, more meet than Pen, or Eves,
Will pass Close-Mourner at thy Obsequies.

And yet methinks, by strength of thought, I view
Ev'n still his gen'rous Soul, as first it flew
From its wrong'd Body, and made best Retreat,
And just Appeal, to Gods *Tribunal-Seat*
Methinks I see him as at first he stood,
With his pale Body newly streak'd with *Bloud*;
With gaping Wounds, like *Mounds*, which call'd for Woe,
And home Revenge, on those who made them so:
With bruised Neck, and Cheek, with batter'd Chin;
And Breast as black, as his vile Burchers sin:
But with a Soul more innocent and gay,
Than new-born Lillies in the midst of May.

Ah worthy Knight! If thy high Virtue did
Not all thy thoughts of just Revenge forbid,
What dismal Truths might'st tell, what Plots might'st show
To those above, were Hatch'd by *Rome* below!
Thou need'st no more, but all thy Wounds display
Before those glorious Messengers, and they
With just rewards that bloody Crew might treat,
Who dar'd to use thee at so harsh a rate

But thou wert always merciful and kind,
Ev'n whilst to humane shape thou wast confin'd;
Add it were cruelty to think thee more
Severe or fierce than thou wert known before.
Methinks I hear with an exalted Voice
Thy happy *Manes* amongst the blest rejoice,
With Joy like that the cheerful Sea-man swells,
When safe on Shore, his dangerous *Wreck* he tells,
And from the swelling Banks, with asfull scorn,
Beholds those Waves which had his Vessel torn.
So thou, brave Soul! to Heaven didst force thy way
Through Men more fur'ous than the raging Sea.
And having gain'd the Heavenly Port, dost now
With safe contempt look down on them below,
Whose rigid usage had so cruel been
To strand the tender Bark thy Soul was in.
And still, as if thy Tragedy were grown
Too poor, and mean, to gain from Hell renown,
Do yet like *Blood-Hounds* the warm Quest pursue,
And strive to kill thy Reputation too.
But that's *Immortal*, — and shall never want
Remembrance, whilst there's *Press* or *Protestant*;
The one to fix it in most lasting Writ,
The other to revera and honour it.

A N E P I T A P H.

REader, beneath this weeping Marble lies
The Peoples Love, the Nations Sacrifice:
A modern Martyr, or (to raise thy Dread)
A Justice most unjustly murdered.
Approach his Tomb with Reverence, for he,
Whilst living, was *Rome's* deadly Enemy.
And whose're the fatal stab did give,
Went not the nearest way to make him live,
In th' Dust his Deeds shall blossom: Time (that brings
A change on other (subunary things)
Will keep these fresh, this Patriots renown
Shall ne're be strangled by the Triple Crown.

F I N I S.

L I C E N S E D, October 29. 1678.

L O N D O N, Printed for Ben. Harris in *Dorset-street* near the *Royal-Exchange*, 1678.

AN ELOGY UPON OLD MADDAM GWINN

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 51)

THIS broadside is marked 1d., a change in the price of such pieces that seems to have occurred in 1678. "Old Maddam Gwinn" is chiefly famous as the mother of the seductive Nellie, who rose from the career of an orange girl—a current emphemism for prostitute—to the stage of the Theatre Royal; and from an actress at the Theatre Royal, rose to be one of the mistresses of Charles II. Of the mother, little is known except her death, which was generally ascribed to brandy. She was buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and her daughter was later interred in the same tomb.

And Læthe quaff : i.e. drink of oblivion. I find no Classical authority for the idea in the following line that this gave the souls their bodies again.

Illusterate : to make famous, apparently a nonce-word, unknown to *N.E.D.*

Or else diminish as occasion's found. . . .

Rodamanthus : Rhadamanthos, a son of Zeus, brother of Minos, a judge of Hades.

Exhausted France and Normandie : i.e. drunk up all the brandy there.

Bohemoth : Behemoth, *Job*, 40. 15.

Nants : brandy from Nantes.

twice presume : twice venture.

the Plot : the Popish Plot, invented by the notorious Oates, and played up by the Whigs in the hope of excluding James II from the throne.

Transubstantiations . . . *distill'd from Pallid Wines* : i.e. brandy.

from France Translat : bring over from France.

Tavern-Bush : a bush or small tree was the traditional sign of a tavern.

a Pipe : Pipe-smoking among women was not unusual in the seventeenth century.

Juno, undescerned : Probably a reference to the Roman belief that Juno was a sort of guardian spirit following every woman through life.

By pleasing Arts, not Charms of Magic Wit.

envy : enmity.

often vers : often averse.

Typhon's . . . *vast Bulk* : a name for *Typhæus*, a giant struck with a thunderbolt by Zeus and buried under Mt. Etna.

could not have Conquest made.

together did effect, what none. . . .

Ciprus : cypress, planted by the Romans about their tombs.

in Order must proceed. . . .

Canons like. . . .

Catch : a musical composition for several voices, each one taking up the same tune a line after the preceding.

He has refin'd her to the Arms of Death. . . .

Strengthened with all the Virtues France or 'th Rhine. . . .

Where she expired by subtle Neptune's Rage.

Tho Fate was Cruel, yet her Fame remains;

For drinking, none like her the World contains.

To after-Ages then, a Statue raise,

That so we may Eternalize her Praise.

E L O G Y

Upon that never to be forgotten Matron,

Old Maddam Gwinn,

Who was unfortunately Drown'd in her own Fishpond, on the 29th of July 1679

Mourners prepare, let doleful Echoes sound:
To rouse the ghost that traces the silent round
And *Le be quaff* in their eternal Boles,
Once more T'incorporate their departed Souls.
Let all Repair, and as Attendants waite;
On this untimely Character of Fate,
Yet let *Elizium* Fields be Guarded, sure
Great *Pluto* there, those Fountains must secure.
That send such Rivers forth, which once being tain
They yield a pow'r to reassume again
A mortal Shape, and once more view the Skits,
If Fate be true, at least Poettick Lies
Will Pardons meet, whilst *Rome* can Oaths translate,
We have the power to add, Illustrate,
Or else dim in this occasion's found,
For naked Truth received a papal Wound:
Least therefore dares not venture on the Stage,
Least he become the Monster of the Age.
But yet, suppose there is such Streams, then know,
That our Advice will profit much below.
Look too'then *Rodamantibus*, for now she,
Who has Exhausted *France* and *Normandie*;
Descends thy Shades, and like *Bobemio* will,
At one sound Draught, whole Floods of *Lethe* will.
So that the rest may hope to taste in vain,
And yet ne'r find a Cordial for their Pain.
But since she's gone, our Tiplers need not fear;
For whilst she liv'd true *Nants* was monstrous deer.
Yet *Brandy-Merchants*, sure have cause to grieve;
Because her Fate admits of no Reprieve.
Die in their Debts she could not, yet they'll find,
Their Trad's decay'd, for none is left behind;
That in one Day could twenty Quarts consume,
And bravely vaunt, she durst it twice presume.
Bounteous she was, unto her self and wou'd;
Be sure to taste, what e'r she fancied good.
As for the Plot, none e'r cou'd tax her (why?)
Because her Soul did Active thoughts delye:
She hated Treason, and was always bent;
To please her self, with Liquid Element.
Nor could a superstitious Thought prevail,
To make her in Religious Notions fail.
No Transubstantiations would she know,
But what distill'd from Pallid Vines did flow.
Nor any Relict wou'd she own but that,
Which good *St. Brandy* did from *France* Trai flat.
Her Care was always to adore the Shrine,
Of Taven-Bush, that had the briskest Vine.
One thing of her, I almost had forgot;
She oft wou'd praise a sea-board Brandy Pot.
And with such fervent Kisses grace the Cup,
That is contented, when she tast it up
These are not half her vertuous Deeds, for still,
She wou'd a Pipe with Expedition fill.
And then cou'd force the Vapours to abound,
That Clouds of Smoak wou'd oft invade her round
And to like *Juno*, undecerned lie,
By pleasing Arts, not Charms of Magick Wile.

But Fortune to the bravest is a foe,
When least deserv'd, she does most envy show.
And often vers, at last she joynes with Fate,
And persecures with undeserved Hate.
For this good Matron, that so well was fed;
By lean-jaw'd Death, was into Bondage led.
I will not say with *Typhon's* hea-wast Bulks;
O'respread nine Acres, yet her mighty Hulk;
Six Foot in Compass was supprest to be,
Too ponderous for a common Destinie.
No Fate when she was sober durst assail,
Her well-built Structure; nor could ought prevail.
Too strong the Basis were, whereon she stood;
That solid Mass, compos'd with Fleish and Blood
Had not pernicious Legs and Feet betray'd;
The Element could not have Conquest find.
But here's the Plot! As *Jesuit* assist each other,
So powerful *Brandy* help'd its weaker Brother.
And both together d d d d, what noise
Could have perform'd; had it been left alone.
So Joyn'd-Conspiracies oft ruine States,
Which are too strong, and brave the Vulgar Fates
But since this good Matron's gone, lets pay
Her Obsequies, and weep without delay.
Let Briny Tears, from watry Fountains flow,
And all the Paths with mournful *Cyprius* strow.
Red-Noser, you that live by drinking, must
Attend the Hearse, your places are the first.
Next after you, in Order must proceed;
Those social Toppers, that no Quarrels breed.
And next those Heroes, who with Smoak and Fire,
Can make the Intrels of a Pipe expire.
Those Sons of *Vulcan*, that his Forge Assume;
And *Caucus* like, can helch perpetual Fume.
And then those Ladies must Attendants be,
Who are most skill'd in Arts of Gallantrie:
As such who scorn, to turn their Backs on Men,
But if they Close, will Close with them agen.
The next that grace this mournful Train must sing
A Catch, or *Requiem* unto *Brandy*, King
Or all the powerful Liquors, thus we shall
Close up this Scen or Pompous Funeral.

E P I T A P H

Here lies intomb'd within this Marble Pale,
The wonder of her Sex, who for a while,
Fare'durst not venture on, but taking Breath,
Herself resign'd her to the Arms of Death.
Readers Lament, for seldom shall you find,
The weaker Sex to bear so strong a mind,
Strengthened with all the *Virtues* *France* or *Rhine*,
England, or Spain could ever in use from Wine.
But *Bacchus* unkind did tempt her to rage,
Where she expired by subtile *Neptunes* Rage.
Too Fate was this, yet her own Fault;
For drinking, none like her the World contains.
A stier Age then, a Statue raise,
That so we may Eternal be her Praise.
22: 9: 19

AN ELEGY UPON MR. THOMAS HOBBS OF MALMESBURY

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 68)

THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679), the son of a disgraced country parson, had a brilliant career at Oxford, and became a tutor in the household of the Earl of Devonshire. Much of his life was passed on the Continent; and, during the Civil War, he was for a time a tutor to Charles II. His mathematical writings against Descartes and the members of the Royal Society are of little value; and he is famous chiefly as a political philosopher. In the *Leviathan*, he stressed the centralizing power of the crown as the chief cohesive force in civilized society, and subordinated even religion to its authority. Both Puritans and Anglicans called him atheist, although he was reconciled to Cromwell, and was at some pains, even during the Protectorate, to take the Sacrament according to the Anglican rite—characteristically turning his back during the sermon. He and his philosophy became the intellectual bogeys of the century. After the Restoration, he lived in England, protected by the King and the Earl of Devonshire, but prohibited from publishing any book on politics or religion. He was as physically timid as he was intellectually audacious, and like Rousseau lived in dread of a persecution that never materialized. He died of paralysis at the age of eighty-nine on December 4th, 1679.

If Truths they be : an intimation of seventeenth century scepticism.

Nature in meer sport etc. : Evolution!

pleasantly : with pleasantry.

fond : foolish.

still : always.

Vice and Pleasure in effect are one : an expression of the practical philosophy of the Restoration period.

Indians : i.e. natives of India.

Leviathan : Hobbes' chief political treatise, sometimes said to have been written in support of Cromwell. In 1666, the House of Commons considered a bill against it on account of "Atheism and Profaneness."

small Behemoths : Hobbes had actually no immediate followers; and his fame was not rescued from detraction until the rise of Utilitarianism a century later. The reference is doubtless to his *Behemoth; History of the Causes of the Civil Wars of England*, finished about 1668, published surreptitiously in 1679.

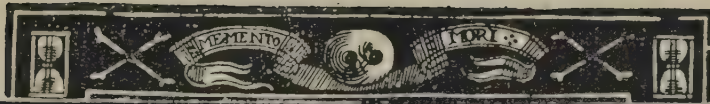
Verse . . . rehearse . . . Ar[se] : probably good rhymes in the seventeenth century.

In fine : The Latin, *in fine*, in the end.

Fobbs : tricks.

Jobbs : Probably in the sense of a public service or trust turned to private gain, a slur on Hobbes' doctrine of inherent selfishness.

Bug-bear : imaginary object of terror.



AN ELEGIE

UPON

Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury,

LATELY DECEASED.

IS he then dead at last, whom vain report
So often had feign'd Mortal in meer sport?
Whom we on Earth so long alive might see,
We thought he here had Immortality.

As he, like what he wrote, could not expire,
Whom all that did not love, did yet admire.
For who his Writings still accus'd in vain,
Were taught by him, of whom they did complain.
Some Authors vented have more Truth's; but so,
If Truths they be, 'tis more than we can know.
He with such Art deceiv'd, that none can say,
If his be Errours, where his Errour lay.
If he mistakes, 'tis still with so much Wit,
He erres more pleasingly than others hit.
For there are Counterfeits of Truth, which are
In shew more Truths than Truths themselves appear.
As Nature in meer sport hath fram'd some Apes
Neerer to Men, than some in humane shapes;
All were by him so plausibly mislead,
They chose to lose the Way with such a Guide,
And wander pleasantly, rather than be
In the right Way with duller Companie.

With ill success, some fond Disputers strove,
What Doctrines he had planted, to remove;
And justly are they blam'd: for that Disease
Is ill remov'd, which more than Health does please.
And who delightful Frenzies entertain,
When undeceiv'd, do of their Cure complain. [vade,

With such sweet Force he does our Thoughts in-
That where he cannot Teach, he does Perswade.
And we that read his Writings with them true,
If we do not believe them to be so.
If he be in the Wrong, we hold it still,
Because the Right appears not half so well.
Who so would mend his Faults must make a Blot
May be more Truth, but most will like it not.
For though fair Vertue Plato wisht to see,
Yet Vice as fair will please no less than she.
Why are Temptations names for what is ill?
But that her Charms are most prevailing still.
Or Vice call'd Pleasures? But to shew alone,
That Vice and Pleasure in effect are one.

Hence came our Wit to think there was no Devil;
Or if he Tempter was, he was not evil:
And finding him drest in a different fashion,
According to the humour of each Nation,
And that the *Indians* were in this so civil,
To Whiten him we Blackned for the Devil.
He thought that he was Black or White, and Saint or
Devil, according as it pleased the Painter.
And Vice and Vertue both were our Opinion,
And vari'd with the Laws of each Dominion.
To which who did conform was understood,
As their Modes differ'd to be bad or good.

EPITAPH.

IS Atheist-Hobbes then dead! forbear to Cry;
For, whilst he liv'd, he thought he could not dy,
Or was at least most filthy loath to try.

*Leviathan the Great is slain! But see
The small Behemoths of his Progenie,
Survive to duel all Divinitie.*

*Whither he's gone, becomes not us to say,
The Narrow upper, or the Broad low way:
For who own'd neither well, may hap to stray.*

*Most think old Tom, with a Recanting Verse,—
Must his odde Notions dolefully rehearse
To new Disciples in the Devils Ar---*

*In fine, after a thousand Shams and Fobbs,
Ninety years Eating, and immortal Jobbs,
Here MATTER lies,—and there's an End of Hobbes.*

Aliud.

*Here lies Tom Hobbes, the Eng. bear of the Nation.
Whose Death hath frighted Atteism out of Fashion.*

FINIS.

Printed in the Year 1679.

AN ELEGIE HUMBL Y OFFERED TO JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER

By SAMUEL HOLLAND

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (131))

JOHN WILMOT (1647-1680), second earl of Rochester, took his M.A. at Oxford at the age of fourteen, and after three years of Continental travel, plunged into the dissolute life of the court of Charles II, becoming the Petronius Arbiter of its mis-rule. His occasional verses, brilliant and obscene, his satire, directed even against his boon companion, the King, and his fickle patronage of the poets, have given him a place in literature, as his profligacy has made him memorable in the secret history of the time. During the last months of his life, he turned to the consolations of religion, declared that he had been drunk for five years without an interval, and summoned Bishop Burnet to receive his death-bed repentance. He died July 26th, 1680, and, like Falstaff, is said to have made a good end. Many poems and pamphlets on his death were hawked about the streets; and his repentance was the sensation of the day. Samuel Holland was the author of at least two other broadsides, an elegy on Anne Gray and a *Gratulatory Poem* on the Restoration of Charles II.

Pigsah-Mount : Pisgah, the hill mentioned as the place of sacrifice (*Numbers*, 23. 14), and as the place from which Moses saw the Promised Land (*Deuteronomy*, 3. 27).

Elixir : an alchemists' preparation to change metals into gold.

Vanity of Vanities : *Ecclesiastes*, 1. 2.

And then saw Visions etc. : Cf. *Joel*, 2. 28 and *Acts*, 2. 17.

Drols : drolls, comic songs.

Holy Dove : the usual symbol for the third person of the Trinity.

For Balm to Gilead : *Jeremiah*, 8. 22.

He chides the Follies etc. : a death-bed conversion in the best style of Sentimental comedy.

lasht our Foppish times. . .

A N E L E G I E

Humbly offered to the Memory of that Matchless WIT, and Unparallel'd

Example of Sincere Penitency, THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER,

Who most Piously exchanged Earthly Honour for Never-fading Glory
the 26th Day of July, 1680.

NO more, wild *Atheists*! No more Deny
That blessed *Hope* which makes us glad to Dye;
Dispute no more the Truth of that Great Day
Shall free dead Mankind from their gloomy Clay.

See here an Argument stops all your *Lies*
The Mighty *ROCHESTER* a *Convert* Dies,
He fell a Poet, but a Saint shall Rise. }
Then help us all ye Pow'rs of Verse, and flow
Into his Praise all that Himself could do:
For who can write without him? or darestry
To speak his Worth? Unless his Ghost were nigh;
Where, when our Flames do languish we retire
To his Great *Genius*, and thence take new Fire.
Whose lofty Numbers gently slid away
Like Chrystal waters, smooth and deep as They;
Though some low Men by others Verse are Rais'd
(*Fools* living that would, dead, be Prais'd.)
To Celebrate his *Marble* he needs none,
His Name out-lives both *Epitaph* and *Stone*.
Excess of *Wit* alone his Fame did spoil,
So Lamps extinguish'd are by too much Oil;
And since he's gone, we grov'ling Trifles Crawl
About the World, which but confirms his Fall;
As when retiring *Sol* blinds us with Night,
Each petty Star peeps forth to brag stoln Light.
Yet not his *Muse* do we so much admire,
As those rare sparks of true *Celestial Fire*
That warm'd his Breast when *Nature's Heats* decay'd,
And *Death-cold Horrors* did each Limb invade:
Then did a sudden Beam of *Light Divine*
Inspire his Soul, his Faculties Refine,
And from *Parnassus* drew his fixed Eye
To *Pisjak-Mount*, and saving *Calvary*;

The Bubbling Froth that wanton Fancy rais'd
(Which for *Extravagance* was only Prais'd)
Is soon beat down by this more Glorious Flame,
Whence straight a Noble true *Elixir* came;
This *Solomon* for *Wit* and *Pleasures* too
Bids *Vanity of Vanities* adieu.
And having tasted all the sweets are Hurl'd
O're Youthful minds by a deluding World;
Begins to Descant on *Eternal Themes*,
And then saw *Visions*, that before dream'd *Dreams*:

He finds Religion is no forged Law
For cunning *Knaves* to keep dull *Fools* in Awe;
That *Future State*, and the Dread *Judgment Day*,
And *Heav'n* and *Hell* (what e're our Drolls may say)
Are serious things. Nor did this *Knowledge* scare
Or fright him to wild Desarts of *Despair*;
But gently wrought, to shew 'twas from above
Th' instructive breathings of the *Holy Dove*;
Taught him with humble *Faith* and *Hope* to fly
For Balm to *Gilead*, and on *Christ* relye.
Now with redoubled *Sighs* and Floods of *Tears*,
He chides the *Follies* of his mispent years:
Himself his looser *Lines* to Flames bequeaths,
And *Hob's Creed* with Detestation leaves;
Warns all our Youthful *Nobles*, lets them know
True *Honour* can from *Virtue* only flow:
That *Piety* will give a lasting Crown
When their *Gay Titles* All must tumble down,
And dark *Oblivion* worldly *Grandeur* Drown. }
To hear him thus on Solemn *Death-Bed* Preach,
Did more than Forty languid *Sermons* Teach.
The *Angels* clapt their Wings on that blest Day }
Envy'd unworthy *Earth* his longer stay,
And so in *Triumph* bore his Soul away. }

The EPITAPH.

Under this Tomb we do Interr
The Ashes of Great ROCHESTER:
Who's pointed Wit (his worst of Crimes)
So Jolly last'd our Foppish Times;
Let none too Rigorous Censures fix
Great Errors with great Parts will mix;
How broad so'e're his Faults be shown,
His Penitence as large was known.
Forbear then!—and let you and I
By him, at least, learn how to Dye.

SAMUEL HOLLAND.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, MDCLXXX.

AN ELEGIE ON CORONEL BLOOD, NOTORIOUS FOR STEALING THE CROWN

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (138))

THIS piece has been previously reprinted by the Ballad Society in their edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. The fame of Thomas Blood (1618?-1680) survived his own generation to be immortalised in Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*. He seems to have been the son of an Irish blacksmith, and took the Parliamentary side in the Civil War. At the Restoration, he joined in a plot to seize Dublin Castle and imprison Ormonde, the lord lieutenant, and persisted in his attempt even after he knew that the plot had been betrayed. He was later implicated with the Fifth Monarchy Men in London, and in the Pentland Rising—probably as a secret spy of the government. He rescued his friend Captain Mason from a guard of eight troopers in Yorkshire, and almost succeeded in kidnapping Ormonde on a visit to London and hanging him by main force at Tyburn. A few months later, under pretence of making a match for the daughter of the keeper, he stole the crown jewels, but was almost immediately arrested. He refused to confess, save personally to the King; and so successful was the royal interview that he not only escaped punishment but regained his forfeited Irish estates. He was often seen at court, and died a natural death, probably on August 24th, 1680. The date mentioned on the present broadside may be that of his funeral. Rumour said that his death was only feigned as a cloak to cover new adventures; and so, a week later, his body was exhumed, identified, and re-buried.

Bedloe : William Bedloe (1650-1680) the notorious adventurer who helped Oates to concoct the evidence for the Popish Plot. He began life as a cobbler, was educated by a Jesuit who hoped to convert him. He turned informer, fabricating the most startling revelations to which the populace, shocked by the murder of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, lent an all-too-credulous ear.

Nay to himself such torment was at last : These pious sentiments are doubtless the fabrication of the elegist.

*For who can bear a discontented minde
Or any Peace with an ill Conscience finde,
Thro' his whole life he practis'd Villany . . .
With secret Malice his bold heart did burn.*

Captain Mason : Blood's friend, rescued by him from the guard of troopers near Doncaster.

seizing of a Duke : Ormonde.

Ossery : Thomas Butler (1634-1680) Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the Duke of Ormonde, made a rear admiral for his exploits in the Dutch War.

brav'd his Majesty etc. : in the audience Blood demanded after he was caught with the crown jewels.

a deserving Noble honest Peer etc. : At the time of his death, Blood was under a cloud for conspiring against Buckingham.

still : always.

AN

E L E G I E

On Coronel **B L O O D**,

Notorious for Stealing the Crown, &c. Who Dyed the

Twenty Sixth of August, 1680.

THanks ye kind Fates, for your last Favour shown
Of stealing **B L O O D**, who lately stole the Crown;
We'll not exclaim so much against you since;
As well as **BEDLOE**, you have fetcht him hence,
He who ha been a Plague to all Mankind:
And never was to any one a Friend,
Nay to himself such torment was at last,
He wisht his Life had long ago been past.
For who can bear a conscience in the
Of any Peace with an ill Conscience; nle,
Thro' his whole Life, he practis'd Villany
And Lov'd it though he nothing got thereby;
At first uneasy at the Kings return
With secretance his bora heart 'did burn.
Against his Sovereign, and on pretence
He had much wrong'd his Feign'd Innocence;
To **IRELAND** went, and several ways did try
Rather then he would unrevened Dye,
To vent his malice on His **MA JEST Y**.
But finding there all his attempts prove vain,
To **ENGLAND** return with he returns again,
And after some small time, he had Liv'd here
The first Great thing in which he did appear,
Was rescuing from Justice **CAPTAIN MASON**,
Whom all the **WORLD** doth know, have been a base one
The next ill thing he Boldly undertook,
Was Barbarously seizing of a **DUKE**.
Whom as he since confest'd, he did intend
To Hang for Injuries he did pretend:
The **DUKE** ha sa alone him, though the World does know
His Grace was ne're to a Good Man a Foe:
Having through all, his many well spent Days;
Serv'd His **KING** and Country, several ways-
And Patiently his troubles underwent,
Finding a sweetness, ev'n in Banishment
And Death, he Patiently wou'd have endur'd,
The **KINGS** Restoring cou'd he have secur'd.
A **DUKE**, who being by Providence preserv'd:
Hath begot Sons; who Valiantly have serv'd
His **MA JEST Y**, and Great Renown Obrein'd
In many Battles by your Valour Gain'd,
Great **O S S E R T**, who by his Conduct wife,
Did Oft by Stratagems, his Foes surprize

And hath as often beat them with his Sword;
Was the Eldest Son, of this most Noble **LOR D**.
But I my **HEROE** almost have forgot,
An th' next thing he engag'd in was a **PLOT**,
To seize the **CROWN**; and without doubt he who
So Great a Piece of Villany wou'd do,
When he saw Time, wou'd have attempted too
His **MA JEST Y**; but failing of the prize,
About the Town he undiscover'd lies,
Harbour'd by some of's fellow Rogues, yet see
How few can spare concern'd in Villany,
In a short time, he apprehended was
And brav'd His **MA JEST Y**, even to his Face
Yet when ere wou'd, have thought he should have had,
Reward for's Villany; and have been made
Example to all Ages our good King,
Gave him his Life, (who long has strove to bring
Destruction on him,) and did him Restore,
To liberty, thinking he ne're wou'd more
Do any thing unjust again when loe;
His stirring Spirit, was not contented so,
For he Engag'd in th' Conspiracy,
To ruine th' Monar, Life, and Liberty,
O a deserving Noble Honest Peer,
And hath him brought, unto Destruction near
But Divine providence for ever Blest:
Prevented this, as well as all the Rest
By th' coming in of some, that were concern'd
Which all your **PLOT**; into confusion turn'd.
At last our Famous **HEROE** Coronel **B L O O D**,
Seeing his Projects all will do to good,
And that Success was to him still deny'd,
Fell sick with Grief, broke his great Heart and dy'd.

The EPITAPH.

HERE LIES the Man, who belov'd his run through,
More Villanous then ever **ENGLAND** knew;
And nere to any Friend, he had was true,
Here let him then by all unpitied Lie,
And Let's Rejoyce his time was come to Dye

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed by J. S. in the Year, 1680.

AN ELEGY UPON THE MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER

By JO. CROUCH

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 36)

LUTTRELL dates this broadside May 6th, 1681. Henry Pierrepont (1606-1680), first Marquis of Dorchester, came of a noble family, and took the Royalist side in the Civil War, but, as early as 1647, compounded for his estate, and devoted the following years to study. He is said to have "passed through all manner of learning both divine and human," and seems to have been an especial adept in medicine. He was of choleric disposition, and sometimes indulged in scurrilous pamphlets and even in fisticuffs. On one such occasion, he pulled out a handful of the Duke of Buckingham's hair, and lost his own periwig. He lived to be seventy-four; and his enemies declared that his own medicines hastened his death. John Crouch, who seems to have gone also by the nickname of "Swallow," is probably to be identified with the Royalist ballad-writer and pamphleteer of Commonwealth times. When, or in what sense, he was "domestick Servant" to Lord Dorchester, is hard to ascertain. After the Restoration, he emerges as eulogist-in-ordinary to the nobility; and he did elegies on Prince Henry, on Lord Rutherford and others. He seems to have died about 1681.

And Honour perish in a bed of dust : Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, "Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust. . ."

weep o're a Learned Herse : Among Anglicans, the use of elegies at funerals seems to have died out after the Restoration, and references to such a use became vaguer and more figurative.

Fallacies : tricks, deceptions.

fatal Naseby after Triumph lost : The Battle of Naseby, in June, 1646, began with a brilliant and successful charge of Prince Rupert's cavalry, and ended in utter Royalist defeat.

to Friends less Faithful fled : the Scotch to whom Charles gave himself up in 1646, and who sold him to the English Parliament for £200,000.

Alstedian : referring to Johann Heinrich Alsted (1588-1638), professor of philosophy and theology at Herborn and author of an *Encyclopædia* (1630).

First Intelligence . . . Inferior Orbs : God seems to be compared to the empyrean of the old astronomy.

Inner-Temple : obviously in two senses.

Jacob's powerful Wand : Jacob's staff, an astronomical instrument used in measuring the altitude of the sun.

Galen and Hippocrates : the fathers of Greek medicine.

Charitable Dodonean door : Because of his vast learning, the Marquis is compared to the oracle of Dodona in Epirus.

Charities great Burse : place of business. Cf. Britain's Burse, the new Royal Exchange built on the Strand in 1609.

This Turtle : lover.

AN
ELEGY
Upon the MARQUESS of
DORCHESTER.
And EARL of
KINGSTON, &c.

6 May. 1681.

IF to some Silent Tomb we laid our Ear,
Fancy might such Oraculous Whispers hear;
Must Souls with Bodies dye? must Virtue rust?
And Honour perish in a bed of dust?
If of Nine Muses Eight were slain asleep,
One might stand Centry, and the Capitol keep;
'Tis I that One, weep o're a Learned Herse;
Some will my Duty praise, tho' not my Verse.

Farewel Great DORCHESTER born to Inherit
Thy Father's large Estate, but larger Spirit:
Who fatally by his Own Party slain,
Was by Your Loyalty reviv'd again.
'Twas You maintain'd his dying Cause and Breath,
Eluding all the Fallacies of Death:
Doubly posselt his Merit and Estate,
By right of Primogeniture and Fate.

But now the Kingdom with strange Whirlwinds tost,
And fatal *Naseby* after Triumph lost;
The King (Saint-like) into Temptation led,
From profest Foes, to Friends less Faithful fled.
Oxford is close begirt, Stout hearts grow tender,
And Loyal Pulses beat for a Surrender.
Then did our Marquess, (to his High Renown)
Bravely advise still to defend the Town?
If Heaven pleas'd, for His Majesties future good,
Worthy the Ransom of more Lives and Blood.
You were its greatest Ornament and Grace;
Lov'd best, because best understood the Place.
You comprehended in Epitomy,
The Learning of that great Academy.

Alfredian thoughts are narrow and confin'd,
Compar'd to the Vast Circle of your mind;
Which, like that First Intelligence above,
Did all Inferiour Orbs contain and move.
Philosophy here, (both Moral and Divine)
Did with the Lustre of all Graces shine;

Here Law did in its Inner-Temple dwell,
With Mathematicks to a Miracle.
Here Opticks shin'd, here *Jacob's* powerful Wand
Did all the Armies of the Stars Command:
Survey'd both Globes, and wisely took from thence
Just Measures for his High Magnificence.

Whereas some, (clog'd with Earth and Ignorance)
Can ill adjust their own Inheritance.
T' improve the barren Theory of these,
In steps great *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
You judg'd (tho' Envy might its Poison dart)
There cou'd be no disparagement in Art.

Your Charitable *Dodonean* door
Sent Echoes to the Prayers of the Poor.
Your well-spread Table still for Guests did call,
Was Charities great Bursè and Hospital.
Those Guests (amidst Philosophy and meat)
(More Ear than Appetite) forgot to eat.

But these Perfections (Glorious in their Sphere)
May make us Famous, not Immortal here.
Both Small and Great, Learn'd and Unlearned must
Submit their Talents to be weigh'd in dust.

Now DORCHESTER, Great DORCHESTER is dead,
And all his Parts laid Level with his Head.
But though his Years summ'd up the Age of man,
Largely extended to a Giant's Span;
It might some Circumstances interpose
(Like latter Frosts) and kill a drooping Rose.

This Turtle miss'd his dearest *KATHARINE*,
As Good, as Great; and only not the *QUEEN*;
Divorc'd by Death from his most Saint-like Wife,
His Palsy'd Soul allow'd but half a Life.

Then you that wonder at his Matchless Parts,
Acknowledge Love above the Power of Arts.

By JO. CROUCH, once his
Domestick Servant.
22 9: 19

LONDON Printed, and are to be Sold by *Walter Davis*.

AN ELEGIE UPON EDWARD FITZ-HARRIS, EXECUTED AT TYBURN FOR HIGH TREASON

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 47)

LUTTRELL notes the price of this broadside as 1d. Edward Fitz-Harris (1648?-1681) left his native Ireland as a boy of fourteen to wander about the Continent as a soldier of fortune. In 1672, he returned to England at first as an officer in the army, but soon became involved in Roman Catholic plots. In February, 1681, he wrote a pamphlet urging the deposition of the king and the exclusion from the throne of the Duke of York. He doubtless intended to foist the authorship on some prominent Whig; but the plot was revealed; and, after much wrangling over technicalities in Parliament, and after the fabrication of several "confessions," he was executed July 1st, 1681.

deplorate : The Latin participial form during the seventeenth century came to be used as a stem for all the inflectional forms of the English verb. Cf. *compassionate* below.

Three Kingdoms : Great Britain, Ireland and France, the three titles claimed by the kings of England since the Middle Ages.

Plurisie : in the old medicine, an excess of the "humors," or bodily fluids. Bleeding was a remedy; therefore, *Blood must be spilt*.

Calenture : a fever accompanied by delirium and supposed to be prevalent among sailors in the tropics.

pray For them while there is life : Of course prayers for the dead were generally forbidden to Protestants.

each : probably *such*.

where boundless Mercies flow . .

1st.

A N
E L E G I E
U P O N

Edward Fitz-Harris,

Executed at Tyburn for High-Treason upon Friday, July 1. 1681.

U Nhappy Man ! the Nations scorn and hate,
How shall I do thy *Death* to deplorate ?
No Tears are due to such a *Tragedy*,
Who liv'd *unlov'd*, must needs *impitied dye* ;
Upon that *Soyl* where nought but Thorns will grow,
In vain the *Heavens* their baulmy Dews bestow,
Had thy Crimes been of a less bloody hue,
Humanity would have made something due, }
A thing that's *soft* in all but such as you ; }
But where the Widdows and the Orphans Tears,
Three Kingdoms Misery for many years
Intail'd upon them and the Sacred Blood
Of a Great Prince, so merciful and good,
Could no *Relentings* find, *Humanity*
It self is forfeit, *You deserv'd to dye* :
Such Blood we can *compassionate* no more
The loss of, than our own diseased Store,
When in the *Crisis* of a *Plurilie*
Blood must be *spilt*, or we our selves must dye ;
How many Mischiefs ran in every Vein,
That did that hateful Blood of thine contain :
Whose *Circulations* still did ebb and flow
With *Plots* and *Stratagems*, to overthrow
Thy *Country's* Peace ; whose Pulse did nothing beat
But *Plots* and *Treasons*, and whose Native heat
Inflamed by a *Popish* Devilish Zeal,
Rag'd with a *Calenture* as hot as Hell.
Thou that hast been the *Tennis-Ball* of State,
Bandy'd betwixt the *Powers* and thy Fate,
So for a time suspended, *Vengeance* now
(*Impatient* grown) has giv'n the fatal Blow ;
That to the curs'd *Designs* thou didst intend
Against these *Kingdoms* puts a final End :
Now 'tis too late to blind us any more
With feign'd *Discov'ries*, as thou didst before ;
To flatter *Merry* with a *Tale*, and then :
True *Papist-like*, unsay the same again.

What e're it was, thou *ought'st* to let us know
Is stopt by an *Eternal Silence* now ;
Yet Heav'n knows all, and will in time reveal
These Depths of Treachery, which to conceal,
Rome by her *Damned Oaths*, and *Idle Frights*,
Obliges her *Deluded Profelites*.
But stay, Is there no Room for *Charity*
In such a *Cafe* as this ? *Papists* deny
It us, and by uncharitable Votes
Next damn our Souls, when they have cut our throats.
The *Laws* of our *Religion* us inclines
T' assume more soft and *charitable* minds ;
And when that *Justice* once has had its due,
We can both hope their good, and pity too.
Poor Dying *Malefactors* ; we can pray
For them while there is life ; and hope all may
Be well after their Death, especially
Where any Sorrow for their Guilt w'espy ;
Where any shews of true *Repentance* are,
Our *Church* has charitably taken care
To purge each Souls by Absolution,
Before their Merited Execution :
Our *Justice* (not inveniomed with *Spite*
Or *Malice*) grants a *charitable-right*
To such Offenders, that their Souls may have
A place in *Heav'n*, whose *Bodies* want a Grave,
Altho we make no *Traytors Martyrs*, we
Allow them *Happiness* in *Charity*,
Where they are truly Penitent, *Confession*
Serves sometimes *here* to blot out a Transgression,
And to obtain a Pardon, but when *here*
It is deny'd, it may be gotten *there*
Where *Pity* springs, where boundless *Mercy* flows,
We wish, and hope it may be his *Cafe* now.
22: 9: 19

London, Printed for Thomas Snowden, An. 1681.

AN ELOGY AGAINST OCCASION REQUIRES UPON THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

CHETHAM'S LIBRARY, MANCHESTER (HALLIWELL, 46)

THIS piece is interesting as a biographical sidelight on an eminent English statesman, and also as one of the rare specimens of an elegy printed on both sides of a single sheet, a sort of double broadside. Antony Ashley Cooper (1621-1683) turned from the service of Charles I to that of Parliament during the Civil War, supported Cromwell in the Protectorate, and Monck at the Restoration, and was raised to an earldom in 1661. Clarendon charges him with a "slippery humor"; and, in general, he was suspiciously successful in keeping in favor during the kaleidoscopic changes of the reign of Charles II. As it became evident that Charles would die childless and that his Roman Catholic brother, James, was the next heir, Shaftesbury joined with the dissenting interest in trying to exclude James from the throne and legitimize the Duke of Monmouth, Charles' natural son. Failing in this, Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower on July 2, 1681, charged with high treason. This broadside must have been written between that date and November 24, when he was acquitted, to the great rejoicing of London, and to the disgust of the Court, the Tories, the poets Dryden and Butler, and a host of filthy pamphleteers. Two years later, Shaftesbury died an exile in Holland.

Elogy : a seventeenth century variation of *elegy*, telescoped with the French *éloge*, eulogy.

Meridion : meridian, i.e. to suit the tastes of, usually referring to a place or a people rather than a time.

Excrement : perhaps in the Elizabethan sense of outgrowth.

Yclep'd : called. The y- is one of the few remaining traces in English of the old Germanic perfective prefix *ge*—.

Word : John, I, I.

unfurnish'd as their Land : English oppression and repeated rebellion had laid Ireland almost desolate. The wars of the 1640's alone had reduced the population of the country by one-third.

Their Truth and Innocence : Sarcastic; possibly a reference to some contemporary pamphlet.

last Massacre etc. : probably an ironic reference to the "massacre" of the English in Ulster, which ushered in the rebellion of the 1640's.

Rome's memorable toyle : It was usual in England to impute the turbulence of Ireland to religious influences, rather than to its social and economic causes.

the Plague, stop't by ore-flowing Nile : Apparently a reference to Moses's plagues of Egypt; but the locusts are said to have been drowned in the Red Sea; and the Nile is here introduced doubtless for the rhyme.

Torie : Originally a Gaelic word derived from the verb to pursue, and applied in the Commonwealth period and later to the outlawed Roman Catholics of Ireland who took refuge in the bogs and subsisted by plunder. In 1679-80, the Whigs, who wished to exclude James from the crown, used this as a term of reproach for his supporters. Thus after the Revolution of 1688, it became the name of the political party that upheld the theory of Divine Right.

dastard : laggard.

Great Infallibility : the Pope.

darling Ovid . . . by a prying eye undone : Ovid's banishment, he says in his *Tristia*, was due to an "error" of his eyes.

Overbury : poisoned in the Tower in 1613 by Lord Rochester and his mistress. James I was popularly supposed to be implicated : a daring allusion in the present elegy.

two : too.

Like the bold Jew etc. : In bringing the Ark to the new sanctuary of King David, the oxen stumbled ; and Uzza "put forth his hand to hold the ark," and died for his temerity (1 *Chronicles*, 13. 9-10).



E L O G Y.

Against Occasion Requires

UPON THE

Earl of Shaftsbury.

Calculated for the Meridion of *Eighty One*.

A T the West-End of th' Universal Frame,
A *Place* there lies, which some a *Land* mis-name;
An Excrement of World, call'd *Natures Sinke*,
A Mass of undrain'd mire, quag, bogg, and stinke.
Helms Yclep'd, When th' All-creating *W O R L D*
Great *Natures* Architect, and Orders Lord
From Nothing spoke out All, and all around
With Form, Light, Beauty, and perfection Crown'd, }
This *Spot* alone ner'e heard th' Almighty sound
This heap of Undigested Earth! a Place,
Which of old *Chaos* wearst' Original Face!
As if the Out-cast of the Works of Heaven;
'T had scarce *one days* Creation out of *Seven*.

This Country's by a sort of Natives Man'd,
With *Brains*, as much unfurnish'd as their *Land*
But yet, what e're they want in *Wit* and *Sense*
Is made up in their *TRUTH* and *INNOCENCE*
Such Innocence born in so pure an Air,
Their very Ground will nought that's Poysonous bear }
Since it was wash't with the last *Missure*
A *Massacre*, *ROME*'s Memorable toyle,
Which like the Plague, stop't by ore-flowing *Nile* }
Purg'd all Envenom'd Locusts from their foyl

With a full Pack of this untainted Brood,
Is Hunted *Sheshiboy*, to Death pursu'd

All nobly sworn to hang the *Heretick Dogg*,
 An *Oat*'s no more, then their own Natural *Bogg*,
 O're which, the nimble *Torie* safely runs
 Whilst the more slow pac'd dastard *stick's and drown's*.
 Yes, *Pope* and *Hell* for his *Damnation* call,
 For he knows *Rome*, and he deserv's to Fall!
 Thy Greatness, *Rome*, by *Mystick* steps Ascends,
 The *Blind* and *Ignorant* are thy *best Friends*:
 Reason and truth to *Thee* are Foes and Spies,
 Then *Great Infallability*, be wise,
 And safely *Cut off Heads*, to *put out Eyes*.
 Favours in *Pallaces*, let no man boast,
 Where but to *See*, and *Know*, is to be *Lost*.
 So in the *Great Augustus* Court of old,
 Such Honour did the darling *Ovid* hold,
 Long on his Brows the Royal Laurels hung,
 Whilst he soft *Airs*, to flattered *Cæsar* sung,
 Till by a *prying Eye* undone, he's sent
 Damn'd for a *look*; t' *Eternal Banishment*:
 Yes, in thy *Chains*, *Great Overbury* lye,
Rome, is not *Rome*, till *Fear* and *Dangers* dye:
 To Preserve *Nations*, *Right*, *Religion*, *Kings*,
 Are for *Unhallowed hands*, two *Sacred things*.
 In such a Cause 'tis *Fatal* to embark,
 Like the bold *Jew* that *propt* the *falling Ark*,
 With an *unlicenc'd Arm* he durst approach,
 And tho' to *Save*, yet it was *Death* to touch.
 Go blasted then, and branded to thy *Doom*,
 With no less *Stains*, then *bateing Rome*,
Supplanting France, and *Saveing Christendom*.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM LILLY THE ASTROLOGER

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 72)

LUTTRELL dates this broadside July 11th, 1681, and notes the price as 1d. William Lilly (1602-1681) came of yeoman stock, got a good Classical education in a country grammar school, and came to seek his fortune in London, where he rose from domestic service to a marriage with his master's widow. He divided his time between angling, Puritan sermons, and astrology, and on the basis of his astrological activities even got permission to tamper with the graves in Westminster Abbey in search of buried treasure. During the Civil War, he set up regular business in opposition to the Royalist Wharton as Parliamentary prognosticator and writer of almanacs; and, in 1648, he was directed to attend the siege of Colchester to encourage the soldiers with prophesies of its speedy fall. At the Restoration, he was for a time imprisoned. He settled on the outskirts of London, and took up the practice of medicine and astrology. He died June 9th, 1681, and was buried in Walton Church of which he had been a warden. Ashmole set up a marble monument over his grave.

harmonious Spheres : referring to the old Ptolmaic system of astronomy in which the concentric spheres of the universe were supposed to produce in revolving an ineffable music.

Nuncio : a Papal minister at a foreign court.

Titan : the Sun, as in Ovid; a very common Renaissance reference.

Ebbings of the Flood : the tide governed by the moon.

date The Flux and Reflux or our dubious State : a reference to Lilly as a political prophet, especially during the Commonwealth period.

twelve Houses : astrological divisions of the heavens.

blazing Comet etc. : This reference is some months too early to refer to Halley's comet which appeared in 1682; and, moreover, it could hardly be referred to as *palefac'd*.

Fanaticks : Puritans, and thus dissenters.

Coley : Before his death, Lilly gave the copyright of his almanac to Coley, who in 1683 published *The great and wonderful Predictions of that late famous Astrologer, William Lilly, Mr. Partridge, and Mr. Coley*.



AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of Mr. WILLIAM LILLY The Astrologer.

O UR Prophet's gone: No longer may our Years
Be charm'd with Musick of th' harmonious Spheres.
Let Sun and Moon withdraw, leave gloomy Night
To shew their Nuncio's Fate, who gave more Light

To th' erring World, than all the feeble Rays
Of Sun or Moon; taught us to know those Days
Bright *Titan* makes; followed the hasty Sun
Through all his Circuits, knew the unconstant Moon;
And more unconstant Ebbings of the Flood,
And what is most uncertain, th' factious Brood,
Flowing in civil Broils; by th' Heavens could date
The Flux and Reflux of our dubious State.
He saw th' Eclipse of Sun, and change of Moon:
He saw, but seeing would not shun his own.
Eclips'd he was, that he might shine more bright,
And only chang'd to give a fuller Light.
He having view'd the Sky, and glorious Train
Of gilded Stars, scorn'd longer to remain
In earthly Prisons. Could he a Village love,
Whom the twelve Houses waited for above?
The grateful Stars a heavenly Mansion gave
T' his heavenly Soul, nor could he be a Slave
To mortal Passions, whose immortal Mind,
Whilst here on Earth, was not to Earth confin'd.
He must be gone: The Stars had so decreed,
As he of them, so they of him had need.
This Message 'twas the blazing Comet brought,
I saw the palefac'd Star, and seeing thought
(For we could guess; but only *Lilly* know)
It did some glorious Hero's Fall foreshow.

A Hero's fall, whose death more than a War
Or Fire, deserv'd a Comet. Th' obsequious Stars
Could do no less, than his sad Fate unfold,
Who had their Rulings, and their Settings told:
Some thought a Plague, and some a Famine near,
Some Wars from *France*, some Fires at home did fear.
Nor did they fear too much, scarce kinder Fate.
But Plague of Plagues befell th' unhappy State,
When *Lilly* dy'd. Now Swords may safely come
From *France* or *Rome*, Fanaticks plot at home;
Now an unseen and unexpected Hand,
By guidance of ill Stars, may hurt our Land.
Unsafe, because Secure, there's none to show
How *England* may avert the fatal Blow.
He's dead, whose Death the weeping Clouds deplore:
I wish we did not owe to him that Shower,
Which long expected was, and might have still
Expected been, had not our Nation's ill
Drawn from the Heavens a Sympathetick Tear.
England hath cause a second Drought to fear;
We have no second *Lilly*, who may die,
And by his Death may make the Heavens cry.
Then let your Annals, *Coley*, want this day,
Think every Year, Leap-Year, or it must stay,
Cloath it in Black, let a sad Note stand by,
And stigmatize it to Posterity.

F I N I S.

A HEW AND CRY AFTER BLOOD AND MURTHUR:
OR AN ELEGIE ON THOMAS THINN, ESQ.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 151)

LUTTRELL assigns this piece to February 15th, 1682; and the date 1681 at the bottom of the sheet is old style calendar. Thomas Thynne (1648-1682), nicknamed "Tom of Ten Thousand" on account of his wealth, came of a good county family, was graduated from Oxford in 1666, entered the Middle Temple and became M.P. for Wiltshire. He associated himself with the fortunes of Monmouth and the supporters of the Protestant succession, and was accordingly satirized by Dryden as Issachar in *Absolem and Achitophel*. He was killed in Pall Mall by an assassin hired by Count Königsmark, a Swedish admirer of his young wife. Through the influence of the King, the Count was acquitted; and the Whigs gave the incident a political cast, declared that the murderer had intended to kill Monmouth, and presented Thynne with an undeserved eulogy and an ornate monument in Westminster Abbey.

Sr. Godfrys Murther : referring to the murder of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, celebrated elsewhere in the present volume. *Murther* is the older form of the word.

Scythians : to whom were imputed by the Greeks many barbarous customs.

are minted : fashioned, brought into being.

Th' Ambassador whom we Barbarian call : the representative of the Sultan.

a wicked woman : Thynne's wife, Elizabeth Lady Ogle, daughter of the last Earl of Northumberland and heiress to the Percy estates. She afterwards became the famous Duchess of Somerset.

Trepan : ensnare.

wear Buff : i.e. leather as a protection against stabbing. In the latter eighteenth century buff and blue became the colors of the Whig party.

the good Duke : Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II, whom the Whigs wished to legitimatize as his successor.

all the plots of Papists overthrow : seemingly a glance at the Popish Plot and also an obliquely expressed hope that James II might not succeed to the throne.

How and Cry after Blood & Murther:

O R A N

E L E G I E

O N

The most barbarous Murther of *Thomas Thyn*, Esq;

With some thankful Ejaculations to Heaven, for the Miraculous Escape of his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth* from the Hands of the *Bloody Russians*

15. Feb. 1687

W^Hilst with hot Scent, the *Popish-Tory* Crew
A *Presbyterian* Sham-plot do pursue,
Behold a New and true Plot of their own,
Against a worthy persons Life made known.
Blood after blood for God's fresh Vengeance Calls,
Now *Monmouth's* friend a second Victim falls,
The bloody Villains Skill'd it's Murtherous sin,
Sr. *Godfrys* Murther new Act or'e ag'in:
And now the shamers must together Plot,
To make the world think *Thynn* himself hath shot.
What was his Crime that thus they sought his Life?
Was it because deceived by a wife?
Or was't because that he was *Monmouth's* friend,
He found so fatal and so sad an end?
In former times such Murthers Scarce were Known,
Are we Barbarians or fierce *Scythians* grown?
What Impious Acts are minted in our Age?
What tragick scenes are brought upon the stage?
What e're the Heathen did we now can do,
And tho we are Christians call'd Surpass them too.
In the last end o'th' *Iron* Age we live,
A Brother won't a Brother now forgive:
But for some slight affront or weak offence,
With Sword or Pistol he is hurried hence.
These Murtherous Arts by *Jesuites* hither brought,
With their Religion they in secret taught:
For Murthers they have their Commission given,
And Killing is one Gate that leads to Heaven
We may believe it, as we do our Creed,
None but some hired Papists did this deed.
A deed so horrid barbarous and Vile,
That it will leave a blot upon our Isle,
Which will a spot for our whole Age remain,
Unless Strict Vengeance wipe away the stain.
Th' Embassador whom we *Barbarian* call,
When to his Barbarous Prince return he shall,
Amongst our Crimes with horror will relate,
This Murther Acted neer the Palace Gate,
And to his Prince Maliciously will say,
Christians can Murthers Act as well as they.
Hard was the Fate of this most worthy Man,
Whom first a wicked woman did Trepan.
And now more hard, it that he lost his Life,
By Murtherous means of his disloyal Wife.
But God that sees, and knows the Hearts of all,
Will soon on guilty Heads let Vengeance fall.
And those black Instruments now lay'd in hold,
Shall all the Truth of this black Deed unfold.
Where Justice Runs down like an unstop'd Flood,
It soon will wash away the stains of Blood.
The Murther'd's Friends therefore on Justice cry,
And to his sacred Throne together fly;

That Vengeance may both great and small pursue,
O'retake the Hirers and the hired too;
Both those who the damn'd hire for Blood receive,
And those who to be damn'd their money give:
For if strict Vengeance on such be not ta'ne,
Our Laws for Murther will be made in Vain;
So impious and so vile now Men are grown,
As never in our Age before was known;
Who can't but go or Ride the Streets in fear,
When we have *Bravo's* and *Banditti* here?
Tories who here have shown their Murtherous Skill,
And know the way as well as they to kill.
Under our *English* Cloth Men must wear Buff,
A Coat of Mail, or Armor Pistol-Proof;
For fear of some revenge from Jilting drabs,
Or else for Friendship or Religion stabs;
Poison, or Bullet, fraud, or Force they take,
Both for reveng and for Religion's sake,
Justice will Visit vwhen the Murther's past,
And overtake the Criminals at last.
And such black deeds ly open to God's sight,
Who vwill the Murtherous Plots bring forth to light,
Then vworthy *Thyn* vve shall more surely know,
Who vvas thy Barbarous Bloody secret foe,
When to the Bottom of this Plot vve see,
And if the Villains only aim'd at thee.
Rest novv thy soul in peace, vvhilst our good King
Your bloody Murtherers to Justice bring,
Whilst the Scar'd People on thy death debate,
And all thy Friends bevvail thy sudden Fate:
Whilst the good Duke bevvaile vwith Tears his friend
Afflicted to behold his sudden end.
But let all Loyal Hearts to Heaven pay,
Their Thanks that *Monmouth* did no longer stay,
That Providence vwho over him takes Care
Had him diverted then from being there.
Who Knows vwhat bloody Russians did intend,
They might Perhaps have yet a further end,
Revenge might reach both to the Duke and's friend,
But Heaven vwill hear for him the Peoples prayer,
And of that Noble Prince his Life take care
That he may still secure and safely go,
And all the plots of Papists overthrow.
May Heav'n preserve the King that he may run
A Long long race, and for his sake his Son,
May the Almighty Keep the good Dukes Life
From Hellish Plots, from Popish Gun or Knife.
And let himself vvarn'd, now more vwatchful be
Left that he fall into like Jeopardie.
O Heaven preserve him from a bloody end,
And let him take a vvarning by his Friend.

22: 9: 19

AN ELEGY TO COMMEMORATE, AND LAMENT, SR JOHN MICKLEWAITE, KT.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 80)

LUTTRELL notes the date of this broadside as August 8th, 1682, and the price as 1d. The publisher William Miller frankly uses it as the occasion for advertising the somewhat various literary wares that he has for sale; and one suspects that the elegy was composed for the sake of the three lines of prose at the bottom. The Gothic turrets and heraldic device are significant in the light of the later Gothic revival. The poet evidently aims to be original, even at the cost of incongruity and lame metre; and originality is not common in the elegiac tradition. Sir John Micklethwaite, M.D. (1612-1682), the son of a clergyman, was educated in the great medical schools of Leyden and Padua, and was incorporated M.D. at Oxford in 1648. He succeeded Hervey as dean of the English medical profession, and was physician in ordinary to Charles II. He died in 1682, and was buried in the church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate.

Complexion : pronounced in four syllables as in Elizabethan.

Funeralls : The plural form in a singular sense is not uncommon in the seventeenth century, perhaps under the influence of *obsequies*.

Gent. : In the seventeenth century a legal term, meaning a person of gentle birth or one having heraldic status. See also *Gent.* in the latter part of the *Epitaph*. *N.E.D.* doubts the use of the word (except as an abbreviation for *gentleman*) before the latter eighteenth century; but, in the present instance, the metre makes the pronunciation in one syllable indubitable.

Mutation : Cf. Spenser's cantos on Mutability appended to the *Faerie Queene*; and the sources of this philosophy in Bruno, Lucretius and the Cyrenaic hedonists.

The Potter : Cf. *Isaiah*, 30. 14; *Jeremiah*, 19. 11; *Revelations*, 2. 27 etc. Omar also uses the figure.

still : always.

Countryman in Fable : apparently a reference to the old folk story, probably of Oriental origin, told in Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*. The present poet, apparently, derived his knowledge of the story entirely from folk-lore.

Death, his Call : Death's call. The *-s* was erroneously supposed to be a contraction of *his*.

saves holy Job : See *Job*, 2. 4.

tiring Room : i.e. dressing room. The figure is borrowed from the stage.

Honour's Livery : i.e. he belonged to the trade-guild of Honor.

Pthisick : phthisic, pulmonary consumption.

he could Cure the King : a reference to his cure of Charles II in 1681, for which he was knighted.

Esculapius : one of the fathers of Greek medicine.



AN ELEGY

To Commemorate, and Lament,

The Death of the Worthy, and most Eminent Doctor of Physick,
St. JOHN MICKLEVV AITE K^c
 Who Died on *8 Aug. 1682* Saturday, JULY 29th 1682.

AS when the Sun doth Set, we all put on
 A kind of pale, and dark Complexion:
 Concerned at the Absence of its Light;
 Because in it, the whole Creation's right.
 So when a great Man, or Learn'd one falls,
 We are troubled at this, their Funerals.
 The Feet do linger, and are never Well,
 When the Body is Dead, their Centinel.
 This Nature reaches, from her Morals high.
 A Course, we do it, it's by Sympathy:
 Like the pretty Flower, that hangs down its Head,
 When the Sun's Absented, and is gone to Bed.
 Much more doth Man his fellow Creature high,
 When he doth sicken to Mortality.
 Th' Lofs but of a Trifle we cannot bear,
 Much more a Gent. without some kind of Tear.
 To think of the great Frayltie of Nature,
 In Man, Bird, in Beast, in every Creature:
 Subject to Changes, and Alterations, still
 As an Empress, Mutation is her Will.
 Th' Rose, the Tulep, and the pretty Bee,
 Have but their Season now, for to be Free:
 And Man, the Lord of the Creation,
 Death cometh, and takes him from his Station.
 For we're here to Day, and gone to Morrow,
 Into the Grave, where there is no Sorrow.
 Where all in Silence do remain, and lie
 As ordered from the Heavens on high.
 Art, Wit, Riches, nay all they cannot Save
 Us, from the cold, icy Tomb, and Grave.
 The Potter having a Power o're his Vessel still,
 Whether that it be good, or whether ill.
 We are his Handywork, we are his Sheep;
 By him we Eat, and Drink, and Rest, and Sleep:
 And when going in Sunshine, or in Rain;
 Death appears, and bids us Return again.
 So that each Step we take, we do draw near,
 Unto the King of Terrors, and of Fear.
 Like Seamen still, our Ships are under Sail,
 Though tofs'd with Ill, or with a pleasant Gale:
 At last Anchor they must, in some kind Port,
 To please themselves, and there to keep their Court.
 Men great in Virtue, and Men truly Brave,
 They think they can Outface Death, and the Grave:
 Like Countryman in Fable, that did say,
 O, where's Death, for to haste me now away:
 With this my Load, and heavy Burthen high;
 I cannot carry it, I desire to Die.
 Death Appears, and when to th' Man he came;
 'Twas nothing, but to help him with that same
 Bundle of Sticks, he was to carry away;
 But not to Die, for so doth th' Story say.
 The Moral teaches how sweet a thing's Life,
 Though troubled here and there with every Strife:

Fain it would Live, and fain be in Renown,
 Rather then go to a Country unknown.
 Bleed, Purge, Vomit, and so endure all,
 Rather than hear most fatal Death, his Call.
 So all that a Man has, saies holy Job,
 Will a Man give for Life, and Life's fine Robe:
 Rather then be Dismantled, and Uncloath'd be
 Of his dear Life, and his Vitalitie.
 Since we must Die, as Ordered from above,
 We must prepare, by living in true Love.
 When Nature into tiring Room doth go,
 The Scene it changes, and so ends her Woe.
 And flies into the golden Place of Rest,
 Like Bird when having got into her Nest.
 And there sits down with Saints, and with Just Men,
 For ever, in the new Jerusalem.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a Man, in Art so wondrous high,
 That like the Sun, once Shin'd in Majesty.
 A great Physitian, and a Pious Soul,
 Of Honour's Livery, and of Glories Roll.
 Was Good, and Ingenious in his Ways;
 So that he carried away the Baies
 From others, that pretended to cure th' Pthilick:
 Not like him, the only Man of Physick.
 Religion's a Light to every noble Art,
 Guiding us soon to see Man's diseas'd Part.
 For other Professors, may some Good do,
 Yet where Virtue Reigns, it Commands a Woe.
 Since he could Cure the King, when other Men
 Fail'd in their Judgments; they went to Learn agen.
 Art without Virtue 'tis an empty thing;
 And like the Snake, it wears a deadly Sting.
 Whereas when join'd together, they're true Wealth
 To Men, and so Purchase them good Health.
 Physick may be good, but 'tis th' Virtuous still,
 That rid's th' Patient of his Tormenting Ill.
 Since the Agents of Heaven have a Power,
 To cure the Wounds of Men every Hour.
 Esculapius Favourite, the Moses great Son,
 When he appeard, Diseases away run,
 Like Adists, and Fogs before the rising Sun.
 Apparent from this late Gent. most just,
 A Man of mighty Learning, and of Trust.
 Persons, most Noble, of very great Fame,
 Of Repute, and of an excellent Name.
 For which his Life was Precious, and now Dead,
 Lie Liveth unto Fame, tho Buried.

22: 11 19
FINIS

AN ELEGY UPON PRINCE RUPERT DUKE OF
CUMBERLAND, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (153))

THIS broadside is a remarkably well printed and well preserved specimen. It is interesting to note in the upper left-hand corner how the printer filled out the deficiencies of his black margin. Prince Rupert (1619-1682), the first cousin of Charles II, despite his German titles, spent most of his life in England, except for three years of captivity in Austria. During the Civil War, he showed himself a daring soldier and the best general on the Royalist side; and he continued the war on sea long after the cause in England itself was lost. After the Restoration, he returned to England, and was an admiral in the wars with Holland. He was interested in the African Company and also in the effort to find a way through Canada to the Pacific, and so became one of the founders of the Hudson Bay Company. He died of a fever on November 29th, 1682, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Blazing-Star : comet. But Halley's comet appeared within a few months!

Methinks : it seems to me.

Merlin's : doubtless a reference to professional astrologers like Partridge and Lilly.

Three Kingdoms : Great Britain, Ireland and France, the three crowns claimed by the Stuarts, in succession to the Tudors and the Plantagenets.

still : always.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Most Illustrious and High Born PRINCE

RUPERT Duke of Cumberland, &c.

One of His Majesties Most Honourable *Privy-Council*, and one of the Most Honourable Order of the *Garter*, Son of the Most Illustrious Prince *Frederick* the 5th, Prince *Elector Palatine* of the *Rhine*, and the High-Born Princess the Lady *Elizabeth*, Sister to our late Sovereign of Blessed Memory, King *Charles* the first, and Queen of *Bohemia*, who Deceased on the 29th of this Instant *November*, 1682. to the great grief of all His Majesties Loyal Subjects.

CAN a great *Hero's* Soul and Body part,
And not foreshewn by Nature, nor by Art!
Can the Great Princely RUPERT leave the World,
And no part of't into disorder hurl'd!

No *Blazing-Star*! Eclipse of *Moon* nor *Sun*
To usher his depart, or's Death forerun!
Methinks it should not be! A Soul so Great,
A Soul so Noble, every way compleat,
Should leave us thus in silence, and depart,
And Nature shew us that she felt no smart!
In what parts busied were our *Merlin's* Eyes?
Had our Great Prince no Star within the Skies,
That could before hand the effect relate,
To have prepar'd us for so sad a fate?
From all his Warlike toys he now doth cease,
He's gone, alas! and left us all in Peace:
Like other Men he silently doth sleep,
And left Three Kingdoms the sad loss to weep:
From Earth below, to Heaven above he's gon,
For the Reward of his Great Actions done,
For our Two Kings, the Father and the Son.
He gains by Death, the World alone hath lost,
Europe will miss him, but sad *England* most.
A Mighty Pillar of the State is broke,
Three Kingdoms seem to tremble at the stroke
And all who love the King and Kingdom, now,
For such a loss no small concern will throw.
With a sad Heart the King doth entertain
The heavy news, and can't from tears refrain,
For RUPERT lay nigh to His Royal Heart,
And of His Love deserv'd no little part.
But this Great Prince, what is obtain'd by few,
Had both the Love of King and People too.
Of others his great merits got the start,
Compelling to adore him every Heart;
All sorts of Men, tho' different in their ways,
Agreed the Name of RUPERT still to praise:
His worth they all admired with consent,
And now his Death as generally lament,
The King has left a Counsellor of State,
Who knew as well to Act, as to Debate;

One who had Wisdom, Courage, Prudence, Wit,
Things that together one Soul seldom fit.
The Church in him has lost no small support,
For he there shin'd as bright as at the Court.
All *Protestants* have lost a sure defence,
He to their Cause was true, as to his Prince.
In him the Kingdom too has lost a Shield,
Still ready to defend it in the Field:
For in the Gap, in danger he did stand,
Freely exposing Life by Sea and Land.
His Noble Acts with *Cæzars* may compare;
Like him, as bold, successful still in War:
For Victory still seem'd to be his Friend,
And him where e're he Fought she did attend.
England his Courage and great Acts have known,
When in his Youth he did defend the Throne
Of his most gracious Uncle, then, even then
He did surpass the Acts of Famous men;
Where e're he did his Loyal Force display,
He made the Conquering Rebel still give way;
And tho' his side to Cruel Fate did yield,
He was himself Victorious still in Field:
For Victory her self to him gave way,
Whilst like a Lion still he seiz'd his prey;
The *French* have seen what this great Prince could do,
The *Dutch* have felt his dreadful Valour too,
His very Name at last a Terror grew.
Nor did he rashly fight the Foe, for still
His forward Courage mix'd was with skill;
So very Dextrous he grew, that He
Beat them in their own Element, the Sea.
Among the *Hero's* of the *British* Land,
The glorious Name of our great Prince shall stand;
His Valiant deeds shall never be forgot,
Nor shall among the Common Rubbish rot;
Whilst Histories live, till there's a Mouth for Fame,
The World will hear of Mighty *Ruperts* Name,
Whilst the Worlds last, whilst Time about doth role,
Here he shall live in Fame from Pole to Pole,
And in the Heavens Eternally his Soul.

F I N I S.

THE SCOTCH LASSES CONSTANCY: OR JENNY'S
LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF JOCKEY

BRITISH MUSEUM (ROX. III. 913)

THIS piece is included in the Ballad Society's edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, but without the musical heading. Ebsworth prints two versions, and assigns the authorship of the first three stanzas to Tom D'Urfey, who seems to have written them for use in a play. The piece, therefore, may be taken as a link between the broadside elegy and the light songs the popularity of which was later to ensure the success of the *Beggar's Opera*. The love affair of Jenny, Jockey and Swany produced a whole cycle of broadside lyrics, such as *The Scotch Lasses Choice* (c 1687), which is to be found on a broadside in the British Museum (C. 39. k. 6. (26)); and, as late as 1830 there was published a chap-book containing several such pieces.

I's : The -s in the first person seems to be a survival of old Northern dialect.

No mere to me : no mair to me.

wou'd a : would have, dialect as in Shakespeare. The dialect-forms are not very consistently Scotch, and the verses are rather clearly an English imitation. Cf. the use of *not* in the first line of the stanza where the Scotch would use *no* or *nae*.

methought : it seemed to me.

Cyprus : the emblem of mourning.

thrill'd : penetrated, presumably with a sword.

swounded : a dialect form apparently for the rhyme.

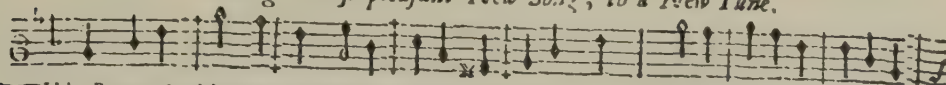
Turtles : doves.

The Scotch Lasses Constancy :

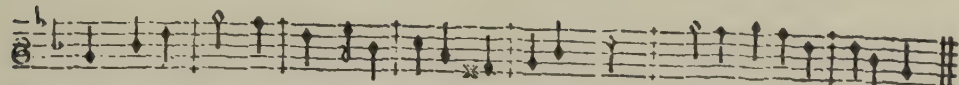
JENNY's Lamentation for the Death of JOCKEY.

Who for her sake was Unfortunately Kill'd by SAWNY in a Duel.

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune.



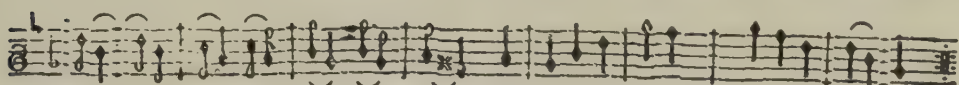
Twa Bonny Ladds were Sawny and Jockey, But Jockey was Lo'd and Sawny unlucky; Yet



Sawny was tall, well-favour'd and witty, But I's in my heart thought Jockey more pritty :



For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me, never was Ladd so like to undo me :



Fie I cry'd, and almost dy'd, least Jockey wou'd gang and come no mere to me.

(2)

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
And I was afraid that I shou'd miscarry;
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so guiled,
That I had a dread my heart wou'd a yielded:
Dayly he prest me, blest me, kist me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist me;
Crying, denying, and fighting, I woo'd him,
And mickle adoe I had to get from him.

(3)

But unlucky Fate robb'd me of my Jewel,
For Sawny would make him fight in a Duel;
Then down in a Dale with Cyprus surrounded,
Oh! there in my sight poor Jockey was wounded:
But when he thrill'd him, sell'd him, kill'd him,
Who can exprefs my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair to bind him,
And vowed and swore I'de ne'r stay behind him.

(4)

I'fe shriek'd and I'fe cry'd, wae's me so unhappy,
For I'fe now have lost mine nene sweet Jockey;
Sawny I curst, and bid him to flye me,
I vow'd and I swore he shou'd ne'r come nigh me,
But I'd spight him, hate him, fight him,
And never again wou'd Jenny like him:
Though he did sigh and almost dye,
He cry'd lie on me, cause I did slight him.

(5)

And from me I'fe bid him straightway be ganging,
When with arms a cros, and head down hanging:
Whilst that my poor Jockey was a dying,
He to the Woods then departed sighing:
And his breath wanted, panted, fainted,
Whilst that for him my tears were not scantied:
I'fe beat my breast, and my grief expressed,
Wae's me that Death my joy has suppressed.

(6)

At which my Jockey a little reviving,
And with Death as it were he lay then striving;
Open'd his Eyes and looked upon me,
And faintly sigh'd, Ah! Death has undone me:
Jenny my Honey I'fe must part from thee,
But when I'm dead, sure there's none will wrong thee;
I did love thee, and that did move me
To Fight, that so a man I'fe might prove me.

(7)

But ah cruel Fate to Death I am wounded,
Oh! and with that again he then swooned;
Whilst for to dress his wound I apply'd me,
But wae alas his Life was deny'd me:
Death had appaul'd him, gaul'd him, thrall'd him;
So that he dy'd, with grief I beheld him:
And left poor Jenny all a mourning,
And cruel Sawny cursing and scorning.

(8)

From Jockies cold Lips I often stole Kisses,
The which whilst he lived were still my blisses:
A thousand times I did sob, sigh it,
And mickle ado I'fe had to be quiet:
For as I ey'd him, spy'd him, ply'd him,
Never a thought could then pass beside him:
I'fe ban the Fates that Life denying,
Had robb'd me of Jockey, and long I sat sighing.

(9)

Till I'fe at last with Cyprus crown'd him,
And with my tears I'fe almost drown'd him:
The Turtles about us then came flying,
And mourning, coo'd, to seem a sighing:
I'fe view'd him, ru'd him, with flowers strew'd him;
And with my love to the last pursu'd him:
Resolving that I'fe not stay behind him,
But fighting, dyc, and seek for to find him.

AN ELEGY ON ANTHONY EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
and
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ANTHONY K. OF POLAND
BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 44)

THIS broadside is unique in containing on one sheet a serious elegy, which had been previously issued as a separate broadside, and a bitter satiric parody. Luttrell notes the usual price, and the date as February 1st, 1683. The second piece he embellished with two or three notes, and described it as "A libell on ye late earle of Shaftesbury." Shaftesbury's career as a leader of the Whigs has already been discussed. Statesman, demagogue and Parliamentary politician, he brought his party from ruin to power and then to ruin again. He died disgraced in Holland on January 21st, 1683.

Sysphus : condemned in Hades eternally to roll a marble block up a hill.

Rubicon : crisis or irrevocable decision. The crossing of this small river was the first act of war of Julius Caesar against the Roman Republic.

Where Malice, Sword, and Axes ne'er could reach : Shaftesbury had fled to Holland in fear of his life in November, 1682.

the Phœnix : a fabulous bird described by Heroditus, the young of which was supposed to rise from the ashes of its sire.

Solon : the reputed Athenian law-giver (B.C. c. 600).

Lycurgus : mythical legislator of Sparta.

Trumps . . . Opdams : van Tromp and van Wassemaer-Obdam, Dutch admirals in the wars with England.

Carolina : Shaftesbury was one of the proprietors of the colony; and the Ashley and the Cooper Rivers, at the mouths of which Charleston is situated, were named in his honor.

through their false Opticks find Thy Spots : The use of the telescope, then something of a novelty, by members of the Royal Society and others, aroused some opposition and ridicule.

Dread of the Crown : Most incautious!

Influence : used in the usual astrological sense, influence of the stars on men's lives.

with fires more hot that : For *that*, read *than*.

Smithfield-piles : a reference to the Marian persecution of Protestants, with an implied slur upon the religion and bigotry of the Duke of York, later James II.

Hannibal : the Carthaginian general (B.C. 247-?181)

King of Poland : John Sobieski, a brilliant and successful Polish general, plotted against, and in 1647 wrested the crown from, the duly elected monarch, Michael Wisniowiecki, and so became John III. The inference of the present allusion is that Shaftesbury intended to follow a similar course in England, and that he was therefore guilty of treason.

plucks his Tap : Shaftesbury suffered from a chronic abscess, which was drained by the artificial insertion of a silver pipe, his *tap*. See also *Toney's Tapping Arts*, below.

Wretch of 3 Names : Perhaps referring to his nicknames, Tapski, and King of Poland, as well as his proper title. Charles II ironically called him "Little Sincerity."

Will-with'-Wisp : will-o'-the-wisp, a deluding visionary.

Mourning Kid-napper : referring to the Whig policy of forcibly sending the dispossessed Irish as servants to the colonies.

Phanaticks : dissenters.

Tubs : supposedly used as pulpits by dissenters.

sneaking Tubster : non-conformist preacher, who must evade the law.

Whimsey-boards : trays used to carry about articles for sale.

Kn. : Luttrell supplies the rest, *Knave*.

Py-corner : Pie Corner, a continuation of Giltspur Street leading into Smithfield, famous because the Great Fire ended there.

Under this Stone doth rotting lie. . .

melting Sisterhood : prostitutes.

Mine-heer thinks etc. : Shaftesbury had been bitterly anti-Dutch a few years before he was forced to take refuge in Holland.

Friend to Plots : i.e. the Popish Plot.

little Guest : The adjective refers to his stature.

Salamanca-Wight : As Luttrell's note suggests, this refers to Titus Oates, who pretended to have a Doctor's degree from the Spanish University of Salamanca.

1st An ELEGY

On the Right Honourable

Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury,

Who dyed on the 21st of January, 1683.

THe Busie Statesmen who by Toyls unbless'd,
Torment themselves to give their Country Rest,
Those publick Great First movers of the State,
Who almost turn the Mighty Wheels of Fate,
Roul the vast Stone like *Sisyphus* in vain;
Whilst Deaths last Call ends a whole Ages Pain.
The Graves long *Rubicon* must all pass o're,
Whence launching *Cæsars* can return no more.
Farewell, Great *Shaftsbury*! Times Sy the can stretch
Where Malice, Sword, and Axes ne'er could reach.
Thy Life, great Statesman, stood in Fate so high,
That thou by nought but Heav'n's own Hand couldst
Yes, Heaven alone compiles thy Funeral-Urn: [die
Less than the Sun the *Phoenix* shall not burn.

What did wise *Solon*, or *Lycurgus* do?
Lycurgus dy'd, like Thee, an Exile too.
And whilst proud *Belgia* thy Bones Entombs,
And triumphs at the Glory it assumes,
Belgia, who in thy Fate has now done more
Than all her *Trumps* or *Opdams* could before.
Belgia has vanquish'd more in thy one Grave,
Than all the Wounds her Thunder ever gave.
Sleep then thou Activist of Mankind: Oh make
Thy last low Bed, and Deaths long *Requiem* take;
Thou who whilst living kept'st the World awake,
Oh may thy Funeral-Rites walk that large round,
Till to thy Western-shore thy loss refund;
Till *Carolina* shall in Mourning stand,
With all the Cypress of a VVidow'd Land.
Let Fools and Knaves through their false Opticks find
Thy Spots, and be to all thy Brightness blind.
Let Envy all her monstrous Forms suggest,
And lodge the Raven in the Eagles Nest.
Let 'em rail on, and vent their hurtless Gall,
VVhilst *Shaftsbury's* Renown surmounts 'em all.
From his clear Fame the dissolv'd Clouds shall throw,
And leave the Earthly Vapours all below.
Yes, Mighty Man, lay thy great Reliques down,
Thou Idol of the Croud, Dread of the Crown;
Shaftsbury in popular Arts and Haris so learn'd
As with his VVeight the Scale of Nations turn'd
To him the Kingdoms Genius bended low;
The Thrones best Friend, or formidable Foe
If the best Gifts which the kind Stars dispense,
The highest Prodigies of VVit and Sense,
For Immortality Foundations lay;
No Greater Soul e're lodg'd in Walls of Clay.
Swiftly his restless Orb of Fire went round,
And light and warmth we from his Influence found.
His kindest Rays and temper'd Heat
The Protestants still-favour'd Climates met
There his best Aspect smil'd; whilst *Rome* alone
Felt all the Fury of his Torrid Zone

This was the Cause did such great Foes engage
VVith such keen Malice, and such Mortal Rage.
For this so high the *Roman* Vengeance boys
VVith Fires more hot than their old *Smithfield*-piles,
But Heavens kind Call has all their Engines crost;
Heav'n that has lodg'd thee on that safer Coast,
VVhence thou look'st down and seest thy Mighty
[Hunters lost

EPITAPH.

Under this Stone does Sleeping lie
All that was Earth of *Shaftsbury*
But Funeral-Tears and Weeping Eyes
Infallibility denies.
Whilst his wish'd Death's enough to be
The Subject of a Jubilee.
A more sworn Fox to *Roman* Pride
Not *Hannibal* himself e're dy'd.
For which his Deathless Fame below,
His Soul above-- His Soul-- Ah, no!
From Heav'n's lock'd out too sure, if they
Who succeed Peter keep the Key:
Doom'd to Hell's hottest burning Seat,
If the Popes Curse can do the Feat.
If Papal Rage and *Roman* Spight
For any but themselves Hell-fire can light.

An ELEGY

On the Death of (the much to be lamented)

Anthony Kth of Holland.

THe busie *Toney*, who by Toil unbless'd
Torments himself, to break his Countreys Rest;
Who, ceasing to be Engineer of State,
Turn'd Rogue, yet could not turn the Wheels of Fate:
Like *Sisyphus*, he rowls his Stone in vain;
Death plucks his *Tap*, and ends his *PLOTS* and Pain.
The Graves long *Pampus* Rebels must pass o're;
Thence restless *Raskals* can return no more.
Wretch of 3 *Names* farwel! Thy Deaths kind stretch,
Secures Thee from the Sword and Axes rest;
Thy Life, *Old Tricker*, stood in Fate so high,
That Hang-man's hand was fit to make Thee die;
Yes, Hang man only frames Thy Funeral Urn:
Less man than Hang-man Traytors shall not burn.

What did Old *Solon* and *Lycurgus* do?
They went to *Amsterdam*, and died too.
Whilst *Belgick Boor* Thee and Thy *Tap* Entombs,
And triumphs in the Brandy he assumes;
Boor, who (in burying Thee) hath done much more,
Than *Trump* or *Opdam*, who were dead before;
Boor, with bright Spade, does more in Thy one Grave,
Than in all Graves that his bright Spade e'r gave.
Trick on, trick on, thou *Will-with-Wiss*! now make
New Broils in Hell, and never *Requiem* take,
With *Plots* and *Papery* keep the Devil awake.
May Thy tormented Ghost walk a large round,
And its deserved Punishment refund,
Till *Carolina* shall agalled stand,
Mourning *Kid-napper*, who supply'd her Land:
Let partial *Whigs*, through their false Opticks, find
Thy Worth, and ever be, like Thee, half blind.
Let Factious Varlets monstrous forms suggest;
Such Ravens shall never croak i'th' Eagles Nest:
Rail on, *Phanaticks*, vent your envious Gall,
Your *Toney's* Tapping Arts have spoil'd ye all;
From *Meeting-house* dissolved *Tabs* shall throw,
And sneaking *Tubster* send to th' Room below:
Yes, *Mouse-trap-man*, Thy rotten Loins lay down;
Seducer of the Rabble, scorn o'th' Crown;
In Treach'rous Arts and Tray't'rous Hearts so learn'd,
His weight all hands of Whimsey-boards still turn'd:
To him *Rebellion's* Genius bended low;
The Thrones Friend, when at th' Helm, when not its Foe.

If the worst gifts *Malignant Stars* dispense,
If mis' applied strength of Wit and Sense,
For lasting Infamy Foundations lay,
No greater *Knowes* was ever cloath'd in Clay;
His restless Orb of Shams went swiftly round,
And none but *Raskals* his kind Influence found:
His gentler Rays, and Life-creating heat,
The Land of *Whigs* and *Betsy Morris* met:
Th' unthinking Crowd he courted, and alone
He dreamt to domineer i'th' *British* Zone.
But, lost in his own Maze, he doth engage,
VVith eager Malice, and with lasting rage;
His Brain more hot than Copper-kettle boils,
In Shops of Cooks about *Py-corner*-Piles.
But He'll kind Call hath all his Consults crost;
Hell, that hath plac'd him on a fiery Coast;
Through glass he peeps, and sees his Tricks and Trick-
[ers lost.]

EPITAPH.

Under this Stone doth resting lie
All th' Devil has left of *Shaftsbury*:
No Funeral Tears, nor weeping Eyes
The melting Silverhood denies;
Whilst Mine-heer thinks his Death to be
A joyful Brandy-Jubilee.
A former Friend to *PLOTS* and Pride
In *Holland* heretofore ne'r dy'd;
For which His Odious Name below,
His Soul's above in Heaven. Oh no!
It found no Lodging there, if He
Speak Truth who always kept the Key:
Adjudg'd to sit i'th' hottest Seat,
The little Ghost will do some Feat;
And a fresh Fire in Hell will light,
To entertain the wandring *Salamanca*-Night.

AN ELEGY UPON THAT RENOWNED HERO AND
CAVALIER THE LORD CAPEL

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 21)

LUTTRELL notes the price as 1d. and the date as July 18th, 1683. Arthur Lord Capel of Hadham (1610?-1649), although ready to join with the other members of the Long Parliament in the objection to illegal taxation, was shocked by the extremes of the Puritan party, and became one of the staunchest supporters of Charles I, continuing the Civil War even after it was clearly lost. He finally surrendered at Colchester, and was impeached on the charge of high treason. He escaped from the Tower, but was recaptured and hurriedly beheaded on March 8th, 1649. To the last he bore himself well. His son was created Earl of Essex at the Restoration. The present elegy was published, if not actually composed, in 1683, while Essex was in the Tower charged with high treason, and was doubtless intended to remind the Court of his father's services to the House of Stuart and so perhaps mitigate his sentence. The Earl, however, committed suicide in July, in order to prevent a bill of attainder and so save his estates for his family.

Deeci: The Decii, two notable supporters of the rights of the plebians in the early period of the Roman Republic.

Fire-proof Martyr: probably a reference to the Marian persecutions.

I: Probably *ay*.

Envy: enmity.

extasi'd: in ecstasy.

Treason combin'd: the Parliamentarians.

Vestals: originally priestesses of Vesta, of whom strict chastity was required. Thence one who devotes her life to religion.

red Sea: A double reference to the Red Sea and to martyrdom. See *Exodus*, 14. 16 etc.

Ark Loyal: The Cavalier ship of state; perhaps also a reference to the *Ark Royal*, one of the chief ships of the navy of Elizabeth and James I.

AN ELEGY

Upon that Renowned

Hero and Cavalier,

THE

Lord C A P E L,

Who (for his Loyalty) was Barbarously Murther'd in the *Palace-Yard* at *West-*
minster, on the day of 164

Preserved by a Loyal Person; And never before Printed.

18 July. 1683

SO have I seen a frolick Bridegroom come,
And guild with smiles the gaudy Wedding-
Joy dancing on his Face, whilst in his Eye ^{room,}
The young Bride's Blushes kept true Harmony:
Just with that look the *Romans* Victors all
In Triumph rid unto the Capital;
But not the *Dreij* to their Death, their Eyes
Beheld but Fame, Thine blest Eternity;
Most like the Fire-proof Martyr, that proclaims
His Conquest crown'd in Pyramids of Flames,
In ravishment of Soul, and leaves the Toy
Of Life, not with excess of Pain, but Joy.
I, to brave *CAPPEL* fell; the Scaffold bore
No look of life, but he Dying wore,
Death lookt like Death, and all the standers by,
Awa' that he had come, to see them dye;
Envy her felt Great *CAPPEL*'s Triumph sung;
Earth graced his Exit, whilst all Heaven rung
With a loud Plaudit, extasied to see
This last Great Act, of his red Tragedy

Treason combin'd, call'd *Law established*;
Immediate Death by Tyrants menaced,
Could not his Rock-built Constancy abate,
But his Just Soul stood still Resolv'd like Fate.
And had the Machine of the whole World broke,
The Ruins still had him undaunted took:
To view his Life, would but redrown'd the Eye
Of his and Virtue's Friends; Truth's History
Shall write it to the Age unborn, and they
Peruse it with that Zeal good Vestals pray,
And that sad Page which tells his Death, appears
The Winding-sheet of many Sighs and Tears;
His Life, Why? 'tis a Theme for Angels meet,
But this I'll say, Of all the Heav'n-bound Fleet,
Of Crimson Martyrs, through the red Sea gon,
Of *England's* Treason and Rebellion,
Except their matchless Royal Admural,
CAPPEL came richest home in the Ark Loyal;
Where all the Stars shot Volleys, and was giv'n
Eternal Welcome to his Haven, Heaven.

AN ELEGY ON THAT WORTHY AND FAMOUS ACTOR MR. CHARLES HART

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 62)

FROM the manuscript notes of Luttrell, it appears that he bought this broadside for 1d. on August 31st, 1683, and it may well have been issued on that day. Charles Hart, the nephew of William Shakespeare, started his career on the stage as a mere boy, playing women's parts in association with Clun, already chronicled in the present anthology. During the Civil Wars, he was an officer in the Royalist army, and during the Commonwealth played in the surreptitious theatrical performances in noble-men's houses. After the Restoration he joined Killigrew's company, of which he was a shareholder and one of the chief actors. Steele quoted him with respect; Dryden and Betterton praised his work; Nell Gwynn probably owed him her stage career; and Lady Castlemaine, another of the King's mistresses, fell in love with him. He died of the stone on August 20th, 1683. The present elegy says the 18th; but exact dates on broadsides must be taken *cum grano*.

Trophies : memorials, in the Classical sense.

earth : be committed to earth.

To chide bold Death, and our vast Loss bewail. . .

Phoenix : i.e. with constant reincarnations in his several parts.

Melpomene : the tragic Muse.

Amintor : According to Genest, Hart took this rôle in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* when it was revived at the Theatre Royal on December 7th, 1666.

Arbaces : a brilliant acting part in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, in which Hart had appeared in 1682.

Celadon : Hart played this rôle in Dryden's *Secret Love*. The play opened on March 2, 1667, and seems to have had a long run.

Perez : the most grateful male part in Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, acted by Betterton in 1683. Hart had played the role in 1663.

As to behold such Goodness, and such Worth.

bath : i.e. wash.

Old-Spring-Garden : a park formerly situated between St. James Park and Charing Cross.

E L E G Y

On that Worthy and Famous A C T O R,
Mr. CHARLES HART,

Who departed this Life *Thursday August the 18th. 1683.*
31. Aug. 1683.

CAN HART be dead, and yet neglected lie,
Like vulgar Trophies of Mortality,
Nor have His Name shrin'd in an Elegy?
Hence Modern Wits, *Apollo's Bastard-son*;
If not for *Him*, mourn your Ingratitude.
You oft have Versè on *meaner* Subjects made;
None shou'd give *Presents*, and leave *Debts* unpaid.
Unthankful Tribe! how can ye silent be,
And let His *Fame* earth with his *Corps*, when He
Gave both your Works and You Eternity.
Thus lighted Tapers round their Flames do cast,
And but for *Others Good*, *Themselves* they waste.

Pardon, *bright Saint*, if now my weaker Verse
Appear in fighting o'r Thy *Glorious Horse*,
To chide bo'ld Death, and our vast Loss be-
Our Lots, which nought on Earth can countervail:
For 'twere a Name like HART, that has the Pow'r,
To force all eyes to a Tributary Show'r.
While *Suns* begot no *Labels*, whom the Poor
For *Battle*, the Rich for *Worth* adore;
Who liv'd a *Phoenix*, who Himself den'd,
An *honour'd* Passion a cold Martyr dy'd.
Sure He is not dead: Such were His looks, when He
Wou'd convert a Death in *Tragedy*.
But, ah! He's gone too far; Cold is His Brow,
And th' *basin* Part for ever still now;
His Tongue, when late such *Melody* did arm,
As could to Exalt the Hearers charm;
While *Sweetnets* (as we thought) might Fate o'r come,
And make him change his Vigour, now is dumb.
Silent as Sleep He lies, His latest Breath
Lies *Epilogue* spoke, and all is still as Death.

Farewel! Thou Darling of *Melpomene*;
The *Best* but *Imitate*, *None Equal Thee*;
With Thee the Glory of the Stage is fled,
The *Heroe*, *Lover*, both with HART lie dead:
Of whom all speak, when of His Parts they tell,
Nor as of *Man*, but some great *Miracle*.
Such Pow'r He had o'r the Spectators gain'd,
As forc'd a *Real* Passion from a *Feign'd*.

For when they saw AMINTOR bleed, strait all
The House, for every Drop, a Tear let fall;
And when ARBACES wept by sympathy,
A flowing Tide of Wo gush'd from each Eye.
Then, when he would our easie Grievs beguile,
Or CELADON or PEREZ made us smile:
Thus our Affections He o'r Rais'd or Lay'd,
Mirth, Grief and Love by wondrous Art He sway'd.

Let no detracting Tongue dare wound His Fame,
Nor the Precise gainst *Actors* more exclaim,
HART has restor'd their Credit, grac'd their Name.
His Life the Stage instructed, and now dead,
We're taught by Him the Worlds gay Stage to tread.
Oh happy me! in such a Time brought forth,
As to bestow such Goodness, and such Worth.
All that was Excellent we in Him might see,
Servant to Justice, and strict Honesty:
So Pure each Scene of's Life was, scarce we can
Find Vice enough, to say He was but Man.
His unexempl'd Virtues have no end,
He was a Loyal Subject, Faithful Friend:
Mans Favourite, and th' Almighty was He too,
Each hour His Alms and Pray'rs did Heav'n pursue,
Secur'd of which bright Mansion, hence he flew.

And now, shou'd I aspire each Grace to Praise,
A Work t'astonish Wonder I must raise,
But oh, blest Soul! since great our Loss appears,
Permit me bath Thy Memory in Tears;
For Thy surviving Fame can never die,
Confin'd to nothing but Eternity.
While Thy blest Life & Death to th' Best give Laws,
And each this certain Truth from Envy draws,
HART ne'r made Exit yet without Applause.

22 3:19

Printed by Nath. Thompson, at the Entrance into the
Old-Spring-Garden near Charing-Cross, 1683.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ALGERNON
SIDNEY ESQ.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 147)

THE price of this broadside, as of the previous elegy, is 1d.; and Luttrell's date suggests that he bought it at the execution. Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), a diplomat in early life, turned to a military career in the Parliamentary army during the Civil War; but he opposed the execution of the King, and, after Cromwell's forcible dissolution of Parliament in 1653, looked upon the Protector as a "tyrant." The Restoration found him on a diplomatic mission in Sweden; and he remained in voluntary exile, chiefly in Italy and France. At last he returned to settle his father's estate, re-entered politics at the time of the Popish Plot, and attempted to establish a republic. On June 26th, 1683, he was arrested for complicity in the Rye House Plot, and sentenced by the notorious Judge Jeffreys on rather doubtful evidence. Despite the efforts of the Whigs, he was executed on December 7th, and showed to the last the "extraordinary courage" that Bishop Burnet gave as his chief trait of character. The present broadside is clearly the work of a Tory poetaster.

Threescore Years : Sidney was just sixty years old at his death.

To bloud a Vein : To bleed a vein, a method of cure in the old medicine.

stanch't : staunched, suppressed, put down, referring in the seventeenth century especially to rebellion.

cursed at his Birth : the Sidney family, having risen upon the ruin of the monasteries, had regularly favored Protestantism in its more definite forms, and thus took the side of the Whigs.

still : always.

fond : foolish.

admirer of a Common-weal : i.e. a Commonwealthman, a republican.

Anointed of the Lord : Charles II, who ruled, according to the Tory theory, by Divine Right.

commence : apparently with something of its academic sense. Cf. commence M.A.

Achitophel : The evil counsellor of Absalom in his revolt against his father David. See 2 Samuel, 15. 12 etc. Dryden, in his famous satire, compared Achitophel to Shaftesbury, the Whig leader who encouraged Monmouth to rebel.



AN
ELEGY,

On the Death of

Algernon Sidney Esq;

Who was found Guilty of

HIGH-TREASON,

AND

Beheaded at Tower-Hill on Friday the 7th of December, 1683.
7. Dec. 1683

Wonder not (Reader) if you here descry
Satyr usurp the place of Elegy;
No deep fetch't sighs, no tears, nor mournful Verse,
Must e're attend an old Rebellious Heise:
Traitors like stately Tapers set on high,
Blaze for a while, then dwindle, stink, and Dye.
Th' *Apostate Angel* since from *Heaven* he fell,
Smells of th' loathsome, sulphurous fench of *Hell*.
An odious wretched Name is still the fate
Of Rebellman, when e're he proves ungrate.
Ungratefull Sidney! See the ill success
Of *Rampant* and *Triumphant* wickedness!
Justly the Ax must cut his thred of Life
Who vainly spent his *Threescore* Years in strife.
When *Traitors* pulses beat so wondrous high,
To blood a Vein is the securest way.
An old stanch't *Rebel*, curst at his Birth,
A *Foe* to *Heaven*, and a *Plague* to *Earth*.
Early in *Treason* he began t' excel,
Wou'd in his Cradle scratch, bite, and Rebel.
As strength encreas'd, so *Spice* and *Malice* reign'd,
And still prevail'd o're his ill temper'd mind.
Fierce was his humour, furious was his Zeal,
A fond admirer of a *Common-weal*.
This made the *Rebell Saint* with curst Sword,
In wrath, pursue the *Anointed* of the Lord.
His *Lawful King* in all things he withstood,
Till now n're cloy'd with sūfom draughts of blood,
Then farewell *Sidney!* now expect no more
To sport and roll in *Royal Purple* gore.
All your *Rebellious* cheats must have an end,
For *Heaven* its *Viceroy* will defend.
Th' *Almighty Thunder* justly when he nods
Shakes the proud Fabric of these *Demi-Gods*.

Republic Monsters that wou'd *Heaven* invade,
By's pow'full word with *Earth* are levell made.
Gigantic *Commonwealth's* Men thus are hur'd,
From distant *Sky's*, into the lower World.

Learn then by *Sidney's* fate, the *Fatious Crew*
Good; Honest, Loyal methods to pursue
Nor seek another *Sou'rain* to undoe;
If once you're pardon'd, shew your penitence,
No more such base, vile wretches to commence,
But if you are resolv'd to be perverse
Then gall and *Satyr* shall be mixt in Verse.
For those who're apt to murmur and Rebel
No Lecture's fit for them but *Death*, and *Hell*.

The EPITAPH.

Reader, if *Whig* thou art, thou'lt laugh
At this inspid EPITAPH.
Oh sje! get *Onions* for thine Eyes,
For here thy Patron *Sidney* lyes.
But where's his wandring Spirit gone,
Since here he suff'ered Martyrdom?
To *Heaven*. Oh! it cannot be,
For *Heaven* is a Monarchy.
Where then I pray? To *Purgatory*.
That's an idle, Romish story.
Such Saint: as he can't go to *Hell*?
Where is he gone I prithee tell,
The Learned say it's *Achitophel*.

22: 9: 19

London, Printed by George Croom, at the New Ball in
Thames-street, over against Baynard's Castle, 1683.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY, KING CHARLES THE II

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 30)

THIS piece, together with the one that follows, serves to illustrate the numerous laments on the "merry monarch." Luttrell notes the price as 1d. and the date as February 16th, 1685. The Gothic towers at the top suggest an association of the Gothic and the mortuary in the vulgar mind and perhaps help to account for the synchronous revival of both motifs in the art and literature of the following century. The opening lines of the piece are very much in the stereotyped elegiac style.

more than one Tribe : i.e. more than one-twelfth.

ex Traduce : as an inheritance.

Herod : Cromwell. The comparison seems to be between Cromwell as the killer of Charles I and the Massacre of the Innocents.

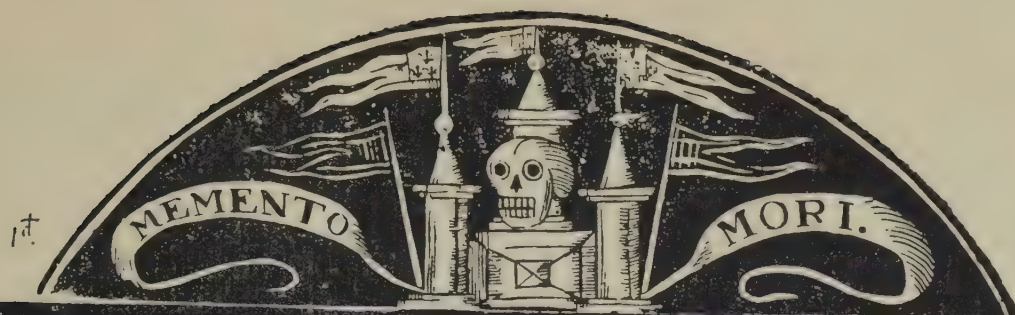
Like Moses, at the Brink of Death : a reference to the divine prohibition against Moses' entering the Promised Land. See *Deuteronomy*, 34. 1 etc.

that Hand That gave Him Conduct to his Peaceful Land : General Monck, whose death is celebrated elsewhere in the present volume.

Gordian Knot : a knot in the temple at Gordium in Asia Minor, binding the yoke to the pole of the cart that had belonged to the city's founder. The oracle declared that whoever could untie it should be lord of Asia. Alexander is said to have cut the knot with his sword.

Star . . . Wisemen etc. : See *Matthew*, 2. 1 etc.

Joynt Consort : harmony.



A N
E L E G Y
O N T H E
Death of His Sacred Majesty:
KING CHARLES the II.
O F B L E S S E D M E M O R T .

16. Feb. 1685.

Unwelcome News! *White-Hall* it's Sable Wears,
And each Good Subject lies *discolord* in Tears!
Justly indeed; for CHARLES is Dead the Great!
(Who can so much as such great Griefs repeat?)

King CHARLES the Good, in whom that Day there fell
More then *one Tribe* in this our *Israel*!

Ah! Cruel Death! we find thy Fatal Sting,
In *Leaving* Him! that was so Good a KING:
A KING so Wise, so Just, and H'had great part
In *SOLOMON's* Wisdom, and in *DAVID's* Heart:
A KING! whose *Verities* onely to Rehearfe,
Rather requires a *VOLUMN* then a *VERSE*.
Sprung from the Loyns of *Charles* of Blessed Fame,
A Worthy SON of His Great FATHERS Name:
His Parents and His Grandfathers *Verities*, He,
As H'did their *Crown*, enjoy'd *ex Traduce*,
Of th' Best and Greatest of *KINGS*, the *Epitome*.
His *Justice* such, as none could Him Affright,
From doing t' *all*, to *God* and *Subje's* Right.
Unjust He could, but like *Heavens* Majesty, -
Would that a *Traitor* should Repent, not Dye.
His *Prudence* to the *LAWS* due *Vigour* gave,
He *saved* Others, and Himself did *save*.
His *Valour* and His *Courage*, VVrite who can?
B'ing a Good *Souldier* e're he was a *Man*:
VVrestling with *Sorrows* in a Land Unknown,
Whilst *Herod* did *Usurp* His Royal Throne:
Enish'd His *Native* Country every Day,
Like *Moses*, at the Brink of *Death* He lay:
But that *Storm's* over, and Blest be that *Hand*
That gave Him *Conduct* to His *Peaceful* Land;

Where this Great KING the Gordian Knot Unties
Of *Heavens*, the *Kingdoms* and His *Enemies*;
Not with the *Sword*, but with His *Grace* and *Love*,
Giving to those their *Lives* that for His *stroke*.
Never did Person so much *Mercy* Breathe,
Since our Blest *Saviour's*, and His *Father's* Death.
In fine, His *Actions* may our *Pattern* be,
His *God's* *Life*, the *Christian* *Diary*.
But now He's *Dead*, alas! our *Davies* *g*;
And having Serv'd His *Generation*,
Is *fall'n* *Asleep*; That *Glorious* *Star's* no more,
That th' *English* *Whens* led unto the *Shore*
Of *Peace*, where *Gospel-Truth's* *Profest*,
Cherish within our *Pious* *Mothers* *Breast*,
And with *Protection* of such *KINGS* still *Blest*:
Blest with His *Piet*, and the *Nation* too,
Happy in'h's *Reign*, with *Milk* and *Honey* flow:
Yea, Blest so much with *Peace* and *Natures* *store*,
Heaven could scarce give, or *We* desire no more:
But yet, alas, He's *Dead*! Mourn *England*, Mourn,
And all your *Scarlet* into *Sack-Cloth* turn:
Let *Dust* and *Ashes* with your *Tears* Comply,
To *Weep*, not *Sing*, His *Mournful* *Elegy*:
And let your *Love* to *Charles* be shown hereby,
In rendring *James* your *Prayers* and *Loyalty*.

Long may Great *JAMES* this: *Kingdoms* Scepter *Sway*,
And may His *Subjects* lovingly *Obey*;
Whilst with *Joynt* *Comfort*, all agree to *Sing*,
Heaven *Bless* these *Kingdoms*, and *God* save the *KING*.

Entered according to Act of Parliament.

London, Printed by J. Miller, for W. Thackeray, at the sign of the Angel in Duck-Lane. MDCLXXXV.

22: 9: 49

AN ELEGY ON CHARLES THE II KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND &c.

By P.K.

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 29)

LUTTRELL notes the price and date of this broadside in the usual fashion. If Luttrell's February 17th is to be taken as the day of original issue, the broadside could not have been used at the King's funeral. Indeed, despite the final couplet of the present piece, the affixing of elegies to the hearse of the departed seems to have been dying out. P.K. is probably to be identified with Patrick Ker, the author of *Flosculum poeticum. Poems divine and humane, panegyric, satirical, ironical* (1684).

Britain's Phœbus : the sun. Cf. the contemporary nickname for Louis XIV, the sun-king.

Tropick : i.e. his turning-point; an astronomical term applied especially to the solstice.

good Hezekiah : See 2 Kings, 16. 20.

bore the Cross : alluding to his period of exile during the Commonwealth.

Great-Britains Bane and Blush : Cromwell.

still : always.

Halcyon : peaceful.

Plotters . . . Treason : referring to the Popish Plot and the effort of the Whigs to prevent the accession of James II.

Smeck : reeking fumes.

base Achitophels : a slur upon Shaftesbury and the Whigs.

Terroure of the Dutch and Dane : referring to the wars with these countries during the reign of Charles II.

Diseases . . . own the Virtue of his Touch : a reference to the Mediæval belief, which continued to be current even as late as the eighteenth century, that the royal touch cured scrofula, the so-called "King's evil."

A N
E L E G Y,
O N

The Deplorable, and never enough to be Lamented Death, of the Illustrious, and Scene
CHARLES the II. KING
O F

Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. who Departed this Life, (on Friday the 6th. of February,
between 11 and 12. of the Clock, in the Forenoon: And was Inter'd at Westminster, the 14th. of the same Month,
being the 55th Year of his Age, 1685;
17. Feb. 1685

HAng all the Streets with Sable Sad; and call
The Royal Palace *Black*; and not *White-Hall*:
Weep Sacred Beads of Loyal Tears, and true,
Of Orient Pearl; but Occidental Hew:
Since *Britains Phœbus* hath forsok the Stage,
Before he reach'd the *Tropic* of his Age.
The interval betwixt our *Setting Sun*,
And Rising *Sovereign*, 'ere his Light begun
Was short; yet (till our Sorrow found Relief)
We were near delug'd in the Seas of Grief.
Yet (tho our *Sovereign* doth our Mourning-swage,
And gives our joy of Grief the Weather-gage.)
We'll make no *Bonfires*, for (it were in vain)
Our flowing-Eyes would Weep them out again.
All *Isra'l* when Good *Hezekiah* Di'd
To his last Breath, true Loyal Honour pay'd;
Where's than the Bold:st Critick can deny
Great *CHARLES* his worth a Doleful *ELEGY*;
His Worth, to Times last Period shall Endure,
In spite of Envy or the Grave Secure:
And Children yet Uborn with Tears shall pay
A Mournful Tribute to his sacred Clay.
He from his Child-hood was of great Renown;
He bore his *Cross* before he wore his *Crown*.
Brancht in the stock of Trouble ('tis well known)
His Fruit was Ripe, the Blossom yet unblown.
Great-Britains Bane, and *Blush* Eclips'd his Skie,
Ere *England* knew his Sovereignty:
But as his *Sun* ascended the Noon-day,
All Clouds (like Vapours) vanish'd quite away:
And the Bright Calmes of Peace did still remain
Through the whele Circle of his HALEYON Reign.

Then Rest (dear *Saint*, tho now Intomb'd in Dust)
Until the Resurrection of the Just.
And let our Mourners mitigate their Grief,
Because our Sorrow doth admit Relief:
The Vail of Death no Christian needs dismay;
The King of *Kings* himself did guide the Way.

And (since our Sore a Salve along doth bring)
God save Great *JAMES*, our Second Sovereign King.
Let his Dominions preface Black with White;
Since Rising *Phœbus* dissipates our Night:
Let Loyal Subjects all both cry and Sing
Like Birds Reviv'd in the returning Spring.
Let Court and City raise their joyful Voice
And Loyal Sighs still Eccho back *Rejoyce*:
Till Plotters all Conspiracies lay by,
And *Treason* turn to purest Loyalty.

Hence then projecting Traytors, stand aloof,
His Loyal Throne is sure, and *Treason-Proof*:
Left set on Edge by old Seditious *Smec*,
Your *Treasons* Trap turn round upon your Neck.
His Presence may no *Rebel*. *Old* Resort,
Nor base *Achitophels* frequent his Court;
But Reign in Peace, whilst we have in our Eye
CHARLES still alive in *JAMES'S* Royalty.

But since he's Dead and gone let this sad Verse
(Tho undeserving) yet attend his *Herse*.

E P I T A P H.

Here lyes Great *CHARLES* the just the Good,
As ever came of Royal Blood:
To Troubles Born, he Early knew
What *Kings* (as Men) are subject to:
His Morning Glories were orecaft,
And by some fatal Star Opprest.
But as his Sun ascended Noon,
The cruel *Comet* did fall Down,
In Peace he Liv'd, in Peace he Di'd;
The Kingdom and the Churches Guide.
The Guardian of the swelling Main;
The Terror of the *DUTCH* and *DANE*.
At his Commands all War did Cease,
And *Europe* Owes to him her Peace.
Dislates at his Power did Crouch,
And own the Vertue of his Touch.
Let *KINGS* and *PRINCES* in him Glory,
And make his Reign their Directory.

P R

L O N D O N,
Printed by George Cream, at the Sign of the Blue-Ball in Thames-street,
over against Baynard's Castle. 1685.
22. 9. 19

ON THE MEMORY OF MR. CALEB SKINNER AND
MR. HEZEKIAH MIDDLETON, MERCHANTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. (186))

THIS piece is one of the rare examples of the broadside elegy written in pastoral style. From the statement at the bottom, one judges that the piece was passed about to the friends of the deceased; and the fact that it was not licensed until twenty days after the drowning of the two merchants does not prove that it was not used at their funerals; for the last rites, especially if they were sumptuous, were often delayed for a matter of weeks. The much lamented gentlemen, together with the "School-fellow of Mr. Skinners" who composed the elegy, do not seem to be remembered in history. Robert Midgley (1653-1723), the reputed author of the *Turkish Spy*, was licenser of the press during the reign of James II.

rowl : roll. See also below.

Tityrus : a common pastoral name, used by Virgil in his first eclogue and by Spenser in the *Shepheardes Calendar* (February).

Muses Golden Gate : This reference seems to be quite pseudo-Classical. The Muses had various temples and statues throughout Greece; but there seems to be no reference to a "Golden Gate." Doubtless the Christian gate of heaven is intended.

Oaten Tunes : songs sung to a pipe made of oat stems, according to the Classical bucolic tradition.

e'er 'tis Noon : Apparently, Skinner was young.

Clajus : Probably an anagram for the name of the elegist.

lively Grace : living grace. N.B. the vividness of the description that follows.

Meadow-sweet : mead-sweet, which is common along the banks of streams in England.

Acheron : the chief river in Hades, into which the Styx and other rivers were supposed to flow.

Styx's Lazy Lake : probably referring to Acheron.

Silver Medway : an affluent of the Thames, celebrated in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

O N T H E M E M O R Y

OF
Mr. CALEB SKINNER, and Mr. HEZEKIAH MIDDLETON; *Merchants.*
Who were Drowned at BLACK-WALL, Coming from on Board a SHIP the 5th of May. 1688.

By a School-fellow of Mr. SKINNER'S.

P *Assince* a while, unruly Tears! My Pen
Must Weep, and you shall have your turns again.
—Come all you Artless Passions, Grief and Love,
Frustrated Hopes, and Sickly wan Despair;
Beat all your Throbbing Breasts, and rend your Hair;
Till every thing but Destiny you move:
Nor need you fear Disturbance from the rest;
All the white Passions now are flown away,
Each smiling Motion leaves the frightened Breast
Of our Unhappy Swains: Joy will not stay,
Nor Bliss, nor Pleasure sweet, nor calm Delight;
Deep, deep! They vanish into Endless Night:
Not one poor Hope we from the *Wrack* could save,
All with the Shepherds sunk, beneath the Greedy Wave.

You Nymphs who rowl from far to Father *Thames*,
The Eternal Tribute of our Chrystal Streams;
Keep not one Drop behind! Wring out each Urn,
And our Unhappy Shepherds help to mourn.
Ask not their Names; In every Eye you'll read
'Tis *Tityrus*, and *Celadon* are dead.
Ah *Tityrus*! How oft in Youthful Years,
As Merry as the Spring that bloom'd around,
Below the Tyranny of Hopes and Fears,
We've worn the happy thoughtless Hours away,
With *Rustick* Garlands oft each other Crown'd;
Blithe as the Morn, and Jecund as the Day.
How often gaz'd upon the Dimpled Wave?
And smil'd like that which softly stole along,
As listning to a Shepherds humble Song!
In vain we boast of Gifts which *Phœbus* gave,
Of Foresight deep, and Providence Divine
How little dreamt I then the *Fates* Design,
That such must be th' Unhappy Shepherds Grave

Thee *Celadon*, although to me unknown,
Thee! Partner of my *Tityrus*'s Fate;
With him I wail, share thou in every Grief,
Share thou with him in his Immortal State:
Enter with him the *Muses* Golden Gate.
Thee *Celadon*! Who though unknown to me;
Where sunk in th' Crowd my self unknown I lie,
Piping my *Oaten* Tunes, did'st mount more High;
And Crowds, and Men, and Towns, and Cities see,
And all the Worlds mistaken Gaiety.
Unmov'd thou saw'st 'em all, did'st all o'ercome,
And with thee brought thy *Rustick* Virtue Home.
Thou dar'st be still Unfashionably brave;
No drop of Blood about thee, call'd the Slave.
Ah! Was that Virtue made to set so soon,
Must such a Sun be Clouded e'er 'tis Noon:

And e'er he half the round of Life gets o'er,
Be drench'd in that wide Sea that knows no shore;
Thames was his Sea, and there he sets, to rise no more. }
He was too great for *Clajus* to commend,
Just great enough for *Tityrus* his Friend.
Close in each others Arms, see where they lie!
Unminding, or Unfearing Hovering Fate;
Or had they known 'r, how could they better die?
How could they be laid out in greater State?
Both gently lean'd upon the others Breast;
Thus both together Glided soft to *Enalys* Rest:
Bright Shades! For you who only set to rise,
To rise again, and shine in brighter Skies:
To Pity you were almost Blasphemy, }
Than Death, could any greater Blessing be;
Sure *Tityrus* 't had been bestow'd on thee.
Our selves let's Pity then, for they're above,
All but our Imitation and our Love.
Come then you Shepherds, come you fighting Swains!
View on yon *Oazy* Bank, their sad remains;
Where's now that Honey which so oft has flown
From their Dear Lips? where all that lively Grace?
Livid and Black, and all Deform'd they're grown,
And Death and Horror revel in their Face!
Bleated and swollen their Eyes, and dull and dead,
Mud in their Hands, and Weeds about their Head

Away you common Griefs, here comes a Tide
That overwhelms the distant Fields, on either side:
Is any here so large a share can claim,
As can a Mothers or a Sisters Name:
See where across the crowded Strand they fly,
And through the opening Ring of Gazers come!
But only on his Face can Weeping lye,
Rigid as he, and Cold, and Pale, and Dumb:
See where old Reverend Father *Thames* the while
Sits sad and Penive, on some Neighbouring Isle
His *Reedy* Garland from his Brows he throws;
He throws his Meadow-sweet, and Flowers away,
Dull and unguided, 'see his Chariot goes;
And where they please, he lets his Waters stray.
His cursed guilty Water's now as black
As *Acheron*, or *Styx's* Lazy Lake.
He does of them, and they of Fate complain,
And both rowl deeply Murmuring in the Main

The Silver *Medway* greets them as they pass,
And ask why they such dismal Pompp put on;
But not a Word they Answer, save Alas!
Alas! Poor *Tityrus* and *Celadon*

May 25. 1688. This may be Printed. Robert Midgley.

LONDON: Printed for J. H. for the Use of the Friends of the Deceased.

AN ELEGY ON THE MOST INGENIOUS MR. HENRY CARE

BODLEIAN LIBRARY (WOOD. 429)

THIS elegy is interesting as an attempted vindication of one who was either an arrant trimmer or a much maligned advocate of religious tolerance well in advance of his time. Henry Care (1646-1688), journalist, translator and pamphleteer, was famous chiefly as a political and religious controversialist, first for the Court, later for nonconformity, and later still under James II for the alleviation of disabilities laid upon Roman Catholics. Anthony à Wood called him a "little despicable wretch" and a turn-coat for mere bread-and-butter reasons; and, indeed, his changes of opinion suspiciously coincide with the changes of the party in power. On the other hand, at least two contemporary pamphlets associate his name with that of the great liberal, William Penn. The present elegy seems to have been written by a dissenter who, like Care, trusted in James II's eleventh-hour policy of toleration. George Larkin, the printer, like most purveyors of broadsides, was one of the weaker brethren of the craft. He had brought out Care's *Draconica*, which, perhaps for reasons of advertisement, is mentioned in very obvious type in the present broadside. One wonders in fact whether the elegy may not have been written as a sort of publisher's puff on a convenient occasion.

And not one Verse etc.: Is this phrase conventional, or is the writer really surprised?

Laws: probably a reference to the Test Act and other Caroline legislation against nonconformity.

Levites: the Episcopalian hierarchy whom Care attacked sometimes from the dissenting, sometimes from the Roman Catholic point of view.

Made them a Prey etc.

Villanous Informers: Care suffered from their activities in 1678 as editor of the *Weekly Pacquet*, and was found guilty of slandering the Established Church and Chief Justice Scroggs.

Peaceful Counsels: Probably a reference to Care's *Utrum Horum*, which was intended to show how small a difference divided dissent, Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism.

Cross: counter.

Themselves: the Anglican hierarchy; the reference seems to be to the imprisonment of the bishops in the Tower.

But when great James etc.: a rather flattering description of the King's appeal to the dissenters when the Tories turned against him.

Heroic Numbers: I can find record of no such poem.

Great Britain's Glory: It produced instead the flight of James to France which took place about four months after Care's death. This piece, therefore, like most elegies, must have been written immediately after the decease of the subject.

This he himself affirmed to be his station: See Care's *Draconica*, p. 40. The copy in the British Museum has a long note in contemporary handwriting, attacking Care's motives.

Does prove our Loss and we now Sigh in vain. . .

Vile men have oft Reproach'd him: The British Museum contains half a dozen answers to his tracts written in the scurrilous language of the day.

maugre: in spite of.

Gate: i.e. the gate of judgment in the Biblical and Oriental sense. Cf. Sublime Porte.

both Unite again: a reference to the Resurrection of the body.

owe: own.

Here lies the most Ingenious Henry Care: Wood says that Care was buried in Blackfriars Church in London with an inscription nailed on the coffin that ran: "Here lies the ingenious Mr. Henry Care etc."

A N E L E G Y

Upon the Most Ingenious

Mr. HENRY CARE,

Who Departed this Life on the Eighth Day of *August*, 1688. and in the Two and Fortieth YEAR of his AGE.

HOW! The Great CARE Deceas'd! And not
one Verse

Dropt by some Muse on his *Lamented Hearse*!

It cannot be: All must his Praises tell,

That did both *Write*, and *Live*, and *Die* so well.

That maugre *Laws* and *Levies* durst be good,

And in most *Crook'd Times*, most *Upright* stood:

Whom all the *Tory's* Curses could not draw

From an Adherence unto what he saw

Would the *True Interest* of his Country be,

Which is, *A well-Establish'd Liberty*

In *Things Religious*; that none may have Pow'r

His Neighbour for his Conscience to Devour.

For when of late, the *Church-men* with high hand,

Did persecute *Dissenters* through the Land,

And on pretence of their *Lord's Penal Laws*,

~~Whom a Prey to the Devouring Jaws~~

Of Villanous Informers, who were then

The *Kings best Subjects* stil'd, by those *Hot Men*:

CARE saw, and Grieved to see what work they made:

And to *Divert* them by his *Pen* Essay'd:

And did to *Peaceful Counsels* them incline.

But this, *Alas!* was Cross to their *Design*;

Which was for the *Dissenters Ruine* laid,

From which no *Arguments* could them perswade)

For his *Discerning Soul* did then fore-see

Those *Violences* soon would fatal be

Unto *Themselves*, and Gall and Wormwood bring,

When once they were consider'd by the King:

This He Remonstrated; but all in vain:

Dissenters then no *Favour* could obtain.

But when Great JAMES into his Royal thought

The Sufferings of *Dissenting Subjects* brought;

And to the great Rejoycing of the Nation

Did Publish His most *Gracious Declaration*

For *Liberty of Conscience*, and set free

Dissenters from the *Church-mens Tyranny*:

Then CARE did in *Heroick Numbers* sing

Praises to GOD, and Thanks unto the King:

This was the Joyful *Epocha!* From hence

He saw Great *Britains Glory* would commence:

'Twas this he saw that would the Kingdom Crown

With *Wealth* and *Honour*, *Riches* and *Renown*.

And therefore when the Nations *Restless Foes*

So great a Blessing did in *Print* oppose,

He thought himself obliged to declare

How *Vain* and *Groundless* their *Pretences* were:

And that such might have *nothing left to say*,

He also Publish'd his *D R A C O N I C A*.

And always, as *Occasion* did him Urge,

He unto *Persecutors* prov'd a *Scourge*:

This he himself affirm'd to be his *Station*:

But O! so great a Blessing to the Nation

Is snatch'd from hence, even in his prime of Years,

And left all *Good men* for his Loss in Tears:

His Loss indeed is *National* we see,

And as his Loss is, should Our *Mourning* be:

Well may we drain whole *Rivers* from our Eyes,

For we his *Matchless Worth* could never prize!

But *Tears* alas can't bring him back; His *Guan*

~~Does prove our Lamentation now sign in vain.~~

And tho Vile men have oft *Reproach'd* him here,

He did not them nor their *Reproaches* fear:

Nor did their *Threats* their hop'd-for issue find:

He did his *Duty*, not his *Danger* mind.

And maugre all their *Scoffs* that him deride,

A *Protestant* he Liv'd, and such he Dy'd.

And tho *This Age* unto his *Worth* be blind,

Yet will his *Writings* such Acceptance find

With *After-Ages*, that his *Name* will be

Admir'd and Honour'd by *Posterity*.

But words don't need his Praises to relate,

For *his own Works* do praise him in the *Gate*.

By them it is his *Worth* is best Express'd—

Grief stops my Pen, and I must weep the rest.

His EPITAPH.

Under these Clods that Body lies,
Whose Soul now soars above the Skies;
Yet will they both Unite again,
And in Eternal Bliss remain.

But Reader, when thou do'st but know

Who 'twas that aid this Body owe,

'Twill cause thee weep ere thou'rt aware,

Here lies the most Ingenious HENRY CARE.

Who was (as render him his Due)

To GOD, his King, and to his Country True.

Here lies (let Carvers all say what they can)

A Loyal Subject, and an Honour'd Man.

with Illustrious.

London: Printed by George Larkin, at the Two Swans without Bishopsgate.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES LEOPOLD DUKE OF LORRAINE, GENERAL OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (2C0))

CHARLES V (1643-1690), Duke of Lorraine, as a young man entered the army of the Holy Roman Empire, and served with distinction against the Turks in the Battle of St. Gotthard. He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the elective crown of Poland. During the 1670's, he served against France, but was unable to wrest his ancestral duchy from the occupation of Louis XIV. In the '80's, he once more engaged the Turks, and with the help of John Sobieski, King of Poland, he finally drove them from the walls of Vienna, carried the war down the Danube into Hungary, and so ended for ever the danger of a Turkish invasion of Central Europe. In 1689, he once more engaged the forces of Louis XIV on the Rhine, and had some initial successes, but died suddenly on April 18th, 1690.

Haut-boys: oboes; wooden, double-reed wind instruments, the treble of the bassoon. The wood-winds were the most important part of the orchestra at this period.

Stately Kettle: kettle drum. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 286.

Levets: a war-march or a trumpet call to rouse soldiers in the morning.

Murr: a harsh noise, a discord of trumpets.

Sinking Empire: The Holy Roman Empire, dominated by the House of Hapsburg.

Turkish Moon: referring to the crescent, the national emblem of Turkey.

Bashaws: old form of *Pasha*, derived through the Italian *bassa*.

Buda's Walls: Budapest, the capital of Hungary, taken by storm from the Turks on September 2nd, 1685.

Mighty Waller: Edmund Waller (1606-1687), the Royalist soldier, Parliamentarian and poet.

Right: write.

Seraskiers: Turkish commanders-in-chief of the army.

Like Caesar etc.: a reference to *veni, vedi, vici*, the message Julius Caesar sent to Rome after conquering Pharnaces in Asia Minor.

Danow: the Danube River.

Ravaged Orange: Orange, the hereditary principality in southern France of the House of Nassau, was conquered by Louis XIV in 1672.

the Brave Nassau: King William III of England, Stadholder of Holland, and head of the House of Orange-Nassau.

Encroacht on Spain: By the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, Spain ceded Roussillon to France; and, throughout the reign of Charles II (1665-1700), Louis XIV was encroaching on the Spanish Netherlands.

Almaine: Germany.

August Emperour: Leopold I (1640-1705), Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

On the Ever to be Lamented Death of the

Most MAGNANIMOUS and ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

CHARLES LEOPOLD

DUKE of LORRAINE,

General of the Imperial Army ;

Who Died suddenly, *April* the Eighth 1690

Heark ! heark ! What dismal Noise is this I hear ?
What mournful *Clangor* is't doth pierce mine Ear ?
Fame, who had all her Trumpets taught to sound
Her General's Praise, with which the Air around
The spacious Globe, so often did rebound ;
Who'd learnt the Joyful *Echo's* to repeat
The Mighty Vict'ries of *Lorrain* the Great,
And had instructed every Charming Grove
To sing his Conquests, 'stead of softer Love ;
Had gather'd all her Breath, loud to proclaim
Th' approaching Triumphs of the next Campaigne :
'S if Thunder-struck ! at once her Pipes are mute,
The merry Haut-boys, and shrill-throated Flute,
The Stately Kettle, and Reviving Drum,
Th' Harmonious Trumpet, All, at once, are Dumb !
Dumb ! to those Notes which Martial Heat did stir,
And all their Levets chang'd to mournful Murr :
Astophil's Hero's drop their sinking Arms,
And *Europe* shudders at the dread Alarms.
The Glorious *LORRAINE*, Theme of all their Praise !
The Glorious *LORRAINE*, who to Life could raise
A Sinking Empire ; To Fresh Youth restore
The *Roman Eagle*, almost spent before ;
The Glorious *LORRAINE* did her Strength renew,
Warm'd with *His* Heat, *She* to fresh Vict'ries flew ;
Eclipt the *Turkish Moon* by Her high Flight,
And with her *Sable Plumes* obscur'd her *Borrow'd Lights*.
Arm'd with *His* Courage, *She* whole *Regions* tore
From the Proud *Sultan* ; forc'd him to restore
Her *Ravag'd Cities* to her Ancient Sway :
Made trembling *Babaw's* her Great *Chief* obey,
As if New Conquests grew with every Day.
The Glorious *LORRAINE* taught th' *Imperial Arms*
To battle Fate ; Before him flew whole Swarms
Of Haughty Infidels, who oppos'd in vain
That *Arm* which sow'd whole Countries with their Slain.
But who th' Immortal Laurel shall transfer
From *Buda's* Walls, to grace *His* Sepulcher ?
Buda ! That single Word sums all Renown ;
A Matchless *Babaw*, and a Matchless Town ;
Rise, Mighty *Waller*, Right the *Heroe* here,
The Theme's too Great for my poor Muse to bear.
He that Great *LORRAINE's* Vict'ries would rehearse,
Must fill vast Volumes, not confine t' a Verse ;
At's Conqu'ring Feet the prostrate *Vipers* fall,
Their Gasping *Empire* dreads the General.
Vanquish't *Seraskiers* with their *Legions* run ;
Like *Cesar*, where he came, the Day he won.
Here we must rest, whilst thou, my Muse, dost tell
His Swords Exploits gainst a greater *Infidel*.
Leave the proud Banks of *Danub's* famous Stream,
Loaden with *Trophies* of the General's Fame ;
And to the Fertile *Rhine* let's now advance,
And view the Pannick Fear he brought on *France* ;

That worse Turk, Tyrannick *Monster*, who
Conscious, of plotting *Europe's* Overthrow,
'Twas now high time, his Injur'd *Neighbours* call,
To come t' Account with their Great General :
Lorraine he stole 'gainst all pretence of Law,
And Ravag'd *Orange* from the Brave *Nassau*,
Encroacht on *Spain*, endeavour'd to tear
Th' *Imperial Lawrel*, on his Brows to wear
Augustus's Power, and with Sword and Fire
Beyond his Bounds to stretch his Lewd Desire ;
Till he had Planted utter Desolation,
And made his *Neighbours* like his *Abjeſt Nation* :
The Glorious *LORRAINE's* chose to Check his Pride,
And force the *Monster* in his Cave to hide :
His well-taught Troops disdain the *Monsieur's* Arms.
Monsieur, who Trembles at the Great Alarms :
Monsieur, who ne'er durst meet this Prince in Field,
Poisons, and *Pistols* more than's Sword have kill'd ;
Inglorious Arts ! Scorn'd by the Great and Brave,
They seek not Man's *Deſtruction*, but to Save.
In three Months time *Monsieur* had felt so much
The Courage of th' *Allies*, 'twas time to touch
On some Design might spoil the Next Campaigne,
And lay the dreaded General of *Almaine* :
The Fortune of his *Sword* he justly Fears,
And the Large Reckoning for old *Arrears* :
'Tis done ! The Mighty *HERO* that had Broke
The Insulting Power of the *Turkish Yeake*,
Made the more Barbarous *Frenchman* Fear his *Sword*,
Which daily Reapt more *Lawrels* for its Lord.
The *Empire's* Hope, the Darling of the *League*,
Is fallen ; not by *Arms*, but by *Intrigue* !
Where were ye all ye *Powers* that attend
On *Virtuous Men*, and are the *HERO's* Friend ?
Could no Kind *Genius* Rescue from his Fate
The mighty Conqueror, and prolong his Date ?
But as Great *Alexander*, fell before,
Loaden with *Triumphs* ! So, whom We deplore :
Whose Fate, not th' *Empire*, but all *Europe* Mourn ;
And shall on *France* the Treacherous *Fait* Return.

You most illustrious *Hero's* which survive
The Valiant *LORRAINE*, keep still alive
His Unmatch'd Courage, Conduct, Constancy,
And bear his Name up to *Posterity*.

May th' *August Emperor*, a New General find,
Matching the Bravery of his *Arm*, and *Mind* :
And the *Leagu'd Princes* such success Acquire
As bears Proportion with their *Just* Desire.
May You *French Lillies* with Your *Lawrels* twine,
And *Victory* with all Your *Armies* Join,
'Till humbled *Lewis* find his *Treasons* vain ;
And *LORRAIN's* Fortune to outlive *LORRAINE*.

L O N D O N, Printed for Richard Baldwin in the Old-Bailey. 1690.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. GEORGE COKAYN

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 43)

THIS elegy is a somewhat late survival of the Puritan spirit of the mid-century. Luttrell notes the price as 1d. and the date as November 24th, 1691. The advertisement of the funeral at the bottom of the page, points to the practical utility of the broadside. The halting metre, as well as the poetic style, suggests that the elegist was one of Cockayne's own flock. The cut at the top is the same, though somewhat reduced, as that used for the elegy on Bishop Lake (c. 20. f. 2 (192)). George Cockayne (1619-1691), Independent minister, was graduated B.A. from Cambridge in 1640, and attained great fame as a preacher at the time of the Commonwealth. He was ejected after the Restoration; and his congregation, which included several persons of eminence, founded for him an Independent meeting-house in Redcross Street. He wrote the usual volumes of sermons and the usual attack on the Quakers. The date of his death is given correctly on the present broadside.

still be: always be.

Nesbit: After the death of Cockayne, the congregation chose Mr. Nesbit as minister, and moved to Hare Court. It continued to exist as a body for over a century.

Free Grace: This sounds as if Cockayne were somewhat lax in his interpretation of the stern Calvinistic doctrine of Election.

pretious: precious; a spelling under the etymological influence of the Latin *pretium*, price.

divide the Word: preach on a text, according to the custom of the day, by amplifying its allegorical meanings.

rely: pertain to.

City: i.e. City of God; a reference to St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*.

By faith you may walk etc.: Cf. *Psalms*, 23. 4.

Mortal shall put on immortality: Cf. *I Corinthians*, 15. 54.

Envy: enmity.

He is the same yesterday etc.: Cf. *Hebrews*, 13. 8.



1st An E L E G Y

On the DEATH of that Eminent Minister of the Gospel,
Mr. G E O R G E C O K A Y N,
Who exchanged this Mortal for an Immortal Life, the 21st of November, 1691.

24. Nov. 1691

W H A T still more breaches ! is *Cokayn* dead ?
Who was so desirous the Gospel should be spread.
Who made it his constant study to promote,
That he might gain Souls that were remote.
And to build up those that were already call'd,
That he might finish his Ministerial Work to all,
Whose heart was still engag'd in Pastoral Care.
That he still the Flock of Christ might feed here,
In which the Lord had made him Overseer :
Studying with great pain upon his Bed with care,
That he might still be brought on Sabbath in his Chair.
Praying to God that he might still hold out,
Till he had by his Providence found out
One that *Jehovah* hath promised to send in need,
His People with knowledge and understanding feed.
The Lord was pleas'd to grant him his desire,
That all his Church in one mind was intire
In fixing their eye whom Providence found out in all,
They fixed on *Nesbit*, and give him a Gospel-call,
Which hath proved himself a Gospel-preacher to all.
A Workman that needs not be ashamed to none,
Preaching forth Free Grace in Christ to all that come.
Following him who was his Patron, but now is high
Above the reach of all his Enemy.
Whereby his Soul doth reap the fruit of all,
While we are still labouring in Sins Thrall
In bondage where *Satan* would destroy us all.
The very Bless'd if possibly he might
But Christ have paid that he might give them sight.
Whereby he hath rescued them out of *Satan's* Gin,
Wherein they were caught by *Adam's* Sin.
But by Free Grace they were repriev'd,
And by the Imputed Righteousness of Christ reliev'd.
And by that like pretious Faith was found,
Which was by our dear Pastor sound.
That through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ,
Grace and Peace should be multiply'd to the highest.
To all those that were looking high
For the light of his Countenance to keep them by.
And that it is a contrary strain in those
Who are crying for any worldly good to oppose.
Cokayn he would divide the Word aright,
Preaching the Gospel with all his might.
And that Christ would come as a Thief in Night
To those that are found his Enemies in delphight,
They would be found naked, and their shame appear,
When Conscience will be awaken'd with greater fear.
Still he was harping on that strain,
That Sinners might be brought to God by Christ again.

He was always mindful of the Churches poor,
And not unmindful to others in Distresses more.
Constantly he was mindful of Church-Order, there
According to what the Scriptures made appear,
And not to keep that in his own Power alone,
Which does belong to more than one.
Which does rely in the whole Church, that those
Which are Enemies to Gospel-Order might be oppos'd.
And that all might agree, as Members not dead,
Of that Mystical Body, whom Christ is the only Head.
It is to be lamented in Elegy this day ;
That there be so many of those that hast away.
The Lord grant those that stay behind,
Do mind their Duty, as in the Word they find.
Power in Heaven and Earth was given to Christ alone,
That all the Father had given to him, might be brought
We are but Strangers and Pilgrims here. (home.)
Where no continuing City does appear ;
But we must seek for one that is to come ; —
And that it might be our constant care
To walk amongst the Tombs while we are here ;
That Death might not be a surpris to none,
That we might be hastning to our home.
Endeavouring to mortify the deeds of the Body while here,
That Sin which is the sting of Death might not appear ;
That by free Grace in Christ alone, I tell :
By faith you may walk through the Vally
Of the shadow of Death, and fear no ill. }
When this Mortal shall put on Immortality,
We shall be blest to all Eternity ;
And enjoy that Region which is above,
Where blessed Souls are still in love ;
Where there is no Strife, nor Envy found at all,
But all with one accord ever agree shall,
Singing the praises of God with *Hallelujah*. —
But you that stay behind in this lower Region still ;
Be not dejected, it is our heavenly Fathers will :
Who knows best what his Churches need,
Who hath, and will send Pastors them to feed.
According to his promise abideth faithful still,
Tho our poor staggering Faith is apt to reel.
He is the same yesterday, to day, for ever ;
To frustrate all those that do endeavour (ever.)
To oppose his Church which shall abide with him for }

This Eminent Minister will be Interr'd on Friday the 27th
of this Instant November, 1691. from Stocking-Wear-
vers-Hall in Red-Cross-Street. 22: 9:49

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE LORD DARTMOUTH

BRITISH MUSEUM (LUTT. I. 39)

THIS broadside is marked by Luttrell with the usual price, and dated October 27th, 1691. In its fluid, if somewhat empty, couplets, it suggests Neo-classicism, and contrasts sharply with the elegy on Cockayne. George Legge (1648-1691), Lord Dartmouth, came of good family, and in the reign of Charles II rose to be a gentleman admiral in the wars with Holland. As a courtier and a civil administrator, he enjoyed almost equal success. Upon the succession of James II, he was appointed governor of the Tower and later commander of the fleet; but, as he had but little practical seamanship, the captains under him, who were in the pay of the Prince of Orange, made it possible for the Dutch to effect a landing. After the flight of James, Dartmouth was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, where he died from a stroke of apoplexy on October 25th, 1691. He owed the success of his career to the influence of James II, and like Pepys and many others, found it wrecked by the Bloodless Revolution.

Ashes in Sepulchral Urns: This is purely a poetic convention borrowed from the Classics. The Christian belief in the Resurrection of the dead in effect forbade the practice of cremation.

Applauses: The plural occasionally appeared. Cf. Pope's *Odyssey*, VIII, 404, "Loud applauses rend the vaulted sky."

still: always.

E L E O G Y

A N

On the Death of the late Honourable

GEORGE LORD DARTMOUTH.

Who Departed this Life in the TOWER of LONDON, October the 25th. 1691.

27 Oct 1691

K. Legg. 2. 1.

TIS so, there's no Defence against our Fate,
the Pious, Valiant, Just, and Fortunate,
The Youth and Aged in their several Turns
Must leave their *Asbes* in *Sepulchral Urns*.
Grim *Death* no Sex nor Age for Favour spares.

But Downy Youth and Age with Silver Hairs
Submit alike to his Imperious Will,
No Mortal having yet obtain'd the Skill
To bribe him for an hour, or make him stay
While he should one Ejaculation say,
Sometimes indeed he does some Warning give,
And each Days Sickness is a fresh Reprieve,
But others from Life's Stage he snatches Quick,
And they are gone before, they know they'r Sick.
Should sudden *Death* the Noble *Dartmouth* find,
Dartmouth the Brave, the Valiant, Just and Kind?
Renown'd abroad, and well-belov'd at home,
Nor t'any place without Applauses come;
The Souldiers Darling and the Sea-mans Love,
Who both as Rivals for his Friendship strove.
His Valiant Soul knew well how to Command
A Fleet by Sea, and a Campaign by Land
Of't has he dar'd the *Oceans* angry Wave,
And oft at Land approv'd himself as Brave.
Nor were his private *Vertues* better known,
Than those which did the Valiant Souldier Crown,
Affable, Courteous, to his Foes a Friend;
Who's stubborn Hearts would oft to's Goodness bend,
Couragious, Wise, Just, Discerning, always Brave,
His *Passions* Master, and not he their Slave.
No little sneaking Arts advanc'd his Name,
His proper Merits rais'd him to his Fame:
Merit which formerly advanc'd so few,
His Princes Notice on his Actions drew,
So very few to Honour find the Way
By meer Desert, that we may justly say,
Where one it does to just Preferment raise,
It raises thousands by some otherways;

Prevailing Friends, but more prevailing Money,
Scarce ever yet did fail of raising any.

Not to lament at such a Great Mans Fall,
And show some Sorrow at his Funeral
Were rude, a Souldier now may drop a Tear
Without a Blenish to his Character.
But *Sighs* and *Tears* and loud *Complaints* are Vain,
They cannot call the *Hero* back again,
Nor would he come, but too too well we know,
To change his Bliss for our sad Scene of Woe.

Great *Dartmouth* once the Valiant, Just, and Wise,
Joy of our Hearts, and Pleasure of our Eyes,
Is now no more. That dismal Word no more
Like opening of a Wound just clos'd before,
Renews our Grievs, and makes our Sorrows double,
And adds Affliction to our former Trouble.
Grief knows no Bounds when 'tis with Passion join'd,
But rushes on and never looks behind,
Till Reason can restrain the Head-strong Passion,
And Sorrow strike the Sail to Moderation.
Dry then thy Cheeks, my Muse thy Sighs refrain,
Since Tears are fruitless and since Sighs are vain.

His EPI TAPH.

Readers, tread softly on the Dust
Of *Dartmouth*, Valiant, Prudent, Just;
All silent Praises of his Name
Are but faint *Eccho's* of his Fame.
His Memory will still survive,
While Souldiers and while Sea-men live;
Nor need we then, large Structures raise,
When each Man Trumpets out his Praise.
22 9 19

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM TURNER KNIGHT

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (198))

FROM numerous references in the *Calendar of State Papers*, Sir William Turner seems to have acquired his wealth in the American and Continental trade. He was knighted in 1662, served several times as alderman, and was Lord Mayor in 1669. He was an officer in the militia and a municipal justice in the latter years of the reign of Charles II; and, in the suppression of nonconformity in 1681, he seems to have been an intermediary between Court and City. His charities extended even to Kirk-leatham in Yorkshire where he erected and endowed an almshouse for the aged and a school for boys and girls.

Bridwell: A former palace granted by Henry VIII as a hospital to the City of London, and in the seventeenth century used as a prison especially for women malefactors.

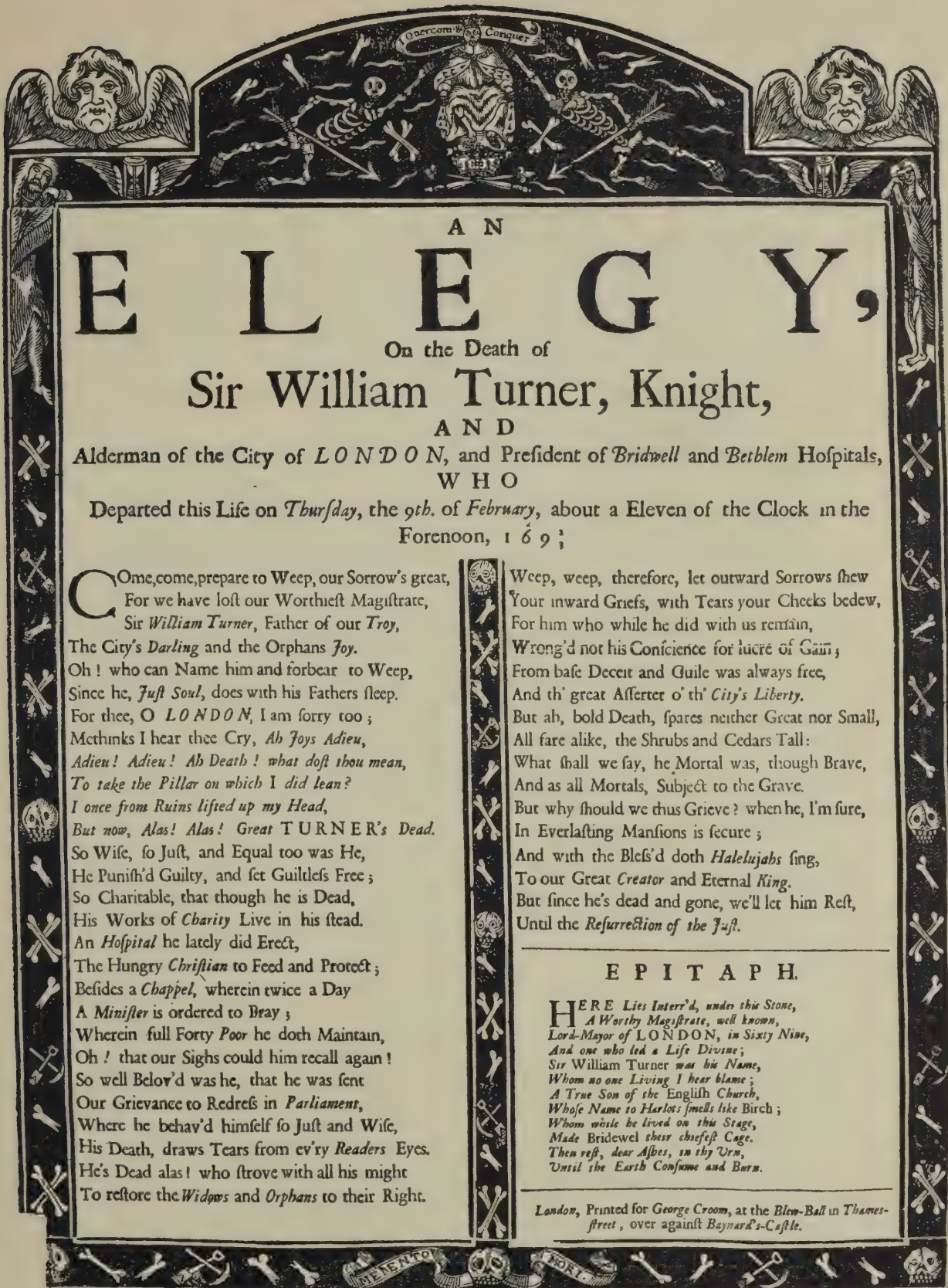
Bethlem: The religious house of St. Mary of Bethlehem, granted by Henry VIII to London as a hospital for the insane. In 1557, it was put under one management with Bridewell.

Troy: referring to the poetic name for London, Troy Novant.

Methinks: it seems to me.

Birch: i.e. for flogging.

Cage: i.e. prison.



E L E G Y,

On the Death of

Sir William Turner, Knight,

A N D

Alderman of the City of *L O N D O N*, and President of *Bridwell* and *Betblem* Hospitals,
W H O

Departed this Life on *Thursday*, the *9th*. of *February*, about a Eleven of the Clock in the
Forenoon, 1 6 9 ;

Come, come, prepare to Weep, our Sorrow's great,
For we have lost our Worthiest Magistrate,
Sir *William Turner*, Father of our *Troy*,
The City's *Darling* and the Orphans *Joy*.
Oh ! who can Name him and forbear to Weep,
Since he, *Just Soul*, does with his Fathers sleep.
For thee, O *L O N D O N*, I am sorry too ;
Methinks I hear thee Cry, *Adieu*, *Adieu*,
Adieu ! *Adieu* ! *Alas* ! *Death* ! what dost thou mean,
To take the Pillar on which I did lean ?
I once from Ruins lifted up my Head,
But now, *Alas* ! *Alas* ! Great *TURNER's* Dead.
So Wife, so *Just*, and Equal too was He,
He Punish'd Guilty, and set Guileless Free ;
So Charitable, that though he is Dead,
His Works of *Charity* Live in his stead.
An *Hospital* he lately did Erect,
The Hungry *Christian* to Feed and Protect ;
Besides a *Chappel*, wherein twice a Day
A *Minister* is ordered to Bray ;
Wherein full Forty *Poor* he doth Maintain,
Oh ! that our Sighs could him recall again !
So well Belov'd was he, that he was sent
Our Grievance to Redress in *Parliament*,
Where he behav'd himself so *Just* and *Wise*,
His Death, draws Tears from ev'ry *Reader's* Eyes.
He's Dead alas ! who strove with all his might
To restore the *Widows* and *Orphans* to their Right.

Weep, weep, therefore, let outward Sorrows shew
Your inward Griefs, with Tears your Cheeks bedew,
For him who while he did with us remain,
Wron'g'd not his Conscience for lucre of Gain ;
From base Deceit and Guile was always free,
And th' great Asserter o' th' City's *Liberty*.
But ah, bold Death, spares neither Great nor Small,
All fare alike, the Shrubs and Cedars Tall :
What shall we say, he Mortal was, though Brave,
And as all Mortals, Subject to the Grave.
But why should we thus Grieve ? when he, I'm sure,
In Everlasting Mansions is secure ;
And with the Blest doth *Hallelujahs* sing,
To our Great *Creator* and *Eternal King*.
But since he's dead and gone, we'll let him Rest,
Until the *Resurrection* of the *Just*.

E P I T A P H.

HERE Lies Interr'd, under this Stone,
A *Worthy Magistrate*, well known,
Lord-Mayor of *L O N D O N*, in *Sixty Nine*,
And one who led a *Life Divine* ;
Sir *William Turner* was his Name,
Whom no one Living I hear blame ;
A *True Son* of the *English Church*,
Whose Name to Harlots smells like *Birch* ;
Whom while he lived on this Stage,
Made *Bridewel* their chiefest Cage.
Then rest, dear *Asbes*, in thy *Urn*,
Until the *Earth* Consume and Burn.

London, Printed for George Croom, at the *Blow-Ball* in *Thames-street*, over against *Baynard's-Castle*.

THE WHORES LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF SIR W. T.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (200))

THIS piece constitutes a sprightly counterpart to the preceding elegy; for "Sir W.T." is undoubtedly Sir William Turner. Strictly speaking, the piece is not a broadside, being printed on both sides of the sheet. "Posture Moll" for whose assigns it is supposed to have been published, would seem to be a generic rather than an individual name.

White-Fryers: a section of London originally the site of a Carmelite monastery and later a place of licence and of sanctuary for criminals.

Cub: a rude youth.

Dorset-Garden Matron: proprietress of a house of ill fame near one of the London theatres.

Death. . . *That common Beadle*: Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 347. The elegiac literature of the day gives many analogues to this passage.

Bulk: shop.

Carted: whipped at a cart's tail.

no Mantle drop'd behind thee . . . *double Portion*: See 2 *Kings*, 2. 14 etc.

Jerking: whipping.

Hammer-Hand: It is hardly probable, as here implied, that Sir William ever administered the punishment personally.

Gadbury: John Godbury (1627-1704), an early intimate of John Lilly and writer of works on astrology and broadsides, was involved in the Popish Plot, and refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. At the time of the publication of this broadside, he was conducting a pamphlet war with Partridge, mentioned below.

Partridge: John Partridge (1644-1715), astrologer, almanack-maker, and quack physician, is famous chiefly as the subject of Swift's satire.

Scorpions: referring at once to the zodiacal constellation, *scorpio* and to a whip of knotted cords. See 2 *Kings*, 2. 11.

Dragons Tails: referring to the descending node of the moon's orbit, and also, metaphorically, to the lashes of a whip.

Rich Ones Ride in Coaches: A covert allusion to the mistresses of royalty, not to mention various nobles: Charles II and James II were flagrant examples, and King William was no model husband.

Good Sir W—— Knock:

T H E

W H O R E S

Lamentation

For the Death of Sir W. T.

Mongst the wet pious Eyes, shall we poor Harlots
 Be the only unrelenting graceless Varlets?
 What? not one Tributary Tear let fall,
 At the Deplor'd Sir W—— M's. Funeral?
 Tho' *White-Fryers Cab*, and *Dorset-Garden Matron*;
 All quite forget your good old Back-side *Patron*!
 A Tear, alas! the least we owe; no more
 Than we have paid him twenty times before.
 How often! as he forc'd, in blubbering Eyes,
 The Briny Floods and swelling Torrents rise?
 And is it now the sullen Fountain's dry!
 No, we have one Pearl to Grace his *Elegy*:
 A Duty never pay'd more willing; —well,
 Thou now no longer dreadful, Sir, farewell.
 Death ends at once our Terrour, and thy State,
 That common *Beadle* at the proudest Gate,
 The High-commission'd Leveller of Fate.
 Well, let thy *Cavalcade* of Mourners rally,
 From Cellar, Carrer, Brothel, Bulk, and Alley;
 All the whole *Sisterhood* in Sable Dress,
 From honest *Posture-moll*, to *Country-Best*.
 A Jolly Troop, and wondrous Tender-hearted,
 All with thy Favours Grac'd, some Whip'd, some Carted,
 Too sad Remembrances of Friend departed.

}
Yes,

Yes, mount great Soul, to the *Ethereal Throne*,
 And Spur thy *Steeds* and *Fiery-Chariot* on:
 But when kind Heav'n a welcom Guest shall find thee,
 I hope thou'lt leave no *Mantle* drop'd behind thee;
 No *Jerking Successor*, born to Inherit
 A *double Portion* of thy *Flogging Spirit*.
 No, let this Praise in thy summ'd-worth be reckon'd;
 Thou'rt *Non-pareil*, too Great, to leave a *Second*.
 And as, *Knock Good Sir William*, was our *Tone*,
 Now, *Knock off Good Sir William's* all our *Moan*.
 But, is *Sir William* Dead! and may we Crave
 The *Honour* to attend him to his *Grave*?
 Around his *Herse*, safe and untrebling stand,
 Whilst *Deaths* cold *Numb* eyes up his *Hammer-Hand*!
 Great *Magistrate*, Adieu. — But is this all,
 Our solemn *Dirges* at thy *Funeral*!
 Thy *Death* too narrow *Theatre* to Chant thy *Worth*,
 We ought to trace such *Virtue* to thy *Birth*.
 Thy *Birth*, ay sure, at that prodigious *Hour*,
 There reign'd no common mean *Ascendant Power*;
 What other *Stars*, (if *Stars* o're *Mortals* Sway)
 At *Birth* of Great *Sir William* ruled the *Day*,
 Let little *Gadbury*, and great *Patridge* tell:
 But this we dare pronounce for *Oracle*:
 Born that dread *Plague* and *Scourge* to *Amorous Function*,
Venus and *Mars* were never in *Conjunction*.
 No, the *Love-Planets* then were in *Eclips*,
 Whilst for a Dread *Presage* of *Thongs* and *Whips*,
Scorpions and *Dragons-Tayls*, a dreadful *Gang*,
 Of *Hemp* and *Flog* did *Dire Fore-Runners* Hang.
 Here let one *Tear* of *Indignation* fall,
 Remembrance, how thou swell'st the *Woman's Gall*;
 Remembrance, that awak'st our hideous *Chorus*,
 By representing our *sad Scenes* before us:
Sad Scenes, which such full vent for *Griefs* allow,
 Till, *Justice*, we could turn as blind as *Thou*.
 Oh *Bridewell*, what a *Shame* thy *Walls* *Reproaches*?
 Poor *Whores* are *Whip'd*, whilst *Rich Ones* Ride in *Coaches*.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE REVEREND DR. WILLIAM BATES

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (210))

WILLIAM BATES, D.D. (1625-1699), the "silver tongued" preacher of dissent, seems to have been the son of a distinguished London physician. He was educated at Cambridge, and during the Commonwealth period, was the Presbyterian incumbent of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, one of the richest livings in London. At the Restoration, Charles II ordered the doctorate degree to be conferred upon him, and offered him a bishopric, but he chose rather to be ejected under the Act of Uniformity in 1662. His influence at court was considerable; but he was never successful in his efforts to arrange for the comprehension of dissent within the Establishment. He was Baxter's friend, and preached the funeral sermon on him. He wrote extensively on religious subjects, and is said to have been the "politest" of the nonconformist preachers. He died on July 14th, 1699.

Not but some Pillars still . . .

Galaxy: the Milky Way.

first and second Heavens: an allusion to the concentric spheres of the old geocentric astronomy.

the third, before Jehovah's Face: This should be, not the third, but the seventh heaven, the empyrean.

the Lamb: Christ.

great Baxter: The Rev. Richard Baxter, dissenting divine and author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*.

holy Rosewell: Thomas Rosewell (1630-1672), dissenting divine, who at his trial by Jeffreys for illegal preaching answered in Latin and Greek and was finally pardoned by Charles II.

Holy Annesley: Samuel Annesley (1620?-1696), nephew of Lord Anglesey and an eminent dissenting divine. He was nominated by Cromwell lecturer at St. Paul's Cathedral, and by Charles II vicar of St. Giles Cripplegate; but in 1662 he refused to submit to the Act of Uniformity, and was accordingly ejected.

Vincent: Probably referring to Nathaniel Vincent (1639?-1697), or possibly to his brother Thomas (1634-1679), both dissenting divines.

prevalent: affecting.

A, N E L E G Y

On the much-lamented Death of that late Reverend and most Learned Divine, Dr. *WILLIAM BATES*, Minister of the Gospel at *Hackney*, who departed this Life on *Friday* the 14th of *July*, 1699. in the Seventy Third Year of his Age.

Floods follow Floods, Waves after Waves arise:
Scarce had I drain'd the Fountain of mine Eyes,
But here's a sadder Stroke calls for a Sea

Of flowing Tears: Rivers too few will be.
Had I an Ocean, ev'ry drop I'd spend,
And weep until that Ocean had an end.

But is he dead, Great *BATES* of fam'd Renown?
The *Nonconformist's* (nay, all *England's*) Crown,
Who Lov'd and was Belov'd by all, but those

Who are God's, and his Servant's, bitter Foes:
That Hellish Crew, that hate most them that wear
God's Liv'ry, and his Sacred Image bear.

Great Loss indeed! Sad Stroke that may portend,
(I fear,) some sorer Judgment in the end
For oftentimes the Sin-revenging God

Takes his best Saints, that he may use his Rod
The more severe. The Loss who can express?
Or what Tongue tell the consequent Distress?

Sure that Hope must be weak, whose chiefest stay,
Whose prop, whose only Basis sinks away:
That Ship must certainly be dash'd at last,

Whose trusty Anchor's gone, and whose Main-mast
Is beaten down. Not but some Pillars still
Are left; and as it is *Jehovah's* will,

There are some Anchors that are yet behind,
To keep the Ship, tho' toss'd with the wind.
But now they go so fast, I fear e're long;

(If God does not prevent) they'll all be gone.
God has remov'd a Pillar, 'twas too good;
Such fine-wrought curious Marble too long stood

In this Thatch'd Cottage, this poor House of Clay,
The Heavenly Builder took him hence away,
That he might place him in his Palace; here

He did but polish him to fix him there.
He's there, now seen by those discerning eyes
That know his inward Worth alone to prize.

How they rejoyce to see him mount the wing!
Th' *Angelick Chorus* meet him, and they sing
For joy, whilst they attend him through the Sky,

And mounts his Soul far above *Galaxy*;
Through first and second Heavens, till they place
Him in the third, before *Jehovah's* Face.

Where his lov'd God, Dear Jesus, Holy Ghost,
Cherubs, and Seraphs, all the Heav'nly Host
Of Blessed Angels, and those Saints which be

Clad with the Glory of Eternity
Do welcom him unto their Blessed throng,
And now begin to teach him the Lambs Song

Of life. His Soul crown'd now with Heavenly Bays
Invested with it's bright transplendant Rays
Falls in with them to sing his Saviours praise.

And here his raviſht Soul (which adds yet more)
Meets with those Blessed Saints that went before,
That labour'd with him in God's Holy Word,

And pray'd, and suffer'd with him for their Lord.
Such as great *BAXTER*, whose exceeding worth
(Now *BATES* is dead,) no tongue can e're set forth

O how do they each other now embrace!
Rejoycing there to see each other's Face.
And Holy *ROSEWELL* too, whose lasting Name

Is carry'd far above the Wings of Fame;
That Heaven-born Soul a bright and splendid Star,
That's shining now in Heaven's Bright Hemisphere.

Whose Love unto his God, and for his sake
The Sufferings that he underwent, did make
Him dear to pious *BATES*, and to all those

That Love their God, and Hate his wicked Foes.

O how do they rejoyce to meet and see
Each other safe, at Peace, and Ease, and free
From Bodily Pains, and from the Treachery
Of wicked Men.

Then Holy *ANNESLEY, VINCENT*, and the rest,
Whose Worth and Learning cannot be express'd.
Oh how do they each other there embrace!

Rejoycing there to see each other's Face,
And all safe landed in the Heav'nly Place.

It's there he's gone, and therefore 'tis not he
That has the Loss; No, no! 'Tis only we.

He's only gone to that Celestial Quire,
Which fill'd his Prayers, his Heart, his whole Desire.

He's only gone where all his Pains do end,
The Stone, the Gout, the Cholick, which did rend

His Body here. Our Souls have lost a Friend.

O *Hackney, London, England*, all bemoan,
It is a Loss concerns us every one.

A Soul-Physician's gone that could secure
The Health of Souls, that could and would make sure

Eternal Life to those that would but hear,
And to his sweet Entreaties lend an Ear.

How powerfully did he the Word Disperse?
With what Divine and Charming Eloquence?

With how great Love, how tender did he speak?
Enough to make the Sinners Heart to break.

Methinks I hear him still, uttering that Voice
That made the Sinner fear, the Saint rejoyce.

And Oh his Written Works, they'll praise him still,
Present admire them, Future Ages will;

'Tis Rhetorick Divine, which does them fill.
For he our English *CICERO* was, who dare

With him for Sacred Rhetorick compare?
PERFECT in that he surely was most fit,

To show PERFECTION as in SCRIPTURE writ.
Which when he finish'd, God did him translate,

And make him PERFECT in a PERFECT State.
Where now experimentally he knows

The PERFECTNESS of all that SCRIPTURE shows.

The EPI TAPH.

STay, Reader, stand, and spend a Tear,
But haste, lest thou should'st make

(By too much pondering who lies here)
Thy very Heart to break.

Here lies great *BATES* most Eloquent,
A *CICERO* and a *PAUL*;

A Preacher too most prevalent,
One that had in him all.

Most Learned, Wise, and of such Worth,
There is not left behind

A Tongue that's fit to fit it forth.
His Equal who can find?

If he could dye, who then can save,
Who can presume to keep

The most accomplish'd from the Grave,
Where all Mankind must sleep?

F I N I S.

London: Printed, and Sold by A. Baldwin, 1699.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND,
PIOUS, AND LEARNED MR. MATTHEW MEAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (209))

THIS piece is a characteristic lament for a dissenting minister written by a godly member of his flock. Unlike most broadside elegies, it bears a printed statement of its price; and the ornate iconography, if not the sentiments of the verse, justifies the unusual cost of 2d. Matthew Mead (1630-1699) was educated at Cambridge, but in the stormy days of the early Commonwealth resigned his fellowship to anticipate expulsion. He was soon engaged in a series of law-suits over the rectorship of Great Brickhill, Buckinghamshire, and finally managed to oust his rival, though he did not get the living for himself. In 1655, he became morning lecturer at St. Dunstan's, Stepney, on the outskirts of London, and, with some interruptions, continued his ministry there until the Five Miles Act in 1666 drove him in exile to Holland. In 1669, he returned to Stepney as a licensed dissenting preacher, and, as such, experienced periods of good fortune and of ill. In his latter days, he was active in the effort to unite the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies in England. He died October 16th, 1699, and was buried in Stepney churchyard.

prevented: anticipated, with perhaps something of its present sense also.

They'll serve in place of him. . .

Methinks: it seems to me.

their: there.

By th' Hand of Death. . .

Ophir's Gold: See 1 Kings, 22. 48 etc.

His Wife, she was of a most Noble Race: She bore him thirteen children of whom one was the famous Richard Mead, M.D., but her name is not recorded.

Wishing they could have had the other Blast : i.e. that they might have died instead?

Doctors: in the etymological sense, teachers.

Famous Bates: See the preceding elegy.

Gammon: Apparently a reference to the Rev. John Gammon, author of *Christ, A Christian's Life*, London, ?1690, a volume of sermons that retained at least something of their popularity even down into the reign of Queen Victoria.

clear: i.e. clear away.

Mose's Rod: The rod of God, *Exodus*, 4. 20 etc.

their: they're.

not . . . no: seemingly an illiterate survival of the double negative.

set: sit.

Disturb his Rest etc.: The sense is probably that he gave himself trouble to feed his flock.

Tristitia Christiana: Or an Ocean of Pious Tears.

AN

ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Reverend, Pious, and Learned Minister of the Gospel,

Mr. Matthew Mead.

Who Departed this Life at his Dwelling-House in *Stapley*, on *Monday*, the 16th Day of this Instant *October*, 1699.
In the Sixty Ninth Year of his Age.

Written by a Constant Auditor, and Sorrowful Mourner, for the Loss of this Reverend Deceased Pastor.

A Woful Story here I'm come to tell,
Of a Lost Shepherd, whom ye all knew well,
Who left us all alone, and's gone away,
Being Wounded with *Death's* Dart the other Day
*D*ears, pray stay your Sheep I'm Fold they be,
Waiting for th' Shepherd, whom they long to see,
There for to take some of thy Holy Meat;
But they're prevented, *Death* he did them cheat.
Judge now, ye Saints, if we han't cause to Weep!
For that the *Pastor* he hath left his Sheep!
Whom he, with Spiritual Food, did use to feed;
A *Saint* we've lost, a *Saint* he was indeed.
But tho' he's Dead, his Works they will survive
His Glorious Soul as if he were alive;
They'll serve in place of him, though he is gone,
And left his Sheep here for to walk alone.
Ah! Could not you afford to stay a Space
Of Time with us, before you Run the Race,
And let us see Thee in the Pulpit stand,
Declaring *Truth*, with *Bible* in thy Hand:
Methinks I see Him, with a Justice, Look
Upon his *Bible*, that most Holy Book,
The *Word of God*, the which he did their Preach,
'Twas his Delight it always for to Teach;
Therefore, I say, have not we got great Cause
To 'dore his Name, and his good Works Applause.
Rouse up, Rouse up, and lend's some of your Tears,
For that we've lost him, it too plain appears;
How can ye thus so easily part with one,
Who Studied always *Saints* to Unthrone;
And pull him out of all our wicked Hearts,
This was the Labour and chiefest parts
Of this *Divine*, who always strove for all,
Thousands of times, he did upon them Call
Unto Repentance, e're his Glass was Run,
But now let's see, and his whole Thread is spun:
The string of Life and he is forc'd to fall,
By th' Hand of *Death* that fatal General;
Who spurns none, the Good, the bad he'll have,
And send them quickly to the silent Grave:
And leave us here, to Weep with Floods of Tears,
For Famous *M. E. A. D.*, who (*Christ*) taught many Years:
But now let's Mourn and Say, *Times* Glass is out,
And with his *Sithe* with him hath had about,
And just like *Grafs*, with it did Mow him down,
Whilst we, who do Survive him, needs must own,
We lost a Pastor, whom I can't set forth,
A Precious Member of a greater worth;
Than *Ophe's* Gold, or any Riches here:
Few, few there are that with him can compare,
But bid Farewel to a Cheerful Harmony,
And with me Tans his Doleful Elegy.
In a good Age from us he hence departed,
And left his wandering Sheep quite broken-hearted,
For loss of Him, whose Years were Sixty Nine,
He left the Earth, and up to *Heaven* did Clime.
And here his Aged Wife, she does lament
The Death of her Good Husband, Holy One,
A Min of God, whom God did call and chuse
On Earth, his Holy Books he's for to use.

Methinks I see his People for him weep,
And Floods of Tears run trickling down the Cheek,
Of his most virtuous Wife, who God posses,
And with good Children Eight he hath her blest;
Five Sons she bore him, likewise Daughters Three,
All which he left Weeping this Day to see.
His Wife, she was of a most Noble Race,
Vertue abounds with, and with Heavenly Grace,
So Generous, so Noble, and so Free,
So Courteous is likewise to all she see.
And here his Children, they poor Babes, behold
His worthy Carcass, and their Hands unfold,
With weeping Tears, and nailing Teeth, they cry
'Gainst *Death*, their Father's furious Enemy.
And here his Congregation came at last,
Wishing they could have had the other Blast,
From this their *Pastor*, who is gone to be
With his Great Master in Felicity.
Oh Cruel *Death*, what makes you take so fast
Away our Doctors, who the Word should cast
Of God unto them, who is heard to say
We do Lament that *Death* he took away
From us some Preachers, but the other Day,
As Famous *Bates*, and *Gammes*, he did strike,
Now Holy *Mead*, he hath serv'd him like,
But this you took and he must ever be
Sitting with *Angels* to Eternity.
Therefore, stay *Death*, I pray now come not here,
So boldly thus, our Preachers for to clear:
Who would displace the Holy Word of God,
And to Declare the Truth of *Moses* Rod,
But since their gone, we will not Weep no more,
In hopes we've left their Fellows still good store,
Which *Christ* I hope, he will preserve and keep
From *Death's* bold hands, who doth them Daily seek
So let them go, their Works will serve to be,
Our Devotion and Good Company,
And serve the Name of God his Master great,
And to the World his Word be did relate,
But now in *Heaven* he doth Praises Sing,
With a loud Voice to his Celestial King,
And since *Death* seiz'd him, let him ever lye,
In *Heaven* above, whilst some do for him cry:
He from the Earth is gone, ever to be,
Upon the Throne with his great Majesty.

Epitaph.

M Most Worthy Soul interred here dost Rest,
A And now wilt yet above with *Angels* Blest,
T To sing great Praises to his Heavenly King,
T To all the Nations now his Name dost Ring.

M May not his Sheep have cause to Mourn, and say,
E Even tho' I think upon this fatal Day:
A A *Saint* they lost, a *Saint* he was indeed,
D Disturb his Rest his little Flock to feed:

LONDON, Printed and Sold by J. Bradford, in Little Britain, over against the Pump. 1699.

Price Two Pence.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES THE SECOND LATE KING OF ENGLAND

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (215))

THE heading of this broadside shows a somewhat incongruous economy, with its "W.R.", standing presumably for William Rex, and doubtless borrowed from the heading of some broadside proclamation. James II (1633-1701), King of England, distinguished himself during his exiled youth as an officer in the French Army, and after the Restoration, in the conduct of English naval affairs; but apparently he was not shrewd enough to maintain himself upon the throne after the death of his brother. He died an exile in France, probably on September the 6th, and not the 3rd as stated in the present broadside.

both the Indies : i.e. both the Dutch East Indies and the Spanish West Indies.

Let the pale Sun etc.: Extremes of the pathetic fallacy, seemingly borrowed from the pastoral elegy.

Gallia's Scourge . . . that Bird of Prey: The writer, doubtless on purpose, left the meaning of this allusion rather uncertain: it might refer to Louis XIV; but he more probably means King William III of England.

and Clam within: calm.

Hydra: a many headed snake.

Mary : Mary of Modena, Queen Consort of James II.

Faithful Senate: the Jacobites.

England and Holland He by turns did grace : referring to James' period of Dutch exile at the time of the Popish Plot in 1679.

each precious Hour employ'd . . .

His Royal Hero: Charles II.

The Church's Pillar: The elegist is clearly a Roman Catholic.



C202
215

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
Death of JAMES the Second,
Late King of England.

Who Departed this Mortal Life, on Wednesday the 3^d of Septemb. at St. Germain's-En Lay, at 3 a Clock
in the Morning in the Sixty Eighth Year of His Age, 1701.

Tis true—when Death, Fate's Minister does call,
Princes and Clowns without distinction fall:
No bribes can make the ravenous Tyrant stay,
Nor both the Indies purchase one poor Day.
This Weeping *Albion* to his Sorrow knows,
And this the present sad Occasion shows,
James our Nations late Delight and Pride,
In whom all Charms triumphantly did ride,
With every Grace, and every Virtue Crown'd,
Now mixt Alas! in common Dust is found.
Weep *British* Land, Weep around his Herse,
And for each Muse attend with tributary Verse,
Let the pale Sun retire behind a Cloud,
And swelling Tides proclaim our Grievs aloud,
For *James's* universal Nature Mourn,
And bid the fluttering Spring no more return.

Oh! if we might of Heavens Decrees complain,
Why does it suffer *Gallia's* Scourge to reign?
Why does it tamely spare that Bird of Prey,
And take its best-lov'd Workmanship away?
What monstrous Crimes has guilty *Britain* nurs'd,
That it is thus emphatically Curst?

None sure that ere the Regal Ensigns bore,
Low of Perfections claim a greater store.
Amidst the gay Temptations of the Court,
Where gaudy Toys, and Vanities resort,
He between Acts of Charity and Prayer,
The fleeting Minutes equally did share,
Sincere Devotion with his beauteous Train,
He fill'd all his Heart, and in his Breast did reign;
No vain Desires, nor guilty Thoughts prest in,
All was Serene without, and Calm within.

While He his Sacred Person did expose
To treacherous Bullets, and more treacherous Foes.
Men by his Looks, and by his Virtues Charm'd
The *Hydra* of its Sting was soon disarm'd.
Affrighted Vice retir'd at his Command,
Sunk to the Shades below, and left the Land.
A golden Race of Years began to smile
And Peace and Plenty crown'd our happy Isle.

Oh, who would not dissolve away in Tears,
To lose the Partner of her Joys and Cares,
In his Old Age, and in her Blooming Years,
But *Mary* don't too long indulge thy grief,
But from thy Faithful Senate take relief;
By the whole Isle thy Cause will be embrac'd,
For thy own sake, and for the Saint deceas'd.

EPITAPH.

Under this Marble Dumb a Prince her lies,
Gracious and Good, Chast, Merciful and Wise.
Since Great *Eliza* left the British Throne,
No King did e'er such great Benefits do;
England and Holland she by turns did grace,
The Joy, Delight and Soul of every Place.
To Him for refuge, Wretches did resort,
In His fair Breast the Graces kept their Court:
His manly Pattern, Ornament and Pride,
In *Primo Artu* each precious Flower splor'd,
The City's sole Delight, the Country's Care
His Royal Hero's burthen helps to bear,
Humble the Great, and Innocent the Fair,
The Church's Pillar, and the Poor's Relief,
Britain's late Pride, and now his only Grief.

London. Printed by H. M. in Black-Friers, 1701.



AN ODE OR ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES THE SECOND, LATE KING OF ENGLAND

By J. M. GENT.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2. (216))

THIS piece is written in a somewhat more dubious strain than the preceding elegy. The ornate heading is not without symbolic significance, with its picture of fickle Fortune balanced upon a shell and its Biblical motto: "Vanity brings vanity, and all things are vanity." The author "J.M." is hopelessly elusive; but the tone of the elegy suggests that he was not one of James' non-juror partisans: he may have been a dissenter like the J.M. who in the same year supplied an introductory address to Mead's *Young Man's Remembrancer*; but he was more probably one of several Anglican clerics who were writing occasional or devotional pieces at the time.

the wrangling World: doubtless referring to the intrigues about the Spanish succession, which shortly involved all Europe in war.

The abdicated Regent: i.e. the abdicated ruler, James II. By a legal fiction, his flight was construed as an abdication.

pile of Woes: during the Commonwealth.

his good Father's murther'd at his Gate: a reference to the execution of Charles I near the gate of Whitehall Palace in 1649.

Sacred Life: The elegist evidently believes in the Divine Right of Kings.

And they that made Him King a while before etc.: referring to the Bloodless Revolution of 1688.

some humble Shepherd etc.: Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the pastoral elegy became more and more an influence on the funeral elegy, as the Puritan and Cavalier traditions combined in the compromise of Neo-classicism.

the World in Arms strove to Reseat him: referring to his recognition as King of England by Louis XIV, and the consequent war with England.

Royal Consort: Mary of Modena.



AN ODE: ELEGY

On the DEATH of
JAMES the Second, Late KING of England.

Who Departed this Life at St. Germain, in France, on Wednesday the Fourth of September, 1701 In the fifty Seventh Year of his Age, 41 Months, and 21 Days.

Written by J. M. G. N.

SEE how the wrangling World in fumes arise,
With Fire and Sword disturb the listening Skies,
Kings with their Subjects Murder glut their Eyes,
And all's for empty Fame, while Vanity's the Prize.
Ambition's Mankind's God, a restless State,
They stick at nothing so they may be great.
The abdicated Regent late condemn'd,
And by his Bosom Friends, in want, condemn'd
His Youthful days express a pile of Woes,
To load his Years, predicted by his Foes.
Perdition must attend a dismal Fate,
When his good Father's murder'd at his Gate,
A sad Example to His Royal Son,
Foretelling that his Troubles then begun:
His Want in Exile he was forc'd to bear,
And dust not in his Native Soil appear;
Fur'd like a Beggar, to receive an Alms
From Foreign Hands, as Scorns is laid by Calms:
But yet the murmuring World was fill'd with Strife,
A civil Destruction in His Sacred Life:
Destruction still was threatening aloud,
His Death was still conspiring by the Crowd:
The ruling Powers destroy'd the Killing Scene,
Sought His Person, and His Sacred Queen,
And they that made Miss King a while before,
Made him a Subject and a King no more.
Then the Old King like a Religious Man,
Reflecting on the World, he thus began.
"O! had I been some humble Shepherd born,
Bred up in humble Cave the Courtiers scorn,
"Know nothing of the World but Rural Sport,"
"And never saw the Gaudy Toys of Court,"
"Then happy had I been, and free from Strife,
No Swears or Gaul to please, or bitter Life,
"For all the World is Vanity, I find
"No Truth, but Treacheries in all Mankind.
Thus he dispos'd, while the World in Arms
Srove to Relate him, and Revenge his Harms,
But all in vain the Disputants conspire,
With Swords, Ravens, and destroy'g Fire,
To reclaim him in his British Throne,
While weeping Wives their Husbands loss bemoan:
None conquer'd then, but Death, who swallowed all,
Thousands his Victims fell by James's fall,
Against His Royal Person was the odds,
Who thus in pray supplicate the Gods,
If I (the meanest in the Books of Fate)
Am doom'd for ever thus Unfortunate,
Spare mighty Gods the Blood of Harmless Men,
Since I must never wear the Crown again,
Let all your Vengeance on my Subjects cease,
And crown (tho by my Death) a lasting Peace.
His Prayers soon was heard, and soon prepar'd,
That Peace should flourish, but His Life be spared.
He liv'd and strove to work his Peace with all,
Forgiving all, nay, those that wrought his Fall,
His Thread of Life with wondrous speed than ran,
And nothing left him but a single Span:
But on a fresh new Clamour did arise,
And Wars on every side disturb'd his Eyes:

His time, cry'd he, that I shou'd be no more,
Bask'd my Crown, and thrust'd from my Sore
Into a Sea of Misery, why then
Shou'd I dispute to live with Faithless Men?
Then Heaven prepare the Place where I may go,
For there's no staying for me here below:
Send thy all conquering Horce, now my Friend,
And at one stroke my Miseries to End.
The Appopleck Fit then seiz'd his Head,
And hallow'd crys Echoed out — He's Dead.
The gaping Croud glad fit to hear the News,
But twice the Echoing Noise their Ears abus'd,
But the third time the Work was surely done,
He dropt his Head like to the Evening Sun.
But Heaven was kind, and gently took his Breath,
Sure 'twas a Translation, not a Death.
For He so Mild, left all the Gaudy Pride
Of the proud Fops that trembl'd by his side,
And without murmuring once he gently dy'd.
Methinks I see him mount the Azure Skie,
Angels salutes him as he draweth nigh,
Conducts him to a Seat or Royal Throne,
Prepar'd for him, and only him alone,
Where all the Disoids of the World can't harm him,
But Ravishing Music ery moment charms him.
His Royal Comfort mourning for his Loss,
But piously she bears the suffering Cross,
Laments her Fate that she can't with him go
To reap the Blessings of Eternity.
Farewel thou happy King, unhappy here,
Who patiently thy Sufferings did bear,
May ery Subjects Heart force from their Eyes,
Torrents of Tears as a just Sacrifice,
And with a Pious Thought lament his Loss,
Pity his Sufferings, and his weary Cross:
And then again Rejoice to think that He
Enjoys now Blessings to Eternity,
A Just Reward for all thy Sufferings past,
Sweetens the Bitter Cup to pleasant tast,
Extraltick Raptures fix'd upon his Brow,
As a Reward for Sufferings here below:
All this — and more than Withes can bestow.

Epitaph.

HERE Royal JAMES doth lie,
Who by His Subjects hands
A KING who liv'd by Charity,
When by His Foes defeated.
He was a King, and yet no King,
And is not that a Wonder?
His Soldiers call'd not who was King,
So they could live by Plunder.
For His sake many a Life was lost,
Who could the Fates controul?
He re and fro this World was toss;
Pray God now rest His Soul.

London, Printed for Robert Williams near the Temple, 1701.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH WILLIAM THE THIRD

By DR. BURNET.

BRITISH MUSEUM (C. 20. F. 2 (223))

THE elaborate heading of this broadside is, ironically enough, the same as that used for James II. The lower borders are taken from the broadside on Matthew Mead. King William III (1650-1702), the posthumous son and heir of William II, Stadholder of Holland, was born to the anomalous position of being the hereditary ruler of a country over which he had no power and not even the title of king. In 1672, the murder of the brothers De Witt made William the actual ruler of the Low Countries, and he shortly started to develop his policy of a great Protestant league against the encroachments of Louis XIV. In 1688, jointly with his wife, he accepted the sovereignty of England, in order to bring that country into the alliance; and he succeeded in establishing a policy of opposition to France that lasted for two hundred years. Though temperate in his manner of life, he died at the age of fifty-two on March 8th, 1702; and he was buried with scant ceremony on the 12th of April following. Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury came of a good Scotch Episcopalian family, and stood in high favour with both Charles II and King William. He was the chief political champion of the rising Broad Church movement, was famous as a divine, a historian and a pamphleteer, and was an undoubted influence toward tolerance and moderation.

God's Vicegerents: Viceregents. Seemingly the good Whig bishop, believed in the Divine Right of Kings.

When Cæsar dy'd Convulsions seiz'd the Land : See Plutarch's *Life of Julius Caesar* on the "strange and wonderful signs" at this time.

Nassau: King William, who was the head of the House of Orange-Nassau.
conceal'd the Day: i.e. the day was cloudy.

Brrin: Brain.

wanted: lacked.

Hell's devouring Jaws: the reign of James II.

With cautious Boldness, Fame he did pursue : Not a bad characterisation of King William!

Dea: Dire?

Stameing: Stammering.

Tho' Here's his Body, Heaven preserves his Mind.



AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH WILLIAM the Third,

Late King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,

Who departed this Life at his Palace at Kensington, on Sunday the 8th Day of March, 1701. in the 52d. Year of his Age, 4 Months and 5 Days; And the 13th Year of his Reign.

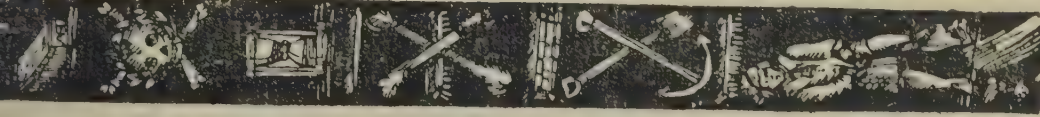
Written by the Reverend Dr. BURNET.

As 'tis so, no Virtue can withstand
The pale-faced Conquerors all-subjecting hand,
He forces through, tho' Scepters guard the way,
And Kings, tho' God's Vicegerents, must obey,
And yet so great his privilege we see,That what he offers, must not question'd be.
But it angry Fate does prove to crois,
Nature should not be silent at her lofs.
Can WILLIAM live, and no portents appear?
No pale Eclipse of the Sun roset us fear?

With cautious Boldness, Fame he did pursue;
His Courage great, so great his Conduct too.
This France has oft by *Dea* experience known,
And must in spite of their Grand *LEWIS* own;
Who now may Triumph in that Hero's Death,
He dreaded more than Thunder while he'd Breath--
Yet *LEWIS*, none of thy fly Tricks of State,
Or subtle Plots of War, at any rate,
Could e'er procure what Heaven was pleas'd to take;
Oh! could a Million but Arment make



And could this mighty dreaded Hero dye,
 unmourn'd by Nature, could the conscious Skye
 Not show some flaming Comet, to foretel
 That mighty Loss which *England* has befall,
 And keep the amazed frighten'd World in awe,
 Or losing their Invincible *Nassau*.
 But Heaven prudently conceal'd the Day,
 Lost to great Fear might melt the World away.
 Then since we can't the Will of Fate reverse,
 Let's pay our humble Tribute to his Hero.
WILLIAM the Great, the Good, the Brave, is gone,
 Whom living, all admir'd, Dead, all should mourn,
 Whose Soul contain'd Vertues so much Divine,
 That next to Heav'n nothing more bright could shine,
 In Wisdom so profound, so clear his Brin,
 That the most Subtle Pious his Eye saw plain:
 He never wanted Thoughts sublime and Great,
 Nor Words most proper to express their State,
 Whether in private, or in publick Seat,
 They always seel soft like the Snow, yet few,
 When pronounc'd, no Oracle more true.
 His Godlike Goodness we must sure admire,
 Who refus'd us from Hell's devouring Jaws,
 Restoring our Religion, and our Laws,
 Subiect to Popery, and Tyrannick Rage,
 Which none but Blood of Hereticks could asswage,
 Had it not been for *WILLIAM*'s mighty Arm,
 Which Guarded us from the impending Harm:
 He saw *Britannia*'s Wrongs, and weigh'd them well,
 And interpos'd Himself 'twixt Her and Hell:
 Just like a Man going from off the Breach
 His Friend a Drowning, feign his Arm would reach
 To succour him, yet finds 'tis all in Vain,
 Hinder'd by Angry Billows of the Main;
 His Friend pleads hard, his own Life claims his stay,
 In doubt of this to follow, or that way,
 At last undauntedly leaps to the Wave,
 With this Expression, *Thou my Friend! I'll save,*
Or else go farther with thee of thy Grave.
 In Field Where Trumpets sound to Blood, and Scars,
 He look'd what he was, the God of Wars,



Epitaph.

HERE underneath this Tomb doth *WILLIAM* lie,
 The Bravest Monarch that on Earth could Dye:
 Who tho' the Terror, and the Scurge of France,
 And Mirror of the World, by cruel Chance,
 Is now within this Monument confin'd,
 Tho' Hire's his Body, H is preserv'd in Mind.
 Learn (Reader) then, though long thy Line hath stood,
 Time breeds Consumptions in the Nob'est Blood:
 Learn to what end the greatest Glories come,
 Here's no distinction 'twixt the House and Tomb.

London, Printed for E. Hawkins, near
 Fleet-bridge, 1702.



TEN SCOTCH BROADSIDE ELEGIES

EPITAPHE UPON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN SETON OF BARNES KNIGHT

By M.W.F.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THIS piece seems to be the earliest extant Scottish broadside elegy. It is also of interest as illustrating the Spenserian poetic style and the simple format of the period. Sir John Seton Lord Barnes was the third son of the fifth Lord Seton who is famous chiefly as an adversary of John Knox. Sir John spent his early life in foreign courts where he doubtless acquired a taste for poetry and literary novelties. In 1587, he was made a member of the privy council and a year later an extraordinary lord of the session. His death, which occasioned the present elegy, took place on May 25th, 1594. "M.W.F." probably stands for Mr. William Fowler (or Fowlers), the uncle of Drummond of Hawthornden. He was a minor Scottish poet during the reign of James VI, and for some time acted as secretary to Queen Anne. He enjoyed favor at court, and the king himself wrote a commendatory sonnet on his works. Most of his poems, like the present piece, are sonnets; and three of them, all dating from the 1590's, are elegiac broadsides.

spies: The rhyme seems forced; but the -s is to be accounted for as a survival of the old northern inflectional form. Cf. *rests* below.

Defaced: put out of countenance.

quhais: whose, the old Scottish spelling.

quha: wha, i.e. who.

The Pyrenees etc.: While at the court of Spain, Seton was made a knight of the royal order of St. Iago.

Quhilk: which same.

Ibere: Probably the River Ebro in north-eastern Spain.

Abiit etc.: He is gone, but is not dead.

EPITAPHE VPON

THE DEATH OF SIR LOHN SE-

TON OF BARNES Knight, one of the Lords of
our Soveraigns private Councell and Session.

TO win in heaven, perpetuall praise and prize,
And that this Land, should feik and ligh for thee:
Yea, that our ioies, even by thy death might dee,
Heir with thy corps, our comfort also lies,
No private losse, but publik all men spies.
And in this wrack, thair ruine dois foresee:
Whiles that the better sort; by heavens decree
Defaced are, quhais fame fills Earth, and Skies.
Thou rests with God, quha was belou'd of Kings,
And graced in their Court, quhais grace thou was,
The Pyrenees, not *Alps*, nor bounds these things,
Quhilk from thy vertuous & aliant mind did pas.
The limmits be the Polles of South and North:
With *Ibex, Garon, Seine, Rhein, Thames* and *Forth*.

ABIIT NON OBIIT.

M. W. F.

ON THE MOST NOBLE JAMES, EARL OF ANNANDALE

By T.S.

BRITISH MUSEUM (669. F. 21 (29))

THIS piece illustrates the brief elegy that is hardly more than an epitaph. Whether or not it was written and published in Scotland is hard to say: his lordship died in London; but Thomason's date, May 4th, 1659, over four months after his death, allows ample time for the bringing of copies from Edinburgh. According to Paul's *Scots Peerage*, James Murray, second earl of Annandale came of an ancient family, and succeeded his father as earl in 1641. The following year he succeeded also to the title of Viscount Stormont. Like most of the lesser Scotch nobility, he espoused the Royalist cause under Montrose, for fear of the grasping policy of Argyll who was head of the Presbyterian party. He died childless December 28th, 1658. His earldom died with him; but his lesser title, Lord Stormont, was continued in the person of David, fourth Viscount Stormont.

great Montros: James Graham, first Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), the leader of the Royalists and Episcopalians in the Civil War.

Sophia's Brother: Sophia Murray, betrothed to Lord Nithsdale.

Stormont: David, fourth Viscount Stormont.

Athol: John Murray, Earl of Athol (1631-1703), cousin to Lord Annandale and privy councillor in the reign of Charles II.

Leagues and Levites: The Solemn League and Covenant of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

ON THE
MOST NOBLE
JAMES,
Earl of Annandale.

Reader, behold here lies all *SCOTLAND*'s Loss,
A Friend and Lover of the great *MONTRO*;
SOPHIA's Brother, both in Birth and Fame,
Whose Actions were a Comment on her Name :
Here lyes a *MURRAY*, whose vast worth shall live
While *STORMONT* or high *ATHOL* shall survive :
Who spight of *Leagues* and *Levites* durst be good,
And in most crooked times, most upright stood :
'Tis *ANNANDALE* ; if any Face dare show
Dry Cheeks, may his own Mourners weep him so.

T. S.

May 4.
1659.

ON THE DEATH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DAVID EARLE OF WEMYSS

By M.M.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (PAMPHLETS XXIV)

THIS piece may be said to mark the beginning of the vogue of broadside elegies north of the Tweed. Maidment has reprinted it with modernised spelling in his very rare volume of *Scottish Elegiac Verses* (1842). David second Earl of Wemyss (1610-1679) had been something of a Covenanter in the 1640's, but seems to have accommodated himself to the Episcopalian policy of Lauderdale and Charles II, and became one of the lords of the privy council. He died at Wemyss Castle in Fifeshire in June 1679. "M.M." seems to stand for Mungo Murray, a contemporary hack writer of panegyrics and elegies for which he occasionally received a pittance from a bereaved patron. The careless printing and rude format of the piece is generally characteristic of Scottish elegies.

Swans . . . Rampant-Lyons: The Wemyss shield bore four lions rampant, and had two swans for supporters and a swan for its crest.

Peer and Harbour: Lord Wemyss constructed the harbour of Methil, which at the time was the best in Fifeshire.

Rebellion: referring to the rebellion of the Covenanters in western Scotland in 1679.

With Coal and Salt: He developed the mines on the Wemyss estates.

Boas: Kinsman of Naomi and husband of Ruth. See *Ruth*, 2. 1 etc.

Mc duff: The earls of Wemyss quartered their arms with those of the famous Macduff.

Joseph of Husbands best: i.e. wise in husbanding resources. See *Genesis*, 41. 49 etc.

Isaac the most loving: See *Genesis*, 22. 2 *et seq.*

On the DEATH of the ILLUSTRIOUS
DAVID EARLE of WEMYSS, &c.
One of the most Honourable Lords of His Majesties Privy Council.

E L E G I E.

AS Great Men do, their Vassals charge and call,
 A Team to attend anothers Funerall;
 Neptune bids Tritons warn each Christal Spring
 A Flood of Tears into Forts-Firb to bring;
 To wait His murmuring Tydes, upon Wemy's Shore,
 That Noble Earles Death still to deplore,
 Whose Hollow-Rockie-Caves, with Echo's may
 Teach Swans to weep, in an unwonted way,
 And Rampant-Lions, hence to roar with Grief,
 Their Lord and Master is bereav'd of Life:
 Each Navigator sails Fiftes plealant Coast,
 To moan the Anchor of their hope is lost;
 For whom bulke Peer and Harbour safe and sure,
 No raging storm can Shipping there injure:
 But all this nothing to whole Sorrowers, that
 Of which this Kingdom must participat;
 King, Nobles, Gentry, Clergy, most concern'd,
 A braver Subject Monarch ne're govern'd;
 Wist'd that his Sovereigns-Gowns in concord flourish,
 And Heav'n's good-success all His Projects cherish,
 Whose, and the Publique's safety did desire,
 Free from all Plots, Rebellion can conspire;
 Straights Loyal-Rule to States-men of the Land,
 How to Obey, and likewise to Command:
 From Passion free, unto sound Council prone,
 Rich'd with the Wisdom of a Solomon:
 Promotion and Seditious wayes did bare,
 Endeavour'd rather to be Good than Great;
 Court Parasitick flatteries did scorn,
 By whom Truth and Integrity were born:
 To Law and Gospel Zealous Constant Friend,
 Religious VVorship in the Church maintain'd;
 Faith justify'd with untaught Charity,
 The Luckie Head to Liberty.

21

In Virtuous Actions all the Age excell'd,
 At VVork a Thousand Souls daily upheld;
 Gave Colledges, Schools, Artists, and each Muse
 Incouragement Their Genius to use;
 Augustian Spirit, yet of Meek humble mind,
 The Worlds best Breeding by Thee was refin'd;
 Renowned Fame of whom can well report,
 More Hospitable ne're kept Princely Court,
 Fraught with Courage and Daring nimity,
 Honour'd all Orders of Nobility;
 In Converse Mirthful, jovial and Sweet,
 VVith Clemency made Mercy Justice meet;
 With Cool, and Safe, enrich'd by Country more,
 Then all the Traffickers for Indian Ore:
 As Thou did, His Family o'tsee,
 Thy Besir were tamed by the Masters eye:
 In whose affairs were nothing wrong that weare,
 Whom Tenants, Servants, ever may lament,
 Brag'd not of Blood, as many now-a-days,
 Though from M'duff (Fiftes Thome) Thine did arise.
 In Marching, and Alliance did digress
 Ne're from the splendor of his worthiness:
 Sad Pryzels loss to Name, (its ancient Chief)
 Thereto shew friendship beyond all belief;
 As Scripture tells, Joseph of Husbands best,
 And Isaac the most loving do attest,
 Of Noble Wemy's, may future times record,
 The best of Husbands, and most loving Lord:
 Thy Deathless Praile spread through the Univers,
 (As is Thy Merit) can no Pen expresse;
 Full sixty nine years lustre lent this Clyme,
 In all whose Days, most Peaceful, free of Cryme;
 Hence call'd to Heav'n, to have eternal Rule,
 Now where Thou reigns, safe, wise, admired Soul.

David Earl of Wemyss,
Augustus,
safe, wise, admired
Soul.

ON THE LAMENTABLE DEATH OF THE LADY LEE

By N. PATERSON.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (PAMPHLETS XXIV)

THIS elegy has previously been reprinted by Maidment in his *Scottish Elegiac Verses* (1842). Ninian Paterson, Latin poet and author of several broadside elegies celebrating the Scottish gentry of the day, was an Episcopalian clergyman. He was born about 1636 in the city of Glasgow, and took his degree from that university in 1659. After holding several livings in the Episcopalian Establishment, he was deposed for immorality in 1674. The following fourteen years until his death in 1688 were spent in vainly pleading for the relaxation of the sentence against him, and in the composition of books and eulogistic broadsides which he doubtless hoped would restore him to favour. Lady Lee was the daughter of Sir Daniel Hervie, Ambassador Extraordinary of England to Turkey. In 1650, she married Cromwell Lockhart, who is said to have been a relative of the Protector.

Tumults, & Toys, that wastes: The -s inflection of the verb throughout the present tense is a survival of old northern dialect, as in Fowler's elegy on Seton.

It is as Transitory as a Flower: The way that these broadsides are pasted in volumes sometimes makes the lines in the crease of the volume impossible to reproduce clearly.

Myriads: used in the seventeenth century to mean a great mass of coin.

Erisycthou: wrangling.

Midas itch: i.e. the desire for gold.

barbarous Chastitie: The elegist is apparently expressing approval of the married state.

Pudestan: M.S. note, "the sensitive herb."

No, no, no time that Goddess doth record . . .

Immodicis brevis etc.: In the precocious, life is short and old age is rare. Martial, *Epigrammaton*, xxxix, 7.

Usque adeo etc.: The passage is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII, 453 (Theseus), and should more properly read:

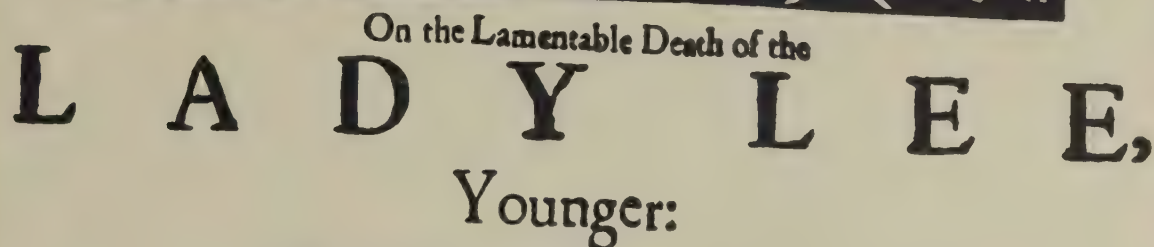
Nec tamen—usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,

Sollicitumque aliquid lætis intervenit—Ægeus. , .

To such an extent is no pleasure unmixed, and something to cause concern interrupts our joys.

Medio de fonte etc.: Taken from Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, 1109-1110. From the midst of the fountain of delights, there arises something bitter.

Lætus in præsens etc.: Taken from Horace, *Carminum*, II, xvi. For *læto*, read *lento*. The final word is *beatum*. Let the soul joyful in the present disdain to concern itself about what is beyond, and let it temper the bitter with a quiet smile. Nothing is in every respect happy.



Who departed this Life, *February 28. 1686:*

A Funeral Elegy.

A Princess Tongue, and Hand, and Heart had she,
Harmonious, large, and liberal, and free.
No Rumor vext her, she was nere so low,
Nor did she care, what Storms of State could blow.
Court was her ~~Grove~~, if any such there be,
Not being posselt with barbarous Chastitie;
I like that coy, peevish Plant Polecat, *for s. f. f.*
That shrink at the approach of every Man,
~~No, no, no time that Goddess durst behold~~
That burn'd in the Temple where she was ador'd.
Yet all these sugred Pleasures perish here
In this sad seizure of the loathsome Grave.
Their Plenty pass'd reach of Pen, or Tongue,
And were too great, to have continued long.
All which upon review, give us to know,
All Pleasures here have but a painted show.

N. PATERSON.

Immediis brevis est aetas, & rara senectus.

Mart:

*Usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas
Sollicitumque aliquid latis intervenit.*

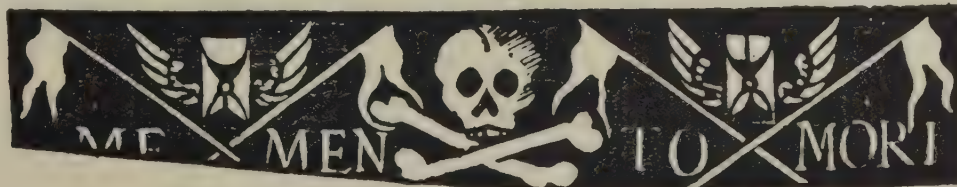
Ovid

-----Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

Lucret.

*Latus in praeſens animus, quod altera eſt
Oderit curare : & amara lato
Temperet riſu, nihil eſt ab omni
parte lectum.*

Horat.



TO THE MEMORIE OF THOMAS ROBERTSON BAILIE
AND BUILDER OF EDINBURGH

By N. PATERSON.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (PAMPHLETS XXIV)

THIS elegy illustrates the more ominous style that Paterson apparently thought appropriate to one of the city fathers, who, presumably, was not one of the Episcopalian gentry. Maidment reprinted this elegy in his *Scottish Elegiac Verses*, with the following note: "Of this embellisher of the city, we have not been able to collect any particulars. Strange fate, that a person so 'much honoured,' one, too, who could turn dunghills into palaces—an endless task if we believe all we have read about Edinburgh in the olden time—should now live only in the lugubrious strains of the curate of Liberton!"

*Another Abraham whose Virtues vie,
With all the Lights that twinkles in the Skie. . .*

Fortunatus: The legendary hero, supposed to have been a Cypriot, who is said to have received from the goddess Fortune a purse that replenished itself with gold.

Amaltheas Horn: According to Appolodorus, Zeus broke off one of the horns of the goat Amaltheia, and caused it to be filled with whatever the possessor desired.

wheel of Fortune: Fortuna regularly appears in Mediæval and Renaissance poetry and pictures with a wheel to symbolize her fickleness.

wise Seths Pillars: Much popular tradition gathered about Seth, the youngest son of Adam. His descendants were supposed to have discovered astronomy, and inscribed their knowledge on two pillars, one of which, according to Josephus, survived down to his time.

ease great Atlas of his load: referring to the Classical legends that Atlas bore the heavens, or both heavens and earth, upon his shoulders.

Solon: The legendary law-giver of Athens.

Donatives: donations.

could oblige a King: could put the king under obligation to him.

Are both the Wonder and Discourse of Fame.

He with his Lovelie Mate from the first Start

Of Hymens bond. . .

still: always.

old Enoch: See *Genesis*, 5. 22 *et seq.*

Blesse: bliss.

Non domus sed hospitium etc.: The body is not a home but a tavern; we pass together a brief stay if it be compared with eternity. But if afflicted by the wound of a domestic disaster, they put it away in the depths of their hearts, it assuages the pain. (Cf. Virgil, *Eclogues*, III, 54, and Cicero, *De Senectute*, 69 and 84.)

Intervallis distinguimur etc.: We are distinguished by differences of time; we are made equal in the end.

Vitæ summa brevis etc.: A brief sum of life forbids us to enter upon a long expectation. (These two lines are taken from Horace, *Carminum*, I, iv.)

Hora fugit etc.: The hour flees; the times roll on in rapid passage. Each separate day hastens the final doom: immortal glory repays the losses of a brief life; fame after death escapes the burning funeral pyres.

To the Memorie of the much Honour'd,
And much Lamented

THOMAS ROBERTSON

BAILIE and BUILDER of EDINBURGH;

Who Departed this Life, September 22. 1686.

A Funeral ELEGIE.

THis World's a boiling Gulf of Griefs and Fears,
Where We have still occasion of new Tears;
Still something that molests us, whence we know
Heaven cannot be possell'd here below.
What Heart? but that of Adamant, can hear,
Not making Eyes pay Tribute to his Ear,
That THOMAS ROBERTSON is dead! a Fate,
Which sound is just like the downtall of a State;
Or some great Monarch, who with awful Hand
Did sway a Scepter, both o're Sea and Land.
Who was a Father unto all in need,
On whom Ten Thousand did depend for Bread.
~~Angels, by the voice of Visions~~ In the Skie,
~~So that our Fancie is oppress'd with Glorie,~~
That fill'd our Eyes with Wonder, Tongues with Scorie.
He did attain to Fortunate Purse,
And Amaltheas Horn, without a curse.
Yea when his Prosperous Spring-tides did prevail,
His Barge was never burdened with sail:
Such unambitious Looks he did advance,
As could have put Pride out of countenance.
And with the Product of his Heavenly Stock,
He succour'd all on wheel of Fortune broke.
And did imploy in Building Thousand Hands,
Such Monuments, as to Amazement stand;
Where Beauty mixt with Strength, doth to comply
To serve at once the Viewers Ute, and Eye.
Like wise *Sab's* Pillars, which have solid stood
From Age to Age, spite of a threatening Flood.
That to the Worlds last end there shall be known
No Builder like to THOMAS ROBERTSON;
Whose glorious Character for ever is,
He turned Dung-hills into Palaces.
With all that Cost and Cunning Beautified,
That adds to State, and nothing wants but Pride.
All which within the Skies their heads do throud,
As they would ease great *Atlas* of his load.
But this was not our *Hero's* chief Renown,
That he enrich'd and Beautified the Town.

Nay more within his Glorious building falls,
For he erected Men, as well as Walls,
And like a *Solus* when a Magistrate,
By Law and Building both preserv'd our State.
And with a Sumptuous, Free Magnificence,
Made Donatives both to the State and Prince.
So that some Learned *Bard* to come shall sing,
He was a Subject could oblige a King.
Nay he oblidg'd the Age, who left behind
Live Characters of his Heroick Mind,
Six Generous Models of himself whose Name
Are both the Wonder and Discourse of *Fam'd*
He with his Lovelic Mate from the first Start
Of *Thymus* bound, ran Heart still yolk'd in Heart.
Inflam'd alike with that Soul-Melting Fire,
That their two Souls joined still in one Desire,
Their house a Temple was where Prayer and Praise;
Did Bless their nights, and sanctifie their Dayes
Which Prayers, and Alms unto Eternitie
With GOD, and Man embalms his Memorie,
Since like old *Enech*, he to Belle is gone,
Is not his Death, but his Translation
Why then should we accompt his Gain our Losse?
Heavens hath the Gold, the Earth contains his Drosse.

*Non domus sed hospitium corpus est, brevem omnino moram si
cum Aeternitate comparareu trahimus. Quod si domestica co-
lamitates vulnere afflicti, suis sensibus reponant, dolorem lenies.
Ciccius.*

Intervallis distinguimur, exitu equamur. Seneca.

*Vite summa brevis spes nos vitas
inchoare legam.*

*Hora fugit, rapido voluntur tempora lapsu,
Singular accelerat Fata suprema dies:
Vite damna brevis, decus immortale rependit;
Effugit ardetes posthuma fama Rogos.*

N: Paterson.

Edinburgh, Printed by J. Reid.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ANDREW RAMSAY OF ABBOTS-HALL

By N. PATERSON.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (PAMPHLETS XXIV)

THIS piece is included by Maidment in his *Scotish Elegiac Verses*. Sir Andrew Ramsay (1620?-1688), the son of the divine and poet of that name, was a favored supporter of the Duke of Lauderdale after the Restoration. He seems to have been both corrupt and subservient, and so achieved the rank of baronet in 1669, and in 1671 became a Senator of the College of Justice, though he had no legal education. He died a wealthy man at his estate of Abbotshall, Fifeshire, on January 17th, 1688.

By Intellect and Love, Ye converse here. . .

Thou leaves: The ending -s throughout the present tense, as usual in northern dialect.

Collington: Apparently the name of one of Ramsay's estates.

Inform: give form to.

dull-piti'd: presumably a misprint for either *dull pated* or *dull witted*.

Scrapes: a penurious action; rarely used as a noun in this sense.

Simonies: bribery, especially to obtain ecclesiastical office.

Astreas long bewail'd Retreat: Astraea, the daughter of Zeus lived among men in the Golden Age, but afterwards was placed among the stars.

Opprobrie: opprobrium.

still: always.

When this whole Island etc.: i.e. during the Commonwealth.

Enoch: *Genesis*, 5. 22 etc.

Elias: Elijah. See *2 Kings*, 2. 1.

O anima emigra etc.: Oh soul, pass on, what do you dread with Christ dying. Whether I live or die, I live by the blood of God; He passing from among the living is the source of a better life, or rather that death is the beginning of life.



To the Memory, of the Incomparable
SIR ANDREVV RAMSAY
OF
ABBOTS-HALL.

Provost of *Edinburgb*, Counsellor to His Majesty, Lord of the Session, &c. Who departed
this Life, *January 17. 1688.*

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

AS to divide the Winds that disagree,
When in Tempestuous Storms they mingled be,
And lay their Stern Encounters so asleep,
That they may whisper Musick to the Deep,
Impossible to us it is; no less,
Thy Praises, or our Griets, are to express,
Great *Abbot-Hall*! Thy worth they only know,
Who are above, when we do mourn below,
By Intellect and Love, Ye converse in these,
Things banished our muddie Hemisphere.
Soul-wounding-grief, and wonder, are the two,
Sole Legacies, Thou leaves us here below,
And could not Thou have stayed with us a while,
Till Thou had seen a fully purged Ile.
Thou *Edinburghs* Glory, Pleasure of our eyes!
Yet blest be God, it is with no surprise,
Although our woeful Comfort who can smother,
Is only this, we'll ne're loise such another,
And this compleats our Tragedie, beyond
This, Fate can hardly give a greater wound,
Our Nation's Bankrupt grown, all men may see,
Beyond the hopes of a Recoverie.
When Gallantry and Justice have their Fall,
In *Collington* and Generous *Abbot-Hall*,
For we could say, while they were both alive,
The Kingdoms Honour could all Storms survive,
Never did a live Soul of Sacred Birth,
Inform a more Celestial piece of Earth,
Than *Abbot-Hall*, who scarce has left behind,
A Subject, of a more Majestick Mind.
How did He all our angry Broiles appease,
And with His own Unrest, procure our Ease!
He car'd not what Tumults posselt His Breast,
So that the Town from Tumults, was at rest,
For alwayes like a Monarch, He did Reigo,
Above dull-pitt'd Envie, or Disdain.
Yet never did He to Preferment rise
By Scrapes, or Bribes, or such base Simonies.

He Calm'd all Quarrells, Vanquish'd every Spite,
And made each Enemie His proselyte,
More than ten years, which spoke His high Renown,
He was the Angel-Guardian of the Town,
Where he made void the Poets sad Regraxe,
Of just *Asneas* long bewail'd Retreat,
His every Act that Opprobrie cancell'd,
In Him the spoke, in Him the Breath'd, and Dwell'd.
We may affirm it since our Savours Birth,
He was Her truest Deputie on Earth,
What ever Sentence from his Lips did fall,
His Prudence made it still Rhetorical,
When this whole Island Floated in a Sea,
Of Disobedience, and Disloyaltie,
He by his Wisdom all these Syrens past,
Being pinioned unto the Loyal Mast,
His Goodness, and his Wisdom, was so Great,
He Equally both Knaves, and Fools, did Hate.
If what we Great or Generous Esteem,
Exemption from the Grave could justly claim,
He had (could now Fates Rigour be abated)
With *Enoch* and *Elias* been translated,
And yet though Death dissolved hach His Frame;
He'll beimmortal in a lasting Fame;
If Generosity from Death could save,
Great *Abbot-Hall*! He had escapt the Grave,
But now being Heavens Inhabitant, and Guest;
He unmixt Sweets enjoys amongst the Blest,
Yet may His Fame on Earth, till time shal die,
Yield unto nothing, but eternitie.

N. Paterson.

*Quoniam emigra, Christo moriente quid horret
Vivam seu Moriar. Sanguine vivus Dei,
Transitus à vivis, Vita melioris Origo est,
Aut potius Vita mors ea Principium.*

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN NISBET OF DIRLETOUN

By N. PATERSON.

SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

THIS broadside shows the same cut as those on Lady Lee and on Sir Andrew Ramsay: one judges that Paterson employed one printer for all his elegies. The Scotch were somewhat sparing in illustrative pictures on their broadside elegies. Sir John Nisbet Lord Dirleton (1609?-1687), was, like Ramsay, a legal lieutenant of Lauderdale during the persecution of the covenanters. He was an able but unscrupulous lawyer and a relentless and partisan judge. Either Burnet was ill informed or he shared the low standard of public morals of the day when he declared Nisbet to be "one of the worthiest and most learned men of his age." He resigned his offices in 1677 under charges of corruption and malpractice.

whirling Wheel: Fortune, rather than Time, has usually been associated with a wheel.

Saturn-like devours: Saturn is said to have devoured his children at birth for fear that they would usurp his power.

Else Dirletoun's Great Soul, need not bequeath. . .

Atlas of the Law: a Titan, supposed to support the heavens on his shoulders.

Minion: little one, i.e. page, favourite.

a Star i' the House of the first Magnitude: i.e. a star in that part of the sky where it was supposed to exercise greatest astrological influence.

Aradnaes Threed: The clue given by Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, to Theseus, which enabled him to escape from the Cretan labyrinth.

Astrea: a mythical maiden, symbolising Justice, said to be driven by the evils of the world to heaven.

Attalus: Attalus III, the opulent King of Pergamos in Asia Minor. From his name, the Romans coined the adjective *attalicus*, wealthy.

Samson slew his foes: Judges, 13. 2 *et seq.*

plenty without scornful Pride. . .

His Reason sway'd his Sense, his Will his Wit. . .

qualified: mitigated.

Nicodemus: John, 3. 1 *etc.*

Utamur divitiis etc.: Let us use our riches, not boast of them; but let us use them sparingly, as though they were in trust with us.

Indemnis proprium etc.: Wisdom unimpaired keeps its own estimate of values, and a greedy appetite will not devour wealth acquired. Use the means already acquired as though you were going to die; but, on the other hand, spare your means as though you were going to live.



To the Memory of the right Honourable,
SIR JOHN NISBET
OF
DIRLETON,

His *Majesties* Advocat, and one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice;
Who departed this Life at Edinburgh, April 9. 1688.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

Swift-winged Time, whose whirling Wheel doth play,

In things below, with an unconstant way :

Thou *Saturn*-like devours (what thou brought forth)

Each day some Object of the rarest worth.

Thou minut of change, whole meanest minutes, all,

Nor Power, nor Poinsie could yet recal :

Elle Dirleton's Great Soul, need not bequeath

His body, as a Legacie to Death.

A Soul in all ingenious Learning skil'd,

With the substantial, precious Treasures fill'd

Of Vertue, and of Learning, which did draw

All men to stile him *Atlas* of the Law,

And *Minion* of the *Muses*, understood.

A Star i'the House of the first Magnitude

His Birth was both much honoured, and Hy,

Descended of an antient Family,

But his great Parts, his Birth they far out-shin'd;

For *Phabus* had his Oracles resign'd

To him, as Monarch of triumphant Wit,

Whomul'd the impartial Bench, as he thought fit :

And made it so; by dis-intangling Laws,

With *Aradnaes* Threed, in every Cause.

When *Advocat*, his Eloquence did Ty,

In Chains all Ears, with charming Melody.

When *Commislar*, all his Decrees they were

Impartial, Learned, never too severe.

The Beauteous *Africa*, could nor have,

A Judge more uncorrupted, awfull, Grave;

He, and he only, ne'r deserv'd a Grudge,

When *Commislar*, or *Advocat*, or Judge,

Belov'd in each degree, to Great, or Smal

Accessible, and open unto all.

It's Love, wins Love, this was it made him Great,

In Fame, and Freindship, Favour, and Estate,

Hence like an *Attalus*, his Wealth arose

To heaps, on heaps, as *Samson* flew his locs.

Yet his Example made all men confess,

We Riches without Riot may possess,

And plenty wit out scornful Pride, for he

Was proud of nothing, but Humilitie,

His Reason sayd this Sense, the Will his Will

And Heart, and Hand were plyant unto it,

These did his Motions guide in all Affairs

Counsell'd his Countels, qualified his Cares,

That like to *Nicodemus* we might see

A Lawer might a good, and just man be :

He their reproach dispell'd; but being lost,

Scarce such another Lawer we can boast,

For *Justice* did not only dwell in's Breast,

But shew'd her self triumphant on his Crest.

This, that all men might righteousness imbrace

His Practice, Precept, and his Motto was,

That the whole World might see the unbribed Maid

His Mistress, on his Coar of Armes displaid,

To think that one is dead, so great, so good,

It were enough to bring a second Flood.

The World is grown so bad, that he did see

No freedom here, but in eternitie,

Dust, goes to Dust, the Soul to God that gave it,

Who through the merits of his Son will save it.

Until that when the great last Trump's blown,

The Heaven, and Earth, will both give up their own.

*Utamur divitiis, non gloriemur in illis, sed utamur
parce tanquam depositis apud nos :*

Seneca.

*Indemnitas proprium servat sapientia censum,
nec gula quasitas laxa vorabit opes.*

*Tanquam, jam partis mortui ut utere rebus.
tanquam vulturus, denuo parce tuis.*

N. Paterfon.

BRITAINS SORROWFUL LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR GRACIOUS QUEEN MARY

BRITISH MUSEUM (ROX. III. 713)

THIS piece has been previously reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*; but, in this reprint, the editor has combined two lines into one, and so doubled the size of each stanza. In Scotland during the seventeenth century, the broadside elegy was cultivated almost entirely by the Episcopalian gentry; and some of the pieces were merely reprints of London originals. The present elegy clearly belongs to this class, although apparently no copy of the English broadside remains. The margins have been so closely trimmed that one cannot be sure whether or not the piece had the usual heavy black borders. The tetrameter couplets were clearly intended to be sung, but doubtless as a street ballad, and not at the Queen's funeral. Mary II, Queen of England (1662-1694), was the eldest child of James II by his first wife, Anne Hyde. She was carefully educated, and for political reasons, brought up a Protestant, and, also for political reasons, was married, despite her father's wishes, to William of Orange, Stadholder of Holland. Her birth, according to Pepys, had "pleased nobody," and neither did her marriage. William preferred his mistress to his wife; but by degrees her high character won his respectful affection, if not his love. In the negotiations for the English throne in 1688, she insisted that he be recognised as joint sovereign and not as a mere consort. Her chief interests were personal and religious rather than political; but she was very popular both in England and in Holland, and governed her kingdom prudently during William's many periods of absence on the Continent. Her death was celebrated in a multitude of elegies.

amazing: in an unusual, passive sense, possibly by confusion with *musings*.

still: ever.

dead . . . bleed: A good rhyme, if one gives both words the vowel-sound of *bleed* in modern Irish.

stay: i.e. stay his hand.

~~Disast'rous~~ Terrible Lamentation,

For the Loss of their

Gracious QUEEN

M A R Y

Who departed this Life, the 28th. of *December*, 1694.

To the Tune of, *The Bleeding Heart.*

WHat dismal News is this I hear,
Each *Brittain* shedding of a Tear,
I do not mean a Tear alone,
But heavy Sighs and dismal Groans.

Each one struck dumb, amazing stands,
With aching Hearts and wringing Hands,
Oh! wretched Day that e're was seen,
The loss of our most Gracious Queen.

A Queen whose Worth could not be nam'd,
A Queen for Vertue still proclaim'd ;
And all her Subjects needs must owne,
So brave a Queen was never known.

Oh! *Brittain, Brittain*, mourn with speed,
For sure there never was more need,
Than at this day for our hard Fate.
Our King has lost his Royal Mate.

No Tongue can tell the Grief and Wo,
Each Subject now does undergo ;
Since Your Most Royal Queen is dead,
'Twould make a Heart of Stone to bleed,

Where this same dreadful News does come,
It struck amazement in each one,
And all with mournful Voice did say,
Oh! wretched and unhappy day.

What must I do? where must we go?
Our Queen that lov'd her Country so,
By cruel Death is snatch'd away;
Oh! why did not Death longer stay?

This is a Land of Grief and Wo,
Which does with Sorrow overflow;
So great a Loss was never seen,
To loose so vertuous a Queen,

A Queen belov'd of all that knew,
How to their Country to be true;
A Queen that of Mercy had great store,
Oh! such a Queen was ne're before.

But Oh! She's gone, and left us here,
Full of Distraction and Dispair ;
No Comfort now is to be seen,
Since we have lost our Gracious Queen.

This is a day of Mourning now,
This is a day of Sorrow too ;
This is a day of Wo and Grief,
This day we mourn without relief.

For sighing, this I needs must say,
The Good are soonest took away,
Altho She's here no longer seen,
In Heav'n She Reigns a Glorious Queen.

F I N I S.

Printed at London, And Re-printed at *Edinburgh* by John Reid, 1695.

ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF THE WORTHY UMPHREY MILNE WATCH-MAKER

By J.D.

SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

THE iambic heptameter couplets in which this elegy is written tend to break into ballad stanzas, and were probably printed in their present form to economise space on the broadside. Maidment reprints the piece in his *Scottish Elegiac Verses*. Umphrey Milne, except for such facts as can be adduced from the present elegy, seems to be lost to history. Maidment suggests that "J.D." is to be identified with James Donaldson who published *A Pick-tooth for Swearers, or a Looking-glass for Atheists*, Edinburgh, 1698. He later turned to writing panegyrics in verse on weaving, wrightcraft, malting and brewing, and brought out a treatise on economics entitled *The Undoubted Art of Thriving*. He was clearly a Presbyterian; and the present piece marks the beginning of the acceptance by that sect of the broadside elegy. As one might expect, its tone became more ominous and the details more gruesome.

he has lost: i.e. Milne.

coost a Copy: cast a model.

will blosome in the Dust: Cf. Calchas' song in Shirley's *Ajax and Ulysses*.

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

still: always.

namely: especially.

Though he was call'd Episcopal, be sure he was no Roman: To the Presbyterian of the day, it was difficult to distinguish between the Anglican Communion and the Church of Rome.

Glore: glory; obsolete Scotch dialect. See also below.

he that runs etc.: Cf. *Habbakkuk*, 2. 2.

Eatth: earth.

satis: enough.

Beatis: Perhaps a printer's error: the use of *-is* would certainly be hard to justify grammatically.

(1721) (XX)

ELEGIE

On the much to be Lamented Death of the Worthy

UMPHREY MILNE

Watch-Maker, Burgess of the Metropolitan CITY of

SCOTLAND

Who Departed this Life, November, the 18th. 1695.

IN Gloomie Shades of darksome Night, where *Phaeton* hides his Head,
I heard an Echo cry aloud, that *Umphey Milne* was dead;
My stupid Senses rose aloft, and waked with a Cry,
Let *Pegasus* the Muses Horse, go through the Air, and fly
To tell the Ends of all the Earth, that he has lost his Breath:
The Highest Powers, lookt from Above, thought him too Good for Earth,
O' Monstruous Dearth, and Bloody Fate, thou Enemy of Man!
Thou's barbed all thy Arrows great, from Earth now has him tane,
That was a Credit to this Land, known by all of great Note,
Though he was born an *English* Man, he was a Real SCOT.
He coold a Copy to all Men, who ever shall succeed,
He taught Brave Men his Noble Art, did not eat Idlle Bread;
Many may Lament full sore, that he is dead and gone,
Beside his Wife, and dearest Friends, the Poor will him Bemoan,
Death with his fearful bloody Syth, has cut this Sedar down,
But he has left his Art behind, even to his great Renown;
His Name will blotome in the Dull, his Actions were so Good,
He was so kind to Poor and Rich, and still he feared GOD,
He was belov'd of every one, and namely by the Common,
Though he was call'd EPISCOPAL, be sure he was no Roman,
He wore a Badge of Secretie, and well did know its worth,
There was a motto upon it, and that was called Truth,
None dare but Venerat his Name, Pious Good and Kind;
He's gone from Earth to Heavens Glorie, left not his match behind,
My Quill cannot Deceive him right, the Truth of this I know;
For any thing that I can guess, there's few like him below.
I will not name his Parentage, His Breeding, nor his Birth,
But he that runs, may read his Fate, he was a Man of Worth,
He valued not this Earth below, although he had it far,
He lov'd to lay his Stuck above, and now he is *Beate*.
He's left this Region here below, that is with troubles cross,
And gone where he'll get leave to sing, *Glorie to the HOLY GHOST*.
Since none can well Deceive his Worth, that in this I undoubtwell,
He'll waken at the Trumpet's blow, and answer for himself

EPITAPH.

Here lyes a Man, both Good and Rare,
That for his Art none could Compare.

ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM EARL OF CRAWFOORD

By J.D.

SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

THIS piece, like the *Elegie* on Milne, is written in disguised ballad quatrains. Maidment includes it in his *Scottish Elegiac Verses*. William sixteenth Earl of Crawford and second Earl of Lindsay succeeded to the diminished estates of his father in 1676. He was a zealous Presbyterian, and under the Stuarts escaped persecution only by living in strict retirement. On the accession of William and Mary, however, he came into favour and high office. Burnet describes him as "passionate in his temper" and "out of measure zealous in his principles," pursuing the Scottish episcopalians with a relentless severity. He was satirised in Pitcairn's comedy *The Assembly* as Lord Whiggridden, "A Presbyterian Peer, a rigid fool." As in the preceding broadside, "J.D." is doubtless James Donaldson.

Nymphs upon Parnassus Tops: The Corycian nymphs attendant on Dionysus to whom the twin mountain of Parnassus and the spring of Castalia were sacred.

Castalian Brook: Issuing from the spring of Castalia on Mount Parnassus at Delphi.

Destinie: predetermined event.

Josia: Josiah, King of Judah. See 2 *Kings*, 21. 24 *et seq.*

but: but his.

If Argus would appear and weep: Argus was a fabulous person with a hundred eyes.

Valley Hadarimmon: a place of lamentation, perhaps for the death of Josiah, in the plain of Megiddo. See *Zechariah*, 12, 11.

Discrive: describe. See also below.

Death's Commission's very great etc.: The characteristic theme of Calvinistic funeral elegies.

unaworse: unawares.

a plant sprung from his Loyns: His son John, nineteenth Earl of Crawford.

Sylvester: Joshua Sylvester (1563-1618), translator of the Biblical epics of the Huguenot du Bartas. He was much admired by the Puritans, and was an early influence upon Milton.

Rare Buchannan: George Buchannan (1505-1582), humanist and historian of Scotland. He wrote several Latin elegies.

He's now gone to Serafick Bliss: Without the formalities of the Last Judgment?

E L E G I E

On the Much to be Lamented Death, & Loss of the Right Honourable,
 WILLIAM EARL of CRAWFOORD,
 Lord LINDSAY, &c
 And One of His Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council, &c
 Departed this Life, March 6th: 1698.

YOU Noble Lords lay by your Robes, Come Mourn a while with me,
 For good Lord *Crawford* that is gone into Eternitie!
 You Nymphs upon *Parnassus* Tops, make doolfull Melodie,
 With Tears of the *Castalian* Brook, for this great Pellinie.
 A Star is fallen into this Land, we may call it a Pole;
 That none on Earth could ever pick in his Blanket a Hole.
 Now PIETY has got a Blow, in Countrey and in Town,
 He was a Pillar of the Church, Supporter of the Crown;
Jofa like he did behave, when Truth lay at the Stake;
 Would venture Life and Fortune both, but Word he would not break.
 If *Argus* should appear and weep, of that there's great need
 Or *Valley Hadarimmon* like, to her Garments rould in blood,
 Earl *Crawford* did behave himself in every stop of Station,
 He was a Credit to his Name, and Famous in the Nation,
 He was a Star's-man most intire, the King put him in Trust
 To be a great Lord Treasurer, because he was most just:
 He wore a Belt of Secrecy, and well did know it's worth,
 There was a *Motto* upon it, and that was called Truth;
 If one should venture to Discribe his Noble Ancient Stock,
 Would need to have a Diamond Pen, to place it in a Rock:
 But Death that fearful Bloody Foe, Grand Enemy of Man,
 Has bent his Bow, and with a Dart from Earth now has him tain:
 Deaths Commission's very great, he bears a Bloodie Shield,
 The Motto of his Scutcheon is, *Te Mors all come yeild.*
 The Good Men they are taken away, unto the Kingdom Loss,
 He was prepared every hour, Death came not unaworse:
 His Name will blossom in the Dust, and have a fragrant Smell;
 For Piety and faithfulness He others did excell.
 There is a plant sprung from his Loyns, his Honours to succeed,
 That is so Verruoussly inclin'd does not eat idle Bread;
 Like a young HERO he behaves, Humilitie's his Leader,
 He is beloved of every One, from King unto the Begger.
 Great Volumns might be wrote of him, that lyes into his Tomb,
 My Pen cannot my Muse renown, therefore I must succumb.
 If that *Sylvester* were alive, to Embellish this in Gold;
 Our Rare *Buchannan* with his Pen, His Worth can scarce be told.
 He's now gone to Serafick Bliss, the Heavens would not him want;
 Though he was Cloath'd with Human Flesh, He was a Real Saint.
 Since no Man can describe him well, that in this Land does dwell:
 He'll waken at the Trumpets Sound, and answer for himself. J. D.

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